June 5, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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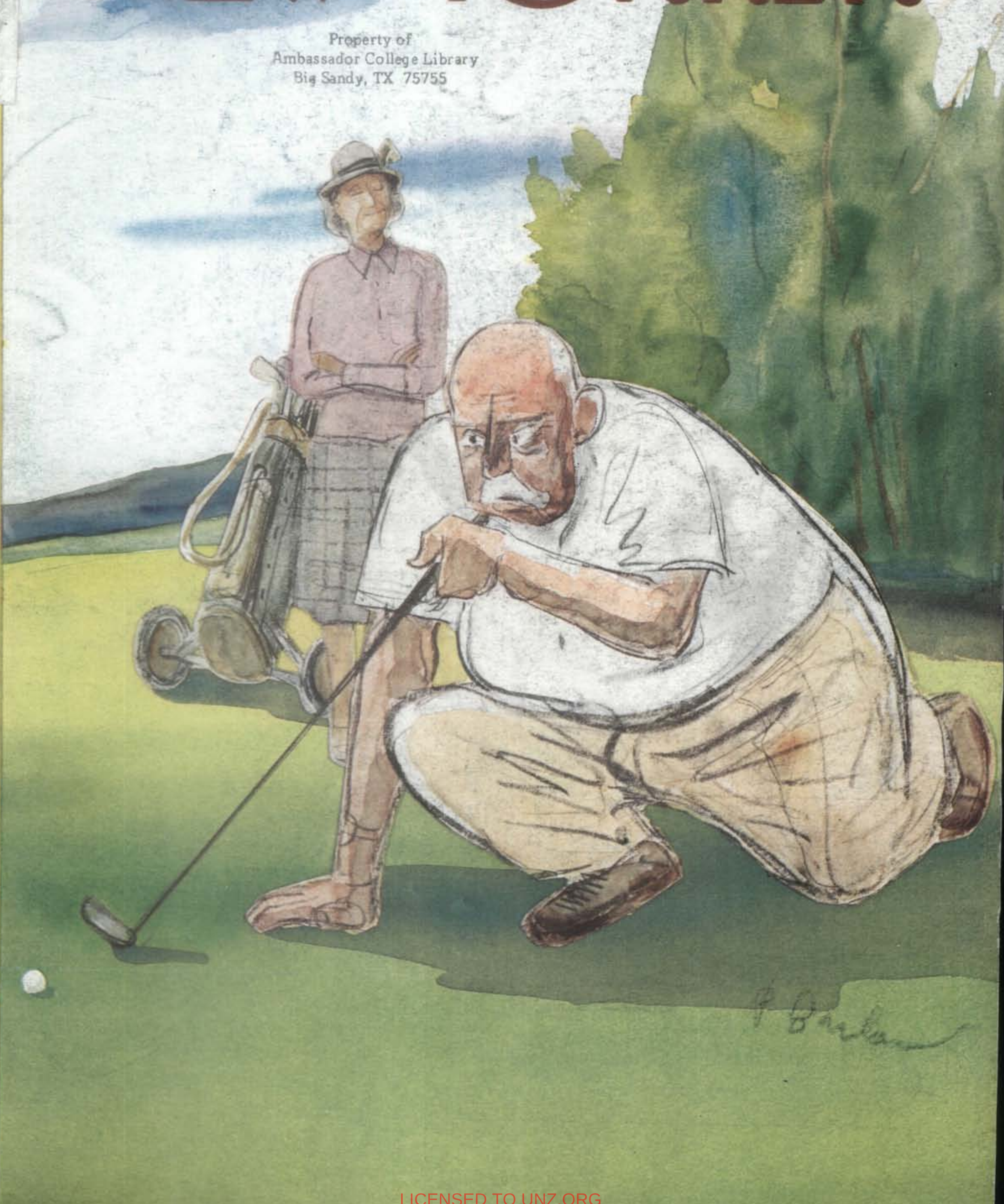

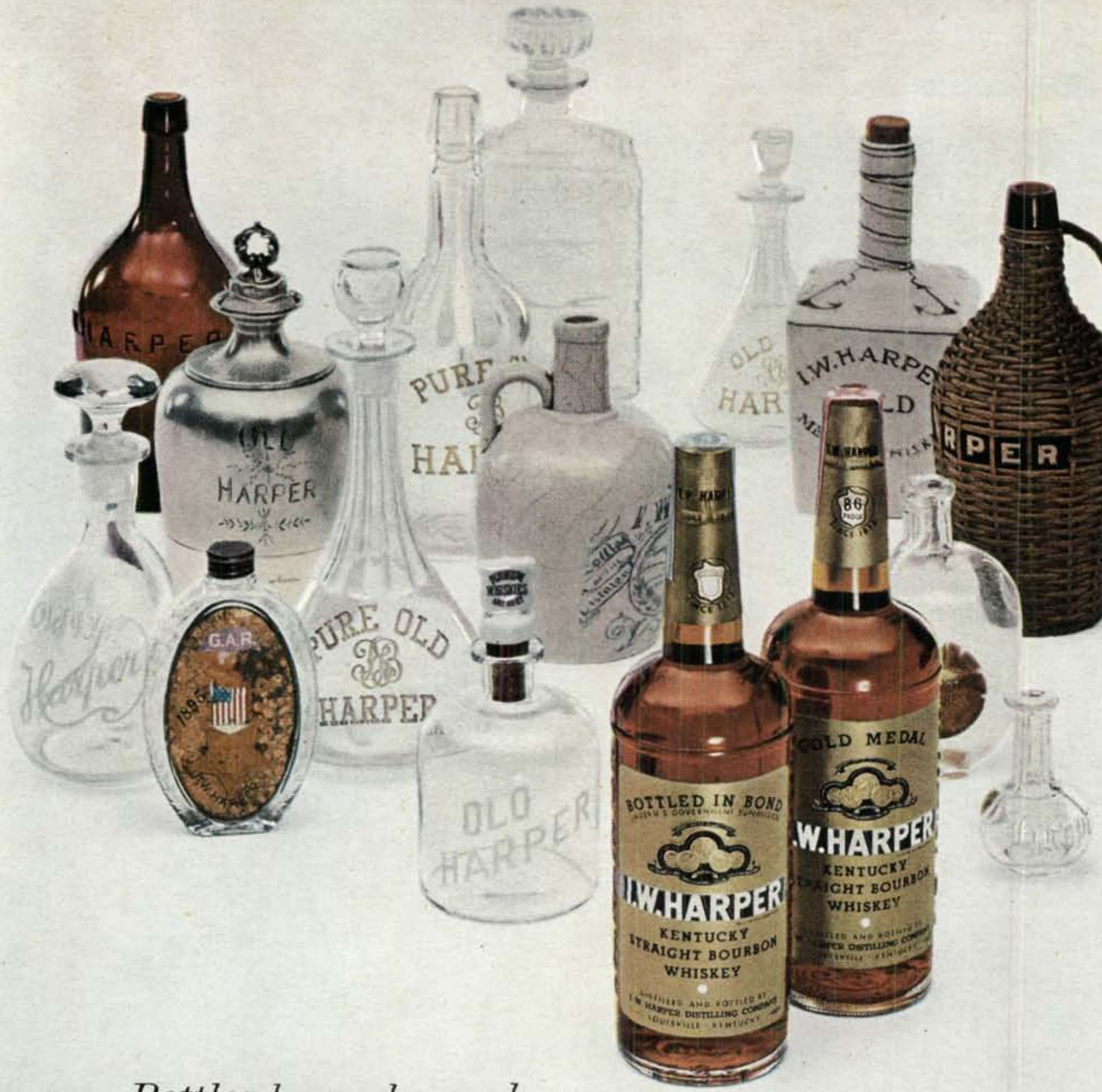
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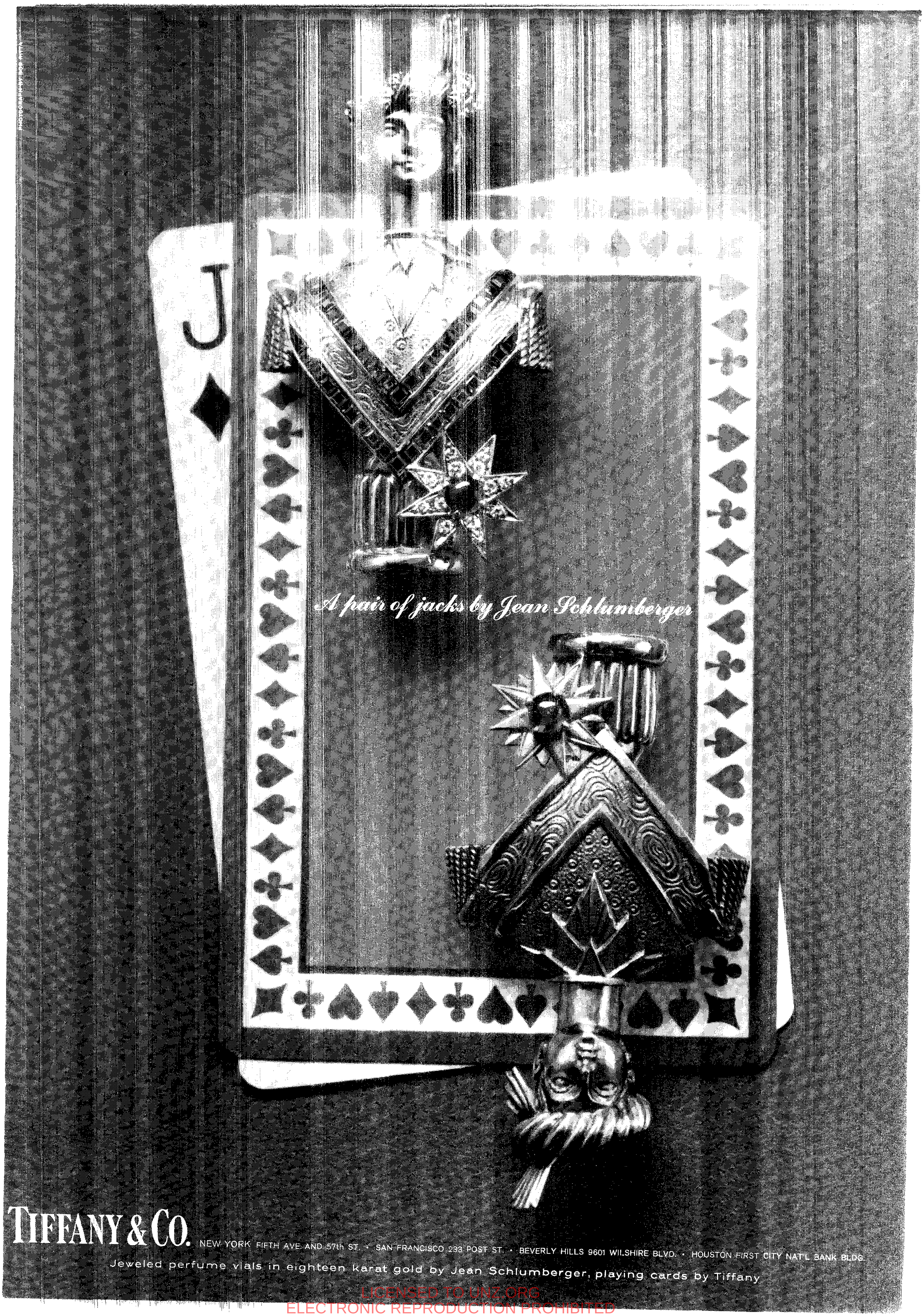

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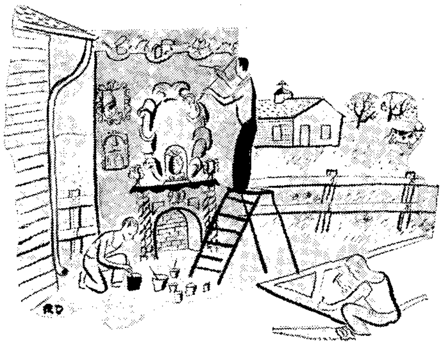

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—*James Baldwin's rueful de*scription of life in a Harlem store-front church. Very loosely strung together and a trifle too loquacious, but with a number of meritorious scenes. Bea Richards, as the pastor of the tabernacle, does a fine job, and so, for that matter, do her supporting players. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Catch Me If You Can—Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie are estimable people, but their efforts to galvanize this dull murder-mystery comedy are unavailing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 6.)

Luv—This comic triangular trifle by Murray Schisgal has an excellent cast (Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson), and has been wonderfully directed by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A fine, funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, the ubiquitous Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute, with sporadically amusing results. Skillful direction by Arthur Storch, and a good set by Jo Mielziner. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Man*hattan walk-up. The cast includes* Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the subject was roses:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. *Nightly, except Sundays*, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—*Gypsies dancing, prancing, reading tea* leaves, examining palms, and all that sort of thing in a lively creation that has the nimble services of Chita Rivera, Nancy Dussault, and many other attractive performers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece and Martin Gabel the Professor. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Despite the fact that Richard Rodgers contributed the score for this musical version of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo," it isn't anywhere near as beguiling as most of the other works in which the Master has had a hand. Stephen Sondheim did the lyrics, and Mr. L. the book, which describes the ups and downs of an American spinster reluctantly caught in the amorous atmosphere of Venice. Elizabeth Allen portrays the spinster and Sergio Franchi the Venetian who unsettles her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—*Joseph Stein's adaptation* of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, garnished with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, and choreography by Jerome Robbins, who also directed the enterprise. *Although the material is rather too* frail to sustain all the large production numbers, the cast, headed by the redoubtable Zero Mostel, is diverting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—A backward glance at the early thirties, when the depression was at its worst. Obviously not a very light-hearted theme for a musical, and the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, doesn't make much of it, even though the director is the usually ingenious George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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Golden Boy—Sammy Davis *in an adaptation of* a tired Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. With the exception of a couple of sharp production numbers, it has little in its favor. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—Behind the scenes with the grifters at Coney Island, who are no more amusing than the folks they try to swindle. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are among those present. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**funny girl:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** The Carol Channing commotion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **what makes sammy run?:** A musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**new york city center light opera company:** Betsy Palmer and Ray Middleton in **south pacific**. The third in a series of four musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **judith:** Thursday, June 3, at 8:30; Sunday, June 6, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday, June 8, at 8:30. . . . **war and peace:** Friday, June 4, at 8:30; Saturday, June 5, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Shaw's **man and superman:** Friday, June 11, at 8, and Saturday, June 12, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, June 12, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8:40: "The Gondoliers."...¶ Saturday, June 5, at 3 and 8:40: "Iolanthe."...¶ Sunday, June 6, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."...¶ Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8:40: "The Mikado."...¶ Saturday, June 12, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A revival. Six actors, three of them colored and three white, perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Sundays at 3 and 8:40....¶ "Baal": Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Square in the Eye—Jack Gelber's comedy is funny, biting, and sad, often simultaneously. The hero is a painter in a sea of troubles, the setting is Greenwich Village, and the time is 1962. Philip Bruns gives a fine performance in the leading role. Recommended. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Troubled Waters—A play by Ugo Betti, translated by Gino Rizzo and William Meriwether. Opens Thursday, June 3. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Umbrella—A clogged and tedious play about a woman and two men who are the only people left on earth after some future war. With Jan Farrand. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wives—Anne Meacham in a silly play by Lionel Abel. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of the season—"Don Quixote": Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 5, at 2:15....¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Wednesday, June 9, at 2:15 and 8:15; Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8:15; Saturday, June 12, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 13, at 12:45 and 5:15. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Dark Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—"Love's Labor's Lost," with Jane White and Rae Allen, will be the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Wednesday, June 9, and will run through Saturday, July 3. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturday at midnight. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Carol Lawrence (she appears in the Royal Box at dinner and supper) sings, but so do a lot of other pretty girls; it is when she takes off from her flight deck as a ballerina that she becomes sort of glorious. Bob Lone and Joe McWherter, her accomplices, are just as nimble. On Monday, June 7, they will be succeeded by Nancy Wilson, a lively young lady whose ballads often go up in flames. The orchestra of Lee Evans will go on making dance music that is also good listening. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The restaurant, which is sort of Department of State, has music by George Anaya's minute band—presented in menu style from eight to ten and prancing style from then until one.

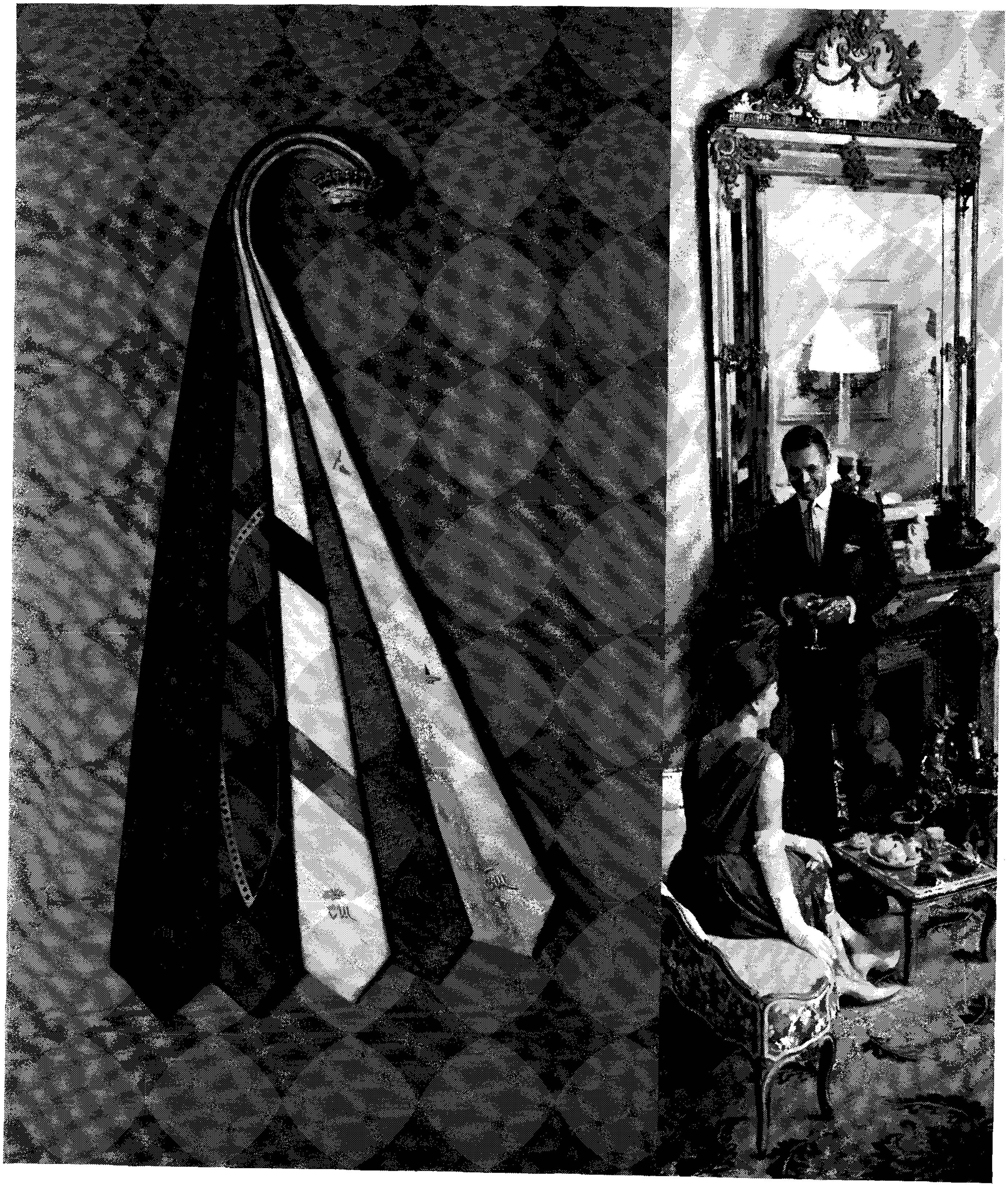
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The password in this fashionable watering place is Rule Britannia. The dance music is still dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra; customers who would rather not be on their feet at all resort to the Champagne Room, where Ernest Schoen's threesome suns itself on the banks of the Blue Danube. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The new crew involved in the reënactment of the Age of Steamboating (it is restoration comedy, but the stage set is nonetheless rich and handsome) consists of the orchestra of Les and Larry Elgart, whose ornamentation can be just as ample and rococo. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. The place becomes a Hall of Records every Sunday, also for dancing.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the piazza known as the Seven Hills, the Quintetto di Roma, a jaunty bunch of boys, plays from eight to one, or even to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Dino Palermo, the carolling member of the Quintetto, makes Italian a truly Romance language. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week. The Irish-coffee breaks are occupied by Yvette Souviron's voice and piano, though not on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Youth-calling-unto-youth is the touchstone of the song recital delivered at dinner and supper in the Persian Room by John Gary, whose repertory ranges from soul-searching to hop-skip-and-jump. The scampering posse of Mark Monte and George Cort's small band wax eloquent all through the night. Closed Sundays....¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play watercress-sandwich music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty,



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and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays, the room getting along with just a piano. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of lovely dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On top of Old Smoky, which is a fair enough name for this town. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a small dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Downstairs in the Maisonette, which is a grandiose and life-enhancing way of doing over the Nether Regions, swinging and swaying are practiced to the good-humored music of Charles Turecamo's band, and fancywork to the music of Quintero's able-bodied Latins. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, too, goes grandiosely about its task of care and feeding, which is expedited by the outpourings of Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's violin, on hand between eight and two. No dancing. Closed Sundays.

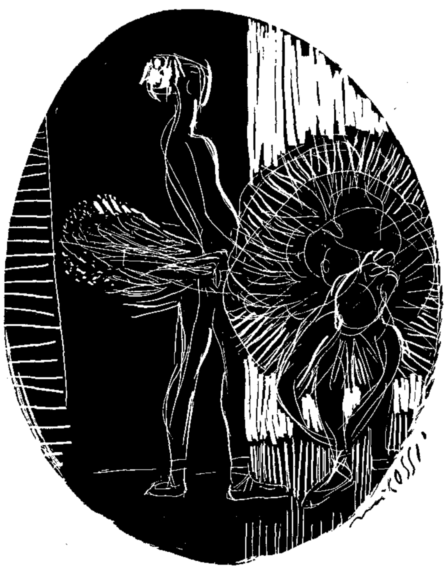
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—*Deo* and the Weather Bureau *volente*, there is dancing amid the outdoor greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can operate under cover if there is rain.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Where the deer and the antelope could play if the boundless plains were not occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The look and the sound of a ceaseless cocktail-and-dinner party, with all ages clinking glasses. Through this merry crossfire music can be heard from cocktails on—beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): No handbook is needed for this guided tour of Florence, for plenty of the lyrics assigned to the now-and-again singers are couched in our native tongue. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The early birds are fed their dinners to the nonchalant piano of Jules Kuti; i.e., five-thirty until nine. The late birds, including an assortment of persistent night owls, are fed their suppers to the inner-circle lyrics and piano of Bobby Short, official greeter of the dawn, who gets great help from his alert sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Ten-thirty is their starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The greenskeeper of this templed mead is, it should go without saying, Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano runs from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. This takes place between seven and one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In Le Palais, the lower deck of this enterprise, Vienna is restored (in wine, menu, and sound) in a manner grand enough for the approval of Maria Theresa. The sound is the zither of Hans Hansberg, who gently vibrates it from seven to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The wise old tongue of Mabel Mercer, whose ballads minister fondly yet slyly to the lovelorn among us, will sound no more after Saturday, June 5. Until then, her distribution of balm commences at ten-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The everlasting Norbert Faconi tosses and turns a come-hither violin as he roams from table to table. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A road that leads in a straight line to Rome. Journeyers are serenaded along this Appian Way by a clutch of musicians who are often on the prowl. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the New World. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar (José Luis Franco) that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again (Gustavo Lopez)—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Nighttown revived, in the good old-fashioned playpen way, by characters who remember when—Nancy Steele, whose carolling is scamp/camp; Jimmie Daniels, whose singing is boulevardier; Murray Grand, whose piano is opulent and omniscient. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas do the jazz-hounding. Paula Wayne, who spends the early evening in "Golden Boy," is also working on ballads. The piano starts at cocktail time; the other doings begin after ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior, who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven-thirty to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Looking about this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, one wonders what is delaying the arrival of Diamond Jim Brady. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A Budapest that was not built in a day is occupied by a hand-picked citizenry, such as players of the fiddle and the zimbalon, not to mention chanters of ballads. Béla Babai's band does the dance tunes. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The Hudson River, a next-door neighbor whom we rarely see, is plain as day from the windows of the Crown Restaurant. From seven to ten-thirty, a harp—plied most of the time by the proficient Gerald Goodman—sounds throughout this version of Tara's halls. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): In this wholly imaginary South American republic, it's nip and tuck between the scenic pleasantries and the musicians to see which are the livelier Latins. The performers are there every Sunday from one until nine. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): An establishment operating on Central Standard Chekhov time, which means no haste, no waste, and a plenitude of *chansons d'amour* (Marina Fedorovskaya attends handsomely to these), Slavic violin and piano, and occasional Volga-boatman chimings-in by the gentlemen in the audience. Seven-thirty until two every night but Monday is the house rule. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, whose manner of song swings between gypsy-caravan and wickedest-woman-in-Paris, sings at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A trio provides for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Singing waiters, singing cigarette girls, singing salad chefs, singing bottle washers, none of them in the least frustrated performers of Italian opera, work here with all stops out. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A Book-of-the-Month Club in which *Debrett's* is compulsory reading. The centerpiece is George Feyer, player of piano that is full of Valenciennes lace. Eight-thirty until one or two is the range of the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): On the top deck of the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner feeds a concert grand a balanced diet that runs, in leisurely fashion, from Gershwin to Grieg. The music goes on from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Fun-and-games piano by Bunty Pendleton, a girl who's seen a lot of New York night life but is still cheerful enough to sing at her work. Most of the evening, she takes turns with Lynn Richards, another girl pianist. Thus, there's apt to be music from six until around three. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The decorum of this carefully brought up refectory is punctured ever so slightly by the piano of Muriel Roberts, whose work never quite conceals the fact that she has a real get-with-it jazz background. No music Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Alongside the bar, Conrad Monjoy spends his evenings, from nine-thirty until one, making piano for dreamers as well as diners. Mondays are his vacations. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, plying a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among



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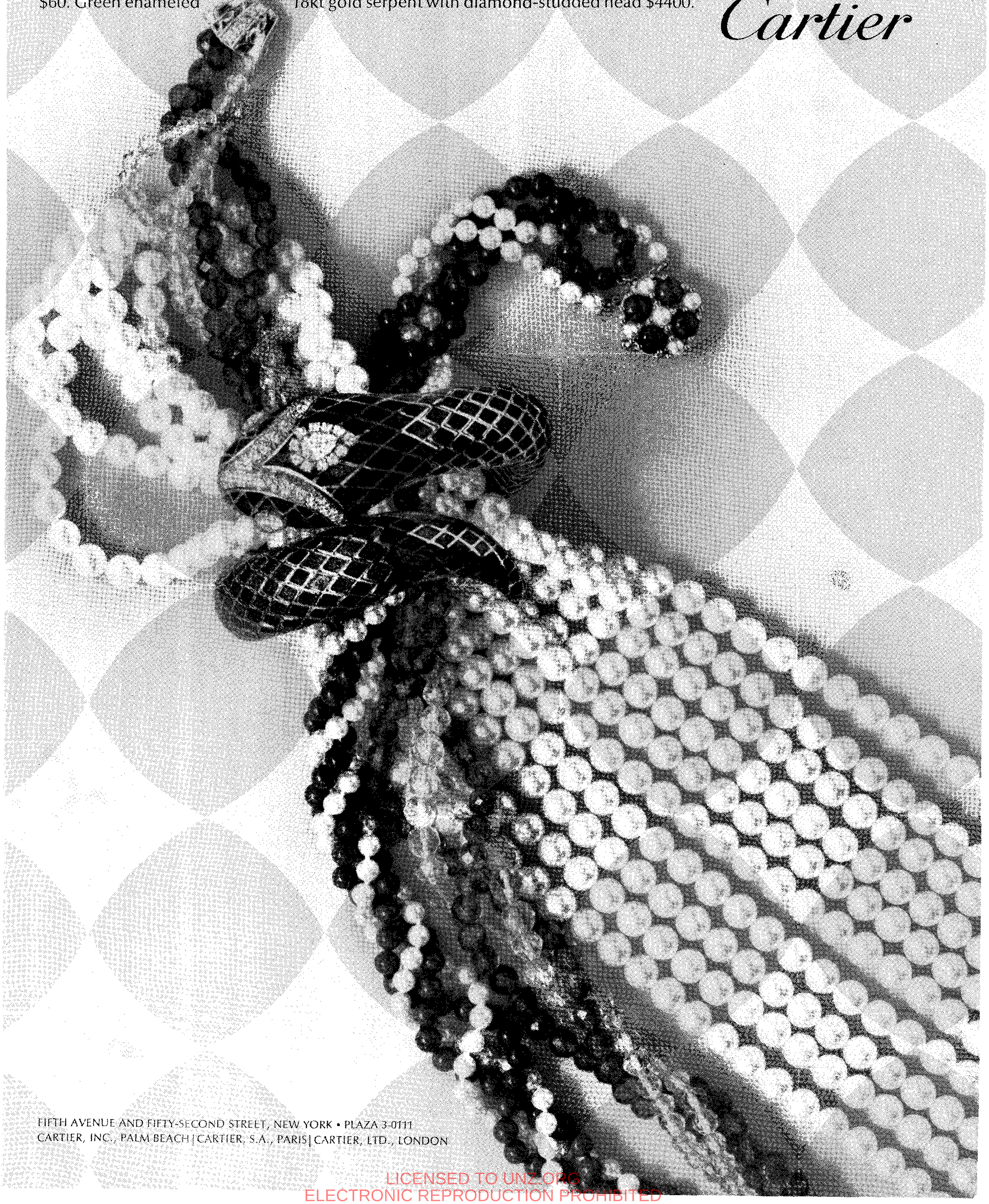

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Not the Little Shepheard's of Kingdom Come but a modern version, for whirling dervishes. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four other nights. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Holy Roller University, populated in strength by under- and post-graduate Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Like H., Y., and P., it often has a waiting list. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten-thirty until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Tonight's the Night" is a prodigious caper, choreographed to the hilt and replete not only with young ladies but with Mamie Van Doren, who, assisted by four young men, puts on a sort of musicale. Dancing for the house guests, too. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The big deal is Bobby Vinton, or Why Girls Leave Homework, singing at the top of his little lungs. Totie Fields, a humorist of the rampant sort, is around, too, and there is a beautiful corps de ballet, in which Jane Zachary shines well above the call of duty. The paying guests get to dance, as well. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, a smother of musicians is carrying on as if there were no tomorrow. The sound runs from ten to four every night of the week. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Trini Lopez, still another troubadour with a vast youth movement going for him, is onstage, passing out glee and jive; Jackie Vernon, a stand-up-and-punch comedian, is also on tap. Closed Sundays. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Neil Sedaka, enshrined in the hearts of many a young-people's fan club, does such a neat, swinging job of Pop singing that his renown becomes quite comprehensible; what goes on in the accompanying floor show, which is made up mostly of stalwart and decorative young women in a state of uncoördination and undress, is not at all comprehensible but fun. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth of Julius Monk's annual White Papers and just about the best of his revues, comes to an end on Saturday, June 5. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. On Thursday, June 10, the salon plans to reopen with a midsummer-night's romp, all song-and-dance, constructed by Mr. Monk's major-domos—Frank Wagner William Roy, and Thomas Hammond. It will absorb the skills of six bright young people and run from about nine to after midnight. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon and just one show, at ten-thirty. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Game Is Up," the tiny revue that lives here, finishes putting out its second edition on Saturday, June 5, and begins on a third edition on Monday, June 7. R. G. Brown, the main merrymaker, will also appear in No. 3. The runs usually start at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Ex-territorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match, plus the twice-a-night ministrations of the Lydia Torea Spanish Ballet, a shuttle between Andalusia and Las Vegas that contains, along with Señora Torea, a little gem called Maribel de Cirez. The customers get equal time on the floor. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds perfectly wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Felicia Sanders, for whom the phrase "melodramatic soprano" might as well be coined, is once more in residence. Her pianist, Irving Joseph, conspires with Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn to produce a large supply of keyboard études. Also present: George Matson, whose caricaturing of lovely womanhood stooping to folly is one of night life's cleverest contributions to the art of visual wit. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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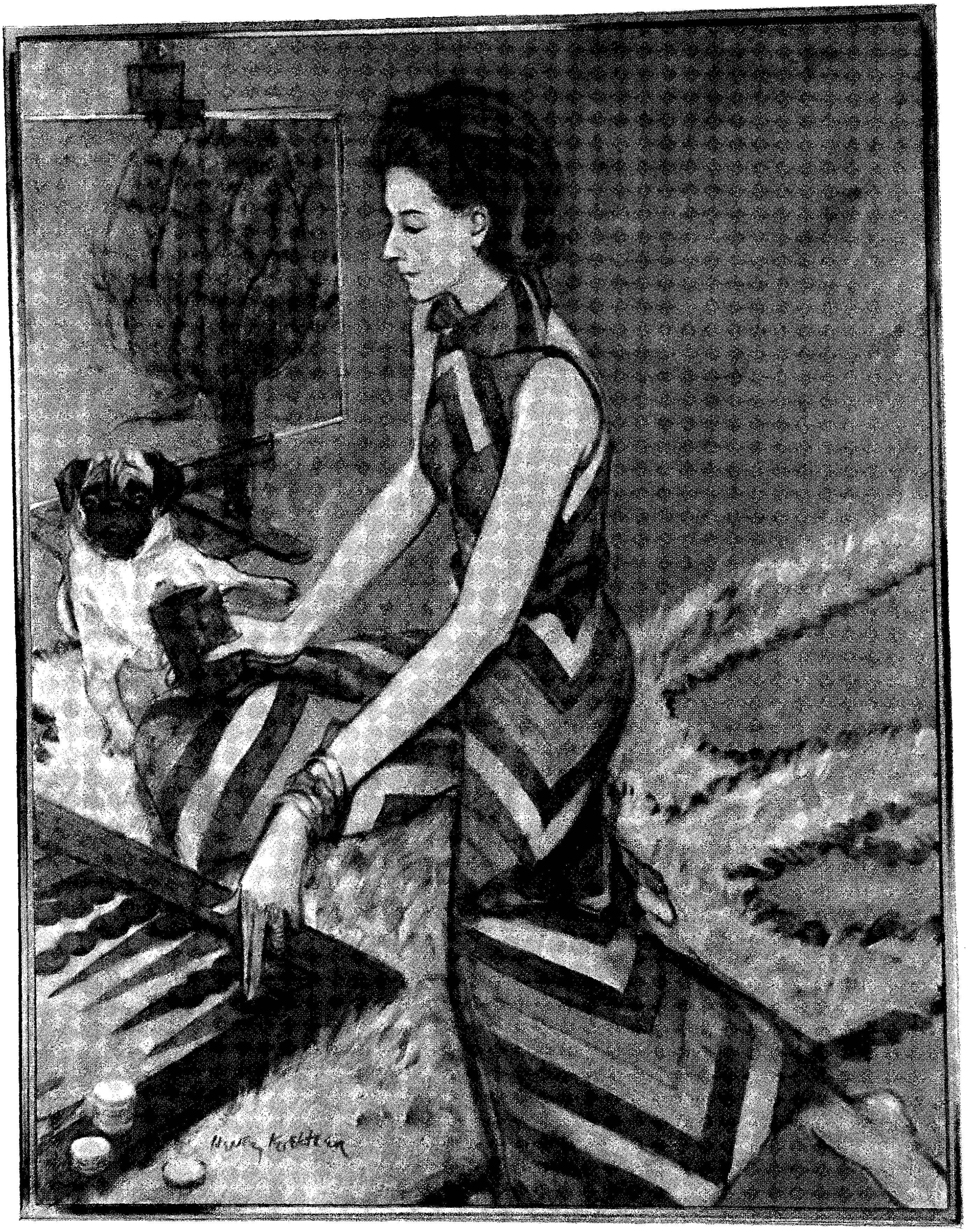
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): An establishment lately subject to change without notice. But the probabilities are that the trio of Mose Allison, who adds substance and not merely shadow to the New Era music, and the recently hatched foursome of Herbie Hancock are on hand. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. Mondays are dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Below the top-level restaurant and sidewalk café, which operate from five to eleven every night but Monday, there is a vast cavern devoted to the dramatic arts. One is the pianism of Erroll Garner, which has not a great deal new to say but says it with Parthenon impressiveness; another is the voice of Leon Bibb, as true and as decisive an instrument as folk music possesses—a voice, furthermore, that does not bother with the standard set pieces. Mondays, a band of Caribbean persuasion is likely to show up; listening to Symphony Sid's conversation will be compulsory for the Latin students. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. The Womenfolk, the current carollers, will be replaced, on Wednesday, June 9, by the Serendipity Singers, a clever lot. The Uncalled For Three, purveyors of slapstick, will stay on. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Whoop, dedoo, hoot, and holler well into the night, and even in the late afternoon. Groups that could be called Johnny and the Lease-Breakers begin the rumpus; in mid-evening, Gene Krupa's bing-bang band moves in. On Friday, June 11, Dizzy Gillespie's clan will take over from the Krupas; on Sundays, other assortments of players perform. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The fivesome owned by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer disappears on Sunday, June 6, to be replaced, on Tuesday, June 8, by the loudspeaking sextet of Art Blakey. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Teddy Wilson's piano, undisturbed by all the new fashion shows of music, goes on sounding the way it always has sounded, with which there is nothing wrong. His trio shares time with a quintet whose kingpins are Pepper Adams and Thad Jones. Walter Bishop's trio is the sole occupant of the premises on Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Business as usual (i.e., a survey of the glorious past) is being conducted by Eddie Condon himself and other early settlers, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Ceaseless crescendo and diminuendo, freshets of invigorated piano, the pastoral windings of French horn—these are the attributes of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, returned to town after a four-year absence, and now aided by the Brazilian timpani of Helcio Milito. This refreshment is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, an import from England, which waxes hot as the evening waxes long. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Wild Bill Davison and his maddened horn have the local welkin all agog. His teammates are Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Cliff Jackson. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. The peanuts and beer, though, remain as they were. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and



She spends the day making peoples' lives more beautiful. As a decorator and volunteer aide. Evenings she lets her husband win at backgammon, played here in a culotte jumpsuit of brilliantly striped cotton. Her jumpsuit, hers alone. Her fabric, to be found in collection clothes in America's finest stores. Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries.

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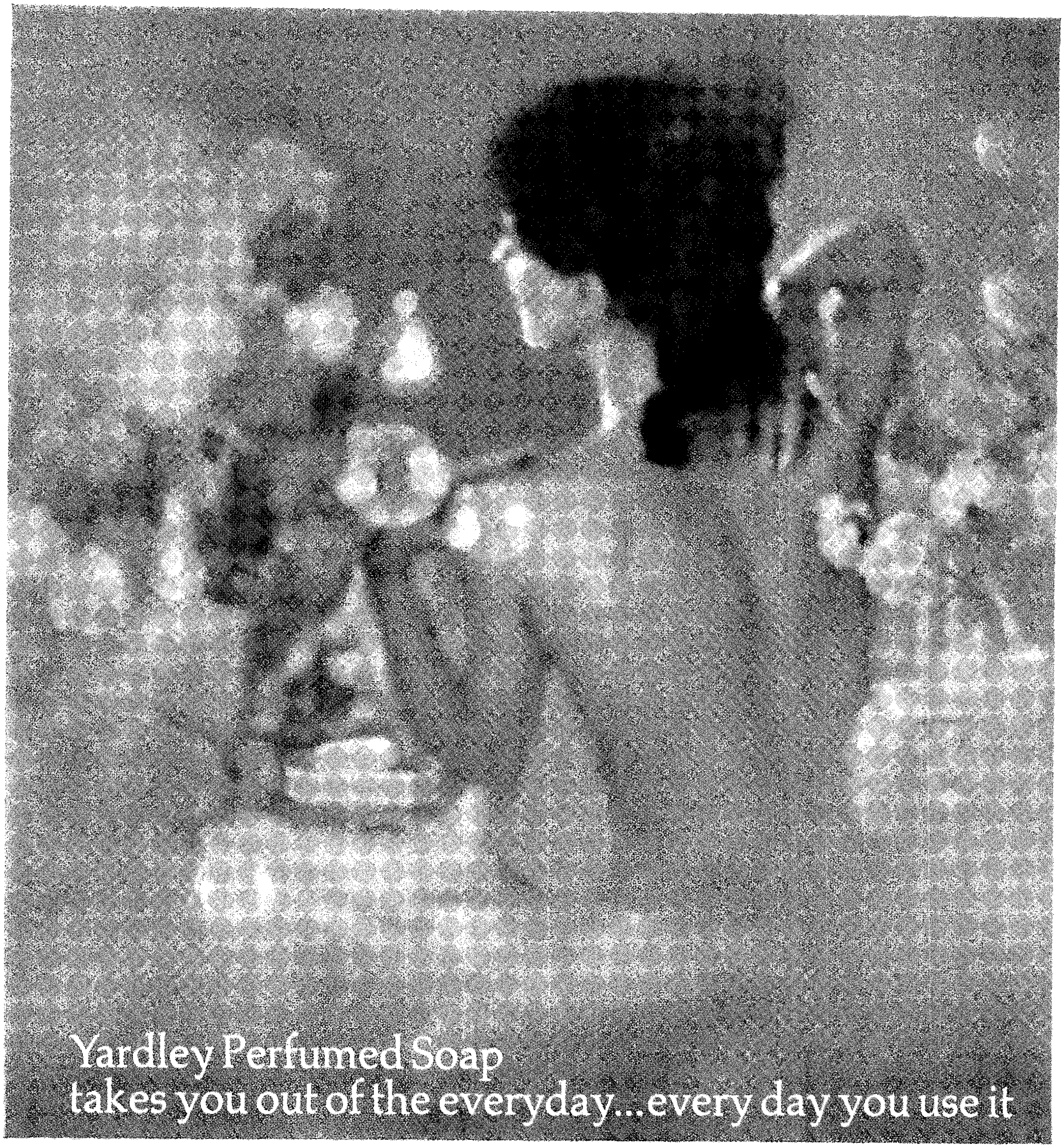
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

such). On Sundays from four-thirty to eight-thirty, Dixieland comes into what's left of its own. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock, the roll, the rant, and the rave will now find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; six to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

VIRGINIA BANKS—Casein and transparent watercolor on film; through Saturday, June 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

DAN BASEN AND DANIEL SPOERRI—Constructions; through Friday, June 11. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Drawings by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, June 5. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES HENRI FORD—Posters; through Saturday, June 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions; through Saturday, June 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SADIE HAYMS—Sculptural paintings; through June 17. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—An exhibition of drawings commemorating the twentieth anniversary of her death; through Friday, June 11. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EARL KRENTZIN—Sculptures in silver; through Friday, June 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Paintings and drawings; through June 26. (Salpeter and White galleries, both at 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Electronic pieces; through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Drawings; through Friday, June 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A retrospective of nearly two hundred collages, assemblages, paintings, and drawings; through Saturday, June 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUDITH SHAHN—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 12. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SCULPTURES—Examples by Helen Proteau, Schulamith Brumer, Lilly Goldstein, and Mildred Grossman; through Friday, June 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ANONYMOUS ART IN NEW YORK—Sculptures and ornaments salvaged from New York City buildings by the Anonymous Arts Recovery Society; through Saturday, June 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: "One Hundred Years of American Realism," a showing of watercolors and pastels (by, among others, John Singer Sargent, Henry Varnum Poor, and Robert Andrew Parker) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Saturday, June 12. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, and Tom Hardy; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists—Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey (to mention a few); through June 18. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Leon Hartl, and Morris Brose are among the participants in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 12. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dino Basaldella, Max Beckmann, and Luciano Minguzzi, plus paintings by Afro; through June 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Saturday, June 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Glenway Wescott, Walter Lippmann, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27. . . . ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," the eighth exhibition organized by the Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, the late David Smith, Larry Rivers, and others; through Sunday, June 6. . . . ¶ New acquisitions by the Museum and by the Friends of the Whitney Museum; namely, sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Will Barnet, Joseph Cornell, William Zorach, and others; through June 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for *Philharmonic Hall* is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Spanish music Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5, at 8:30 (with Teresa Stratas, soprano); an all-Tchaikovsky program on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, and also Thursday, June 10—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—at 8:30 (with Patricia Wilde's dance company and David Wayne, narrator); and a program of Viennese music on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8:30 (with Laurel Hurley, soprano, and Carroll Glenn, violin).

New School Outdoor Concerts—Folk singers—Friday, June 11, at 8:30: Oscar Brand. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8:30: Gene and Francesca. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700.)

Jazz Concert—Billy Strayhorn in a program of his own compositions, with Clark Terry and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, June 6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call CI 6-3530.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 4, at 8; Saturday, June 5, at 2; and Sunday, June 6, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. San Francisco, Tuesday through Thursday, June 8-10, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 11, at 8, and Saturday, June 12, at 2:15.

Boxing—Frankie Narvaez vs. Johnny Bizzaro, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Monday, June 7. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 12.)

Golf—Women's Eastern Amateur Championship. (Hollywood Golf Club, Deal, N.J. Tuesday through Thursday, June 8-10.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 5.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 6.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 11-13.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 12.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO**

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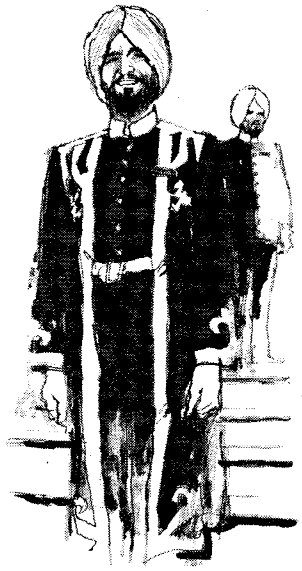

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Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Belmont, Saturday, June 5, and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 12. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 4, through Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—Sunday, June 6, at 2:30: Munchen vs. West Ham United and New Yorkers vs. Portuguesa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30: Varese vs. Munchen. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 12.)

Track—New York Athletic Club Spring Games. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, June 5, at noon.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

Flower Shows—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Wednesday and Thursday, June 9-10, from 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 9, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—Final auctions of the season at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, June 3, at 1:30: Furniture and decorative objects, from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 8:30: Paintings, sculptures, furniture, jewelry, and objets d'art, donated by artists and collectors, in a benefit auction. Exhibition hours: Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, and Tuesday, June 8, from 10 to 5.

Commencement Dates—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, June 6, and Annapolis, N.Y.U., and West Point, Wednesday, June 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: June 13, June 28-July 5, July 7, and July 9-11. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: June 15-20, June 22-27, and July 15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 19.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 19.) . . . ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 30-July 3.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Elmwood Country Club, White Plains. June 21-25.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Atlantic City Country Club, Atlantic City, N.J. July 1-4.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 8-11.)

Horse Shows—Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 13.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 17-20.)

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, June 13.

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 15-18. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Queen's Plate, June 26. . . . **AQUEDUCT:** July 1-31.

SOCCER—International Soccer League—At **DOWNING STADIUM,** Randalls Island: June 13, 20, 23, and 28, and July 4, 7, 11, and 14. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** June 16.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: June 19 and July 3. . . . **WATKINS GLEN:** June 26-27.

TENNIS—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. June 19-27.) . . . ¶ International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 21-July 3.) . . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. June 28-July 4.)

TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 5-9.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 19.

MUSIC—The New York Philharmonic "Promenades" continue at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424) through July 3. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band, on the Central Park Mall, June 16-Aug. 13. . . . ¶ New York Folk Festival, at Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7459), June 17-20. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Opera Concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, June 21-Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, at Newport, R.I., July 1-4. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 2-Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Folk and jazz concerts, at the Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass., July 4-Aug. 22.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Moiseyev Dance Company, at Madison Square Garden, June 15-27.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Dartmouth, June 13; Yale, June 14; Princeton, June 15; and Harvard, June 17. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Sunday; Monday, July 5, will be a holiday.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably a good time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

ADMISSION—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August. Lower admission prices were "fully discussed" at a recent meeting of the Fair's executive committee, but nothing happened.

PAVILIONS—Almost none of the large, well-known pavilions are as interesting or as easy to get into as some of the smaller ones. The Montana exhibit, for instance, includes three live, ungroomed Montana elk and a Wild West museum, where, among the many items on display, are Buffalo Bill's razor, hairbrush, and silver-handled toothbrush; Calamity Jane's diary; General Custer's pocket watch; handcuffs, leg irons, sapphires, gold dust, and nuggets; and a couple of buffalo skulls. Adults, fifty cents; children, twenty-five cents. . . . ¶ The Spanish Pavilion is probably the best at the Fair. The exhibit of paintings is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." The Marisqueria restaurant is less expensive and less formal than the other Spanish restaurants, and is a particularly pleasant place to eat on a sunny day. . . . ¶ The Kattegat Inn, which has an indoor section and a terrace at the northern end of the Danish Pavilion, is a delightful place, serving a delicious open-sandwich plate among other things. Prices are between three and four dollars. . . . ¶ Just inside the Masonic Pavilion is a giant statue of George Washington dressed as a Mason. . . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand. Free.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Banana Peel—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 8.)

Goldfinger—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Mary Poppins—A "My Fair Lady" for children, or maybe grandchildren. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Masquerade—A preposterous mock thriller, which will either amuse you or irritate you. Starring Jack Hawkins, Cliff Robertson, and a crumbly castle. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 9.)

Mirage—An old-fashioned suspense film, which takes itself seriously, so we can, too. Starring Gregory Peck, ably assisted by Walter Matthau and Diane Baker. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, June 9. . . . ¶ Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy determined to go bad. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about a businessman who makes a big killing and loses his soul, just as the Good Book warns. With Vittorio Gassman, Anouk Aimée, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

36 Hours—Wicked Nazis and an alert United States Intelligence man in a seesaw battle of wits at a critical moment of the Second World War. With James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 8.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; June 3. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through June 8.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 4-7.)

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Best Man (1964)—A political melodrama by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 9.)

The Chalk Garden (1964)—Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, and Deborah Kerr in a tale of tangled family matters. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 9, tentative.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 8, tentative.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 3.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 9.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 3. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 8.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through June 7.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 4-7.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 4-7.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 8.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 8.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 8.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 3.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting June 9.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 9.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 9.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 8.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 4-7.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 3.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 8.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through June 5: "The God Within" (1912), with Blanche Sweet and Lionel Barrymore; and "True Heart Susie" (1919), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 6-9: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Monday, June 7, when there will be just one showing, at 3. Extra performances Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
6	7	8	9	3	4	5

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 8: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.
From June 9: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
MIRAGE. (The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, June 9.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 8: "Girl Happy," Elvis Presley; and "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From June 9: "Joy in the Morning," Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux; and "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 5 (tentative): "White Voices," Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.
From June 6: "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 8: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.
From June 9: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through June 7: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival.
From June 8: To be announced.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 8: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French).
From June 9: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 8: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor; and "The Rounders," Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.
From June 9: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 8 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From June 9: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 8: **36 HOURS**; and "The Night of the Iguana," revival, Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From June 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 8: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.
From June 9: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Symphony for a Massacre" (in French), Michel Auclair, Claude Dauphin.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
MIRAGE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
HE WHO MUST DIE, revival.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
June 3: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
June 4-7: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
June 8: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Gates of Paris" (in French), revival, Pierre Brasseur.
From June 9: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 8: **36 HOURS**; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From June 9: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU8-9304)
Through June 8 (tentative): "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From June 9 (tentative): **THE CHALK GARDEN**, revival; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 8: **MASQUERADE.**
From June 9: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 7: "Beach Blanket Bingo," Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello; and "War-Gods of the Deep," Vincent Price, Tab Hunter.
June 8: "The Chocolate Soldier," revival, Risë Stevens, Nelson Eddy; and "Sweethearts," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From June 9: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 8: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson.
From June 9: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 3: **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
June 4-7: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard. (In addition to the regular films, "Cat People," a revival, with Simone Simon and Kent Smith, will be shown on Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 1 P.M.)
From June 8: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 8: "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor; and "The Rounders," Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.
From June 9: **MASQUERADE**; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 8: **BANANA PEEL** (in French).
From June 9: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 8: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
From June 9: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Black Spurs," Rory Calhoun, Terry Moore.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 8: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From June 9: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
June 3: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French).
From June 4: "Eva," Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

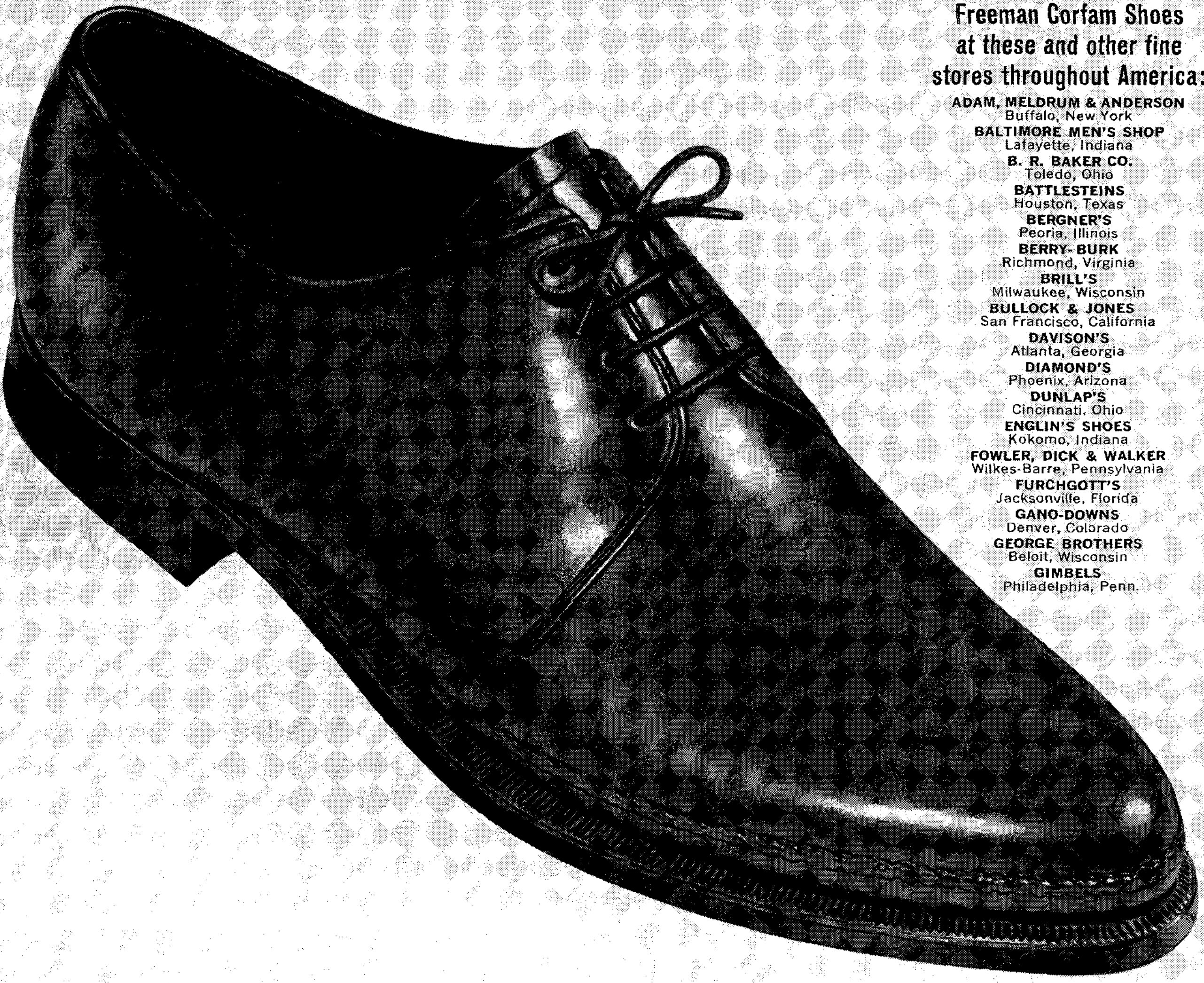
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Muriel" (in French), revival, Delphine Seyrig; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 8: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.
From June 9: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and **THE BEST MAN**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 3: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.
June 4-7: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From June 8: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 8: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From June 9: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.



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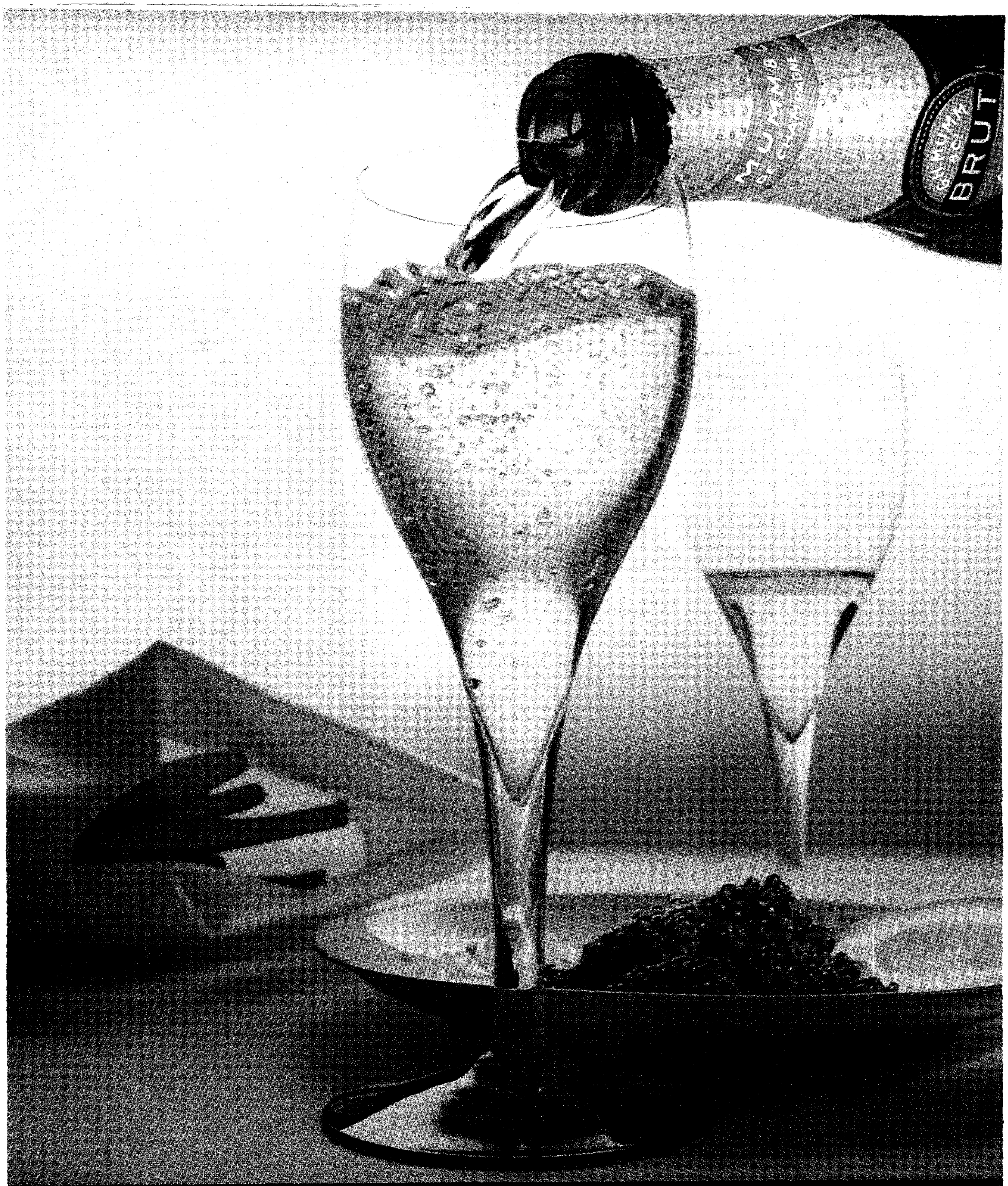
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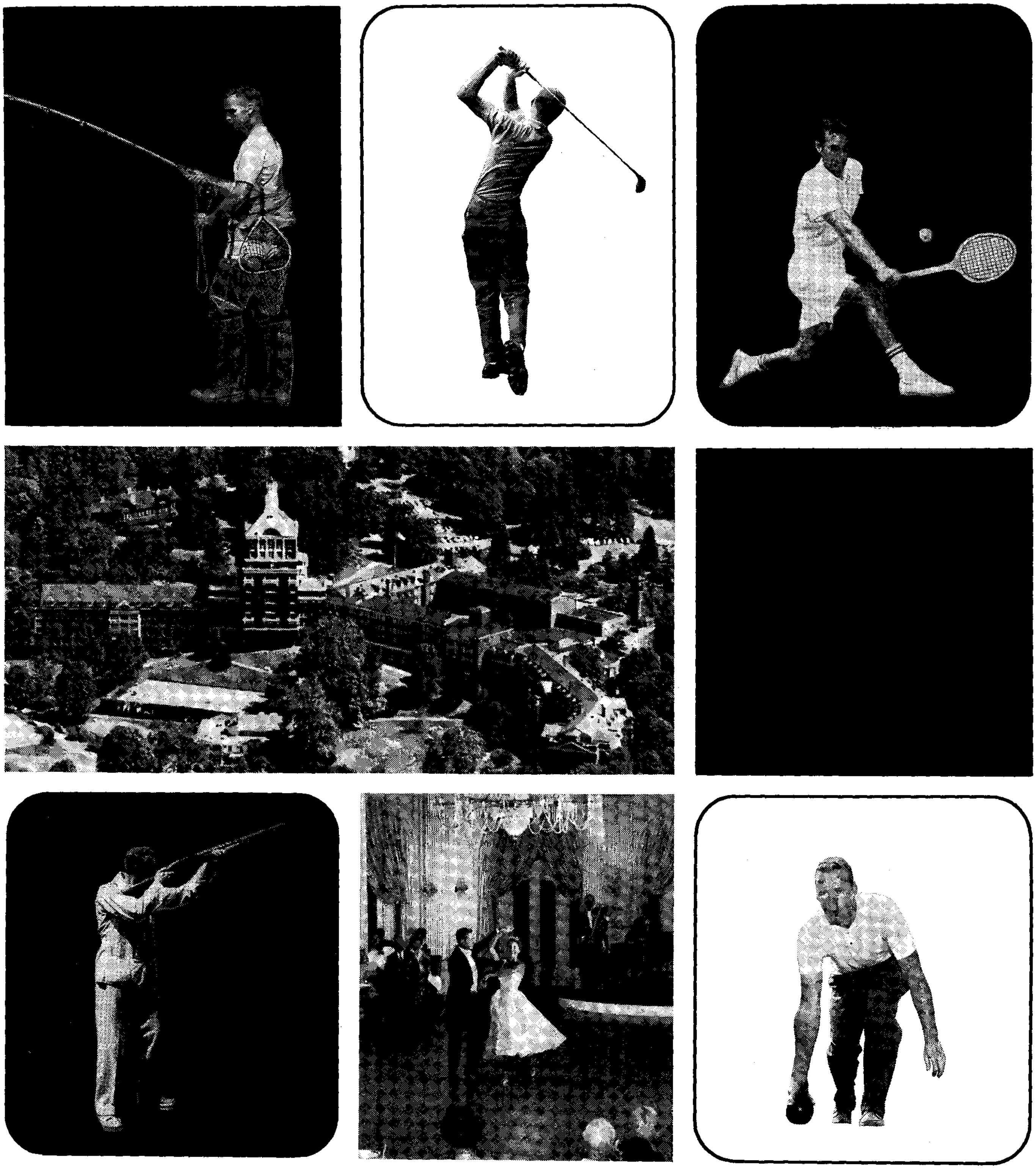

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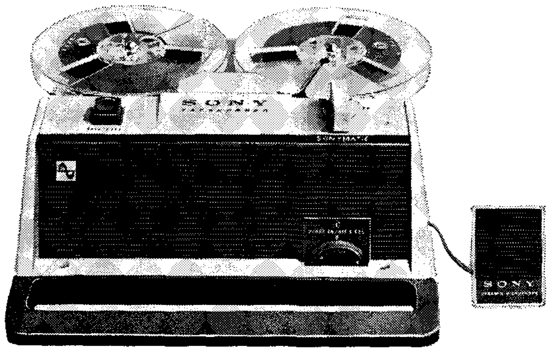

If you can't think of a dozen uses for this Sony tape recorder, your wife probably can. And the kids can come up with a dozen more.

Maybe you've never thought about a Sony tape recorder as being handy around the house. To most people, tape recorders fall into the category of father's special pet. Or they think of them only when it's party-time. The fact is, there's no better way to pep up a friendly gathering than to invite a Sony tape recorder along—particularly this new Sony model 135, which has the fabulous new Sonymatic® control.*

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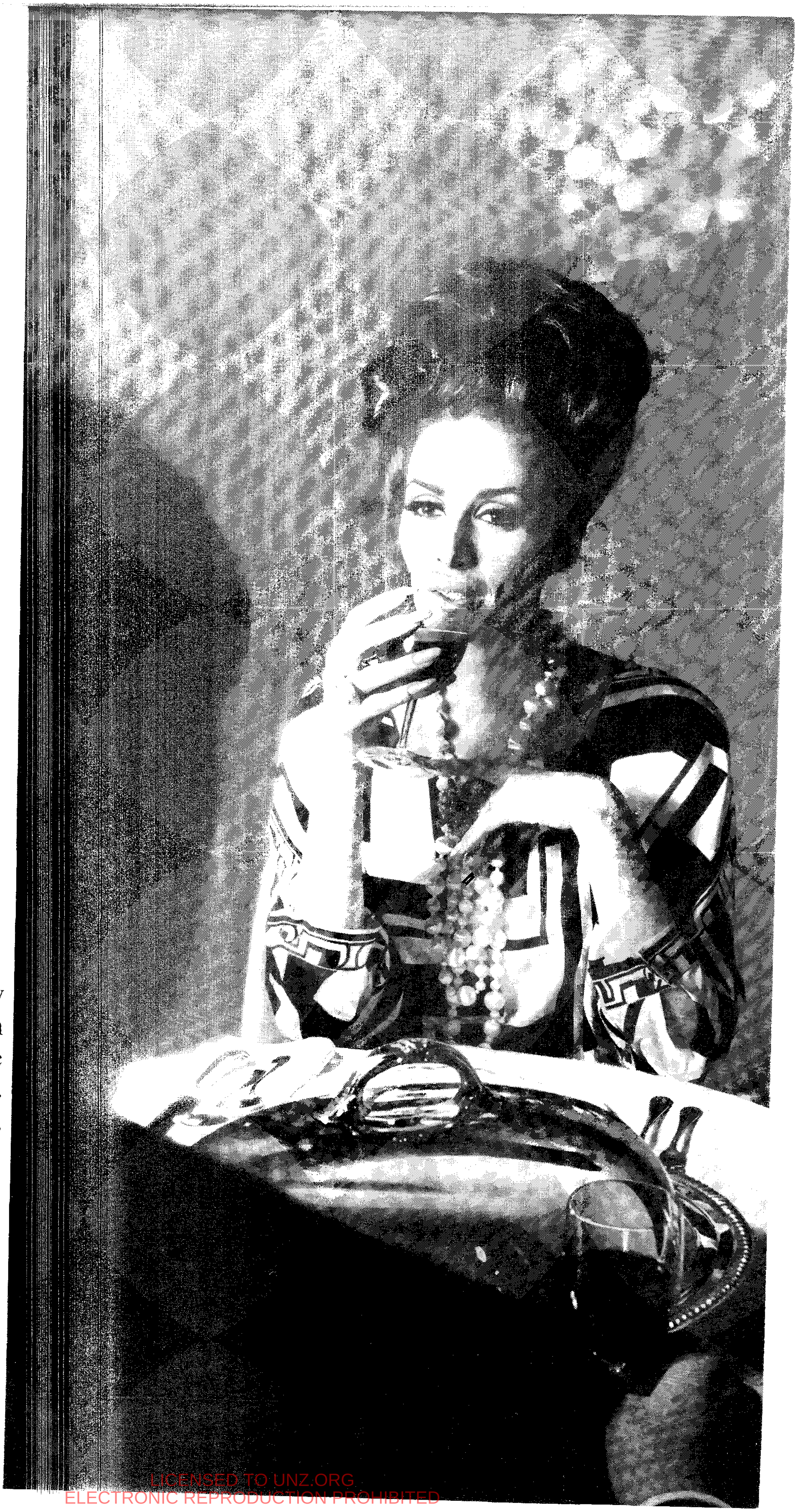
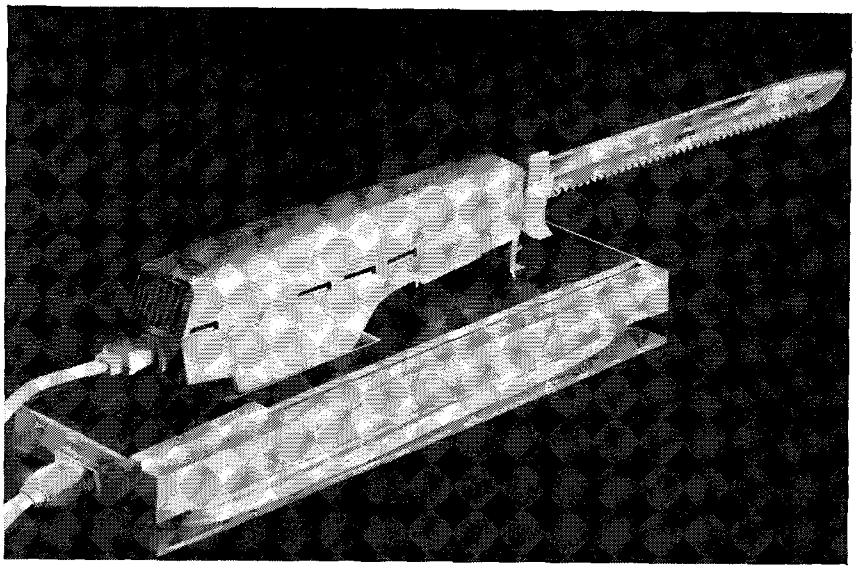
Isn't that a bit much for a little cigarette lighter?

Are you kidding? They have the new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife. It's sharp. Romps through a roast. Zips through a Porterhouse. And it looks terrific on the table, too. Makes any man a Michelangelo at mealtime. Want a look? Flip the page. Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

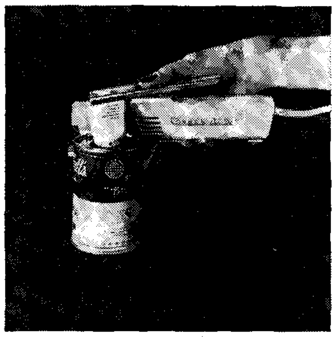


He's going to carve roast beef with his new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife



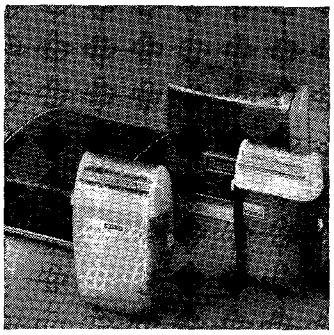
The Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife carves all types and cuts of meat. Slices vegetables, fruits, cheeses, breads and cakes. Shreds cabbage, lettuce for salads. And fast! Great design makes it lighter and easier to use because it's balanced. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as knife stand at table.

She'll use the new Ronson 5-speed Blender to blend, whip, pulverize, chop, grate, mix. Only blender with self-feeding wide base 1½ quart container and longer blades to take whole fruits and vegetables. Easy to clean.



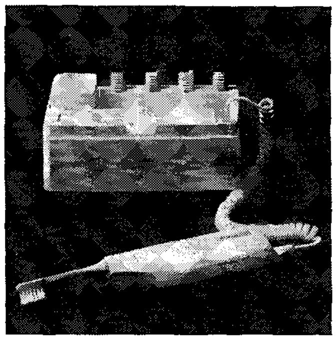
She'll open a can with the new Ronson Can-Do Electric Can Opener. Portable, versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Mixes drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and sharpens knives. Comes with attachments and handy wall rack.

She's going to use the Ronson Caress Ladies Electric Shaver. Screen is largest, thinnest for close, fast, comfortable shaving. Has contoured "Trimette" for underarms. Protective roll-top shield. Gold brocade purse.

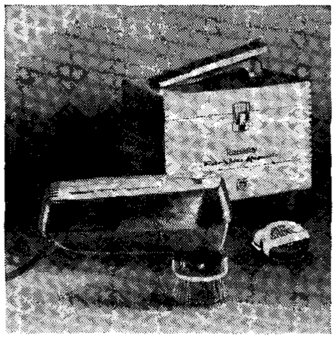


Her husband will shave with his new Ronson "400" Electric Shaver. 36 micro-honed blades. Micro-thin screen. "Super Trim" sideburn and mustache clipper and unbreakable Lexan body. **The "200."** As great with 32 blades.

She'll dry her hair with the new Ronson Escort Portable Hair Dryer. 40 oz. light. Fast and quiet. Long cord. Four heat ranges. Fitted case with adjustable shoulder strap can be worn as handbag. Extra-large hood. Brush and comb.



She'll brush her teeth with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. Runs on standard batteries and house current reduced to 5 safe volts with exclusive Safety-Coupler. Correct up-and-down action. Best cleaning speed.



He'll shine his shoes with the new Ronson Roto-Shine "Magnetic" Electric Shoe Polisher. The only one that picks up attachments magnetically, ejects at touch of a button. Applies polish, brushes, buffs. Storage chest.

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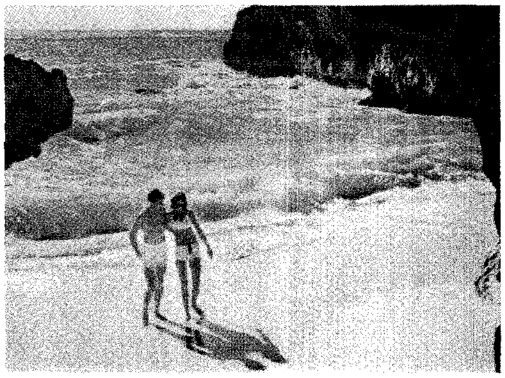

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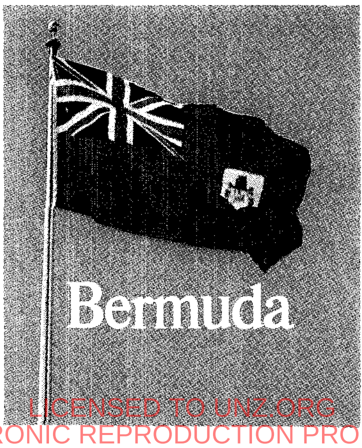

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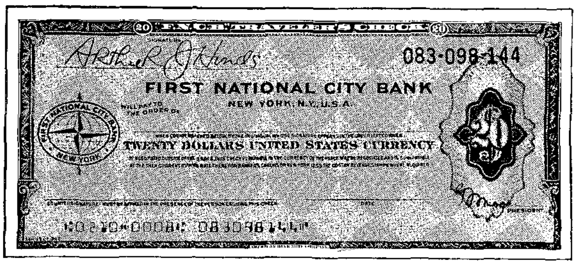

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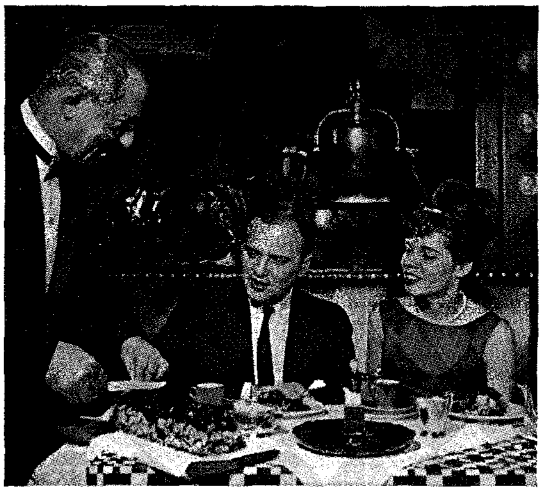

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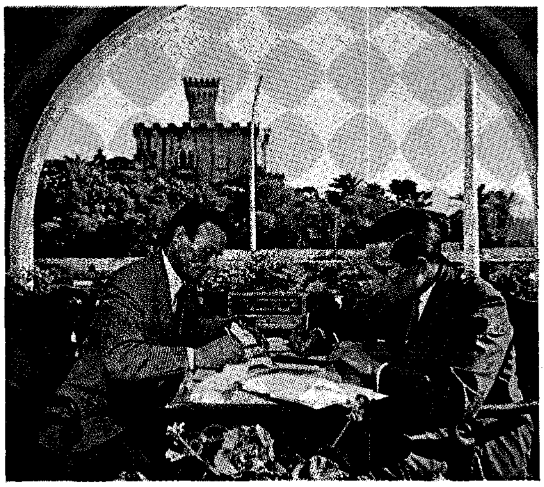

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE confess ourself pleased that the "big-bang" theory of cosmogony seems to have scored over its less flashy rival, the "steady-state" theory. The big-bang theory was proposed, you will recall, when it became apparent, in the nineteen-twenties, that the galaxies beyond our own galaxy, the Milky Way, were flying from us at speeds proportionate to their distances. Simple calculation indicated that all cosmic matter had therefore once been concentrated at one point, a gigantic, gigantically dense and hot "cosmic atom," which had in an instant exploded into fragments that settled, over the aeons, into stars, planets, oceans, minerals, amoebae, and the constituents of this page and of the eyes perusing it. Whence the aboriginal ball of matter, and wherefore, were permitted to remain mysterious. The steady-state theory, in protest, claims that the universe is eternal and constant, and therefore had no definite beginning. The observed fact of cosmic expansion is explained rather curiously; to wit, new matter, in the form of hydrogen atoms, is unceasingly being generated *out of nothing* in the empty spaces between galaxies, which are retreating to make room for the new matter. So an infinite number of microcosmic miracles are substituted for a single macrocosmic one. The slow garnering of tiny, colorless somethings from vast fields of vacuity has always struck us as a somewhat dreary harvest, and we are glad that our aesthetic preferences have recently been reinforced by the plunging researches of radio astronomy.

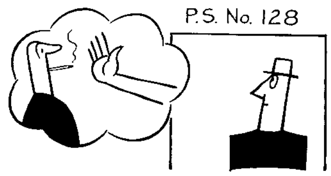
In brief, it is now thought that the flash of the initial explosion still exists in the air, in the form of radio waves. The expansion of the universe in the thirteen billion years or so since the blessed event has stretched the light waves into a low hum audible to a giant horn antenna in Homdel, New Jersey. The first emissions of creation, stretched out of visibility, still hover in the air; the command "Let there be light" is continuously arriving from the black gulf beyond the quasars. We find all this more comforting than not. Such simultaneity makes a haven of time, and satisfies that ancient man within us who likes a story to have a distinct beginning, middle, and end.

WE were present not long ago at a literary ceremonial (an occasion customarily as innocuous as a confluence of angels on the head of a pin) that began with a kind of bang—a stately, though startling, tirade against our government's present role in Vietnam—and the next day we witnessed a meeting of the United Nations Security Council at which, to our surprise, the representative from Cuba, predictably attacking our intercession in the Dominican Republic, frequently referred for support and corroboration to the editorial columns of the New York *Times*. We cannot remember any time in the last twenty years when United States foreign policy has received so much domestic criticism. Insofar as the present debate strengthens the democratic habit of debate, it is to the good. Insofar as it weakens the ties of respect and exchange between the intellectual community and the federal administration, it is to be regretted. The colleges seem to be fostering a self-righteous and rather idyllic pacifism, while the shadowy agencies of power perpetrate a self-righteous and rather grim activism.

Now, a nation utterly unwilling to use its power has abdicated reality. But in our own recent use of power there has been a change of tone that is unwelcome even to those willing to believe that the gambles taken were well calculated. Perhaps the change has been reflected back to us from the world. Communism no longer appears a monolithic menace, so our own position feels deprived of grandeur. In the headlines that report our ubiquitous self-assertions, there is something naked, something at once petty and reckless. A nation is a mass of intertwined selfishnesses that yet must seem selfless to itself. It is not enough to have national interests and to administer them; when Rome degenerated from an ideal to an administrative system, men had to be paid to risk death for it. There are no simple alternatives. The possibility of total destruction limits crusades; yet the United States, in adjusting to a pragmatic world of piecemeal decisions, may have overadjusted.

Habit

SMOKERS may not have a full-sized monkey on their back, but what they do have is just as hard to get rid of, and potentially more dangerous to more people. This, at least, is the opinion of Dr. Isabelle Blum, the chief of the Smoking Unit of the New York City Department of Health, which, as part of the Addictive Diseases Control Program, is sponsoring a series of classes to help smokers kick their habit. One of Dr. Blum's four-session classes graduated last Tuesday night, and accordingly we arranged to have a talk with her a little before eight o'clock outside P.S. 128, on West 169th Street, where the



class has been meeting in a notably smoke-free auditorium. The school turned out to be a clean brick structure in an otherwise dingy neighborhood, and the evening was clear, warm, and still—a perfect time for a quiet cigarette on the front stoop, which, indeed, several men along 169th Street were having as we walked by.

Dr. Blum, a diminutive lady with blue eyes, has wispy flaxen hair and was wearing a red print dress. "I have been convinced that smoking is dangerous ever since early childhood," she told us, speaking with a thick Slavic accent. "My father was a general practitioner in Bessarabia. He was the only doctor for a hundred and fifty miles. Epidemics of typhoid or typhus were quite common, and he used to say, 'Anything we get, our smokers always seem to get first.' None of my father's four children ever smoked. I am a physician myself—a pediatrician—but a year ago I gave up my practice to join the Department of Health, because I liked the idea of saving many lives, not just individual ones. I thought to myself, Such a little thing as a cigarette! If I can teach people not to smoke, then perhaps I can save many people. For I am quite convinced that smoking causes from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand deaths in the United States annually. Lung cancer and emphysema used to be rare; last year there were forty-four thousand deaths from lung cancer—more than double the figure for 1930—and fifteen thousand deaths from emphysema. Smoking depresses the entire nervous system—appetite, energy, everything. Giving up smoking is not a question of will power but of *believing* that it is dangerous. People just think it won't happen to *them*. They think of the cigarette advertisements, or of their old grandfather who smoked every day of his life. (He probably didn't smoke cigarettes.) But if you believe that smoking is destroying your health, you are not going to smoke. At least, that's all I have to work on at the moment."

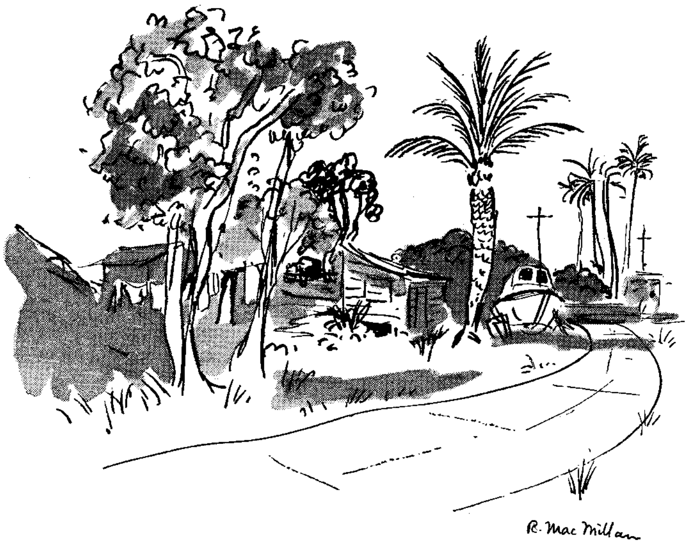
We asked Dr. Blum to tell us about her course, and she said, "We try to teach smokers how to break their habit without suffering. Smoking is something a smoker does more often than anything else except breathing, so it is a hard habit to break. It is part of the life of a smoker—part of his work, his relaxation, his every waking hour. To smoke two packs consecutively takes six straight hours. To a heavy smoker, smoking is automatic. So at our first session I ask my smokers not to carry cigarettes or matches with them. This way, they have to think whenever they want a cigarette, and by eliminating the automatic element they cut down their smoking fifty per cent in the first week. I don't believe smoking is an addiction. A smoker has no real physical need for tobacco, and he can always stop. The suffering in giving it up lies more in the discomfort of being *without* tobacco than in an actual craving *for* tobacco. Even for the heaviest smoker, any physical discomfort in stopping passes in about two days; after that any urge to smoke is purely habit. At the second session, which is called S.-S. Day—for Stop-Smoking Day—I ask my class to cut out cigarettes altogether. At this session, we show a film, in color, of a lung-cancer operation. At the third session, there is a film and a lecture by a heart specialist. When a person gives up smoking, he feels so much better! So much more energy! So much more alert! It is like being reborn. But at first he goes through what might loosely be called withdrawal symptoms, though there is no pain. His mouth is dry. He may drink twenty glasses of water a day. He is often irritable and nervous. Occasionally, he is lightheaded. He is apt to gain weight, too. This is mostly because an ex-smoker eats more. Smoking suppresses hunger, so suddenly he has more appetite, and food tastes better. Also, smoking is an oral habit, and ex-smokers tend to replace it by stuffing everything in sight into their mouths, like Life Savers. One pack of Life Savers contains a hundred calories. So at our fourth session—this one tonight—we have a lecture by a dietitian, and we also suggest a number of non-oral substitutes for smoking, like exercise and doing puzzles and taking baths."

Dr. Blum excused herself, saying that she had some work to do before the class began, and suggested that we talk with some of her students, who were waiting on the steps of P.S. 128. Normally, the moment would have been right for a last cigarette before class, and the students looked jittery but stiff-lipped. Many of them had their hands plunged deep in their pockets. We found the group talkative and somewhat confessional, a little like members of Alcoholics Anonymous—an attitude that Dr. Blum encourages. We tuned in on a talkative young lady in a brown dress, Miss Margaret Kolligian, who was saying, "The hardest part of it is a recurring nightmare I've been having. It's a very realistic dream. Somebody offers me a cigarette, and I say, 'Only one, and I'll stop right away.' Then I dream that I smoke it right down to the stump, and afterward I know I'm sunk. But, thank God, it's only a dream!"

We joined a young man in gray gabardine, Mr. Gerald Shapiro, who said he had been a three-pack-a-day man. "I think what made me quit was my four-year-old daughter," he went on. "Somehow she'd got the idea that I'd die if I smoked any more. So she was forever breaking up my cigarettes. Things are different at the office, though. I work in a room with six heavy smokers, and I don't think they like my quitting. They're forever blowing smoke in my face and offering me cigarettes. Oh, it's hard!"

"My doctor told me I had to quit, or else," a young lady in blue said. "The most remarkable thing is that since I've given up smoking I've been very giddy—almost as if I were intoxicated. I'm a teacher, and sometimes I just burst out laughing in the middle of class, for no reason at all. It's very embarrassing."

Just then, an older man in brown walked up, dragging on a cigarette. Everyone booed, and he stomped it out hastily. "I'm a long-time smoker," he pleaded. "I've been smoking longer than any of you. Forty years. It takes time to stop." With that, he walked into the auditorium, and the others followed.



There were over two hundred ex-smokers in the room—about half the number that had started the course three weeks earlier. Most of them were young to middle-aged, and all of them, we observed, were quite slender. Nonetheless, they all paid rapt attention to a young lady dietitian from the Department of Health, who exhorted all hands, if they had to nibble on something, to nibble on raw carrots or celery instead of candy. Then Dr. Blum took the stand to hand out diplomas. "It isn't a real diploma but a button to wear in your lapel," she said. "The button has a picture of a broken cigarette and the letters 'I.Q.,' which stand for 'I quit' or 'I'm intelligent'—whichever you want."

Afterward, in the lobby, a middle-aged man came up to Dr. Blum and thanked her. "At first, I didn't believe it could be done," he mumbled, in an embarrassed way. "I've been a chain-smoker for twenty-five years."

He hurried out, and Dr. Blum stood watching the rest of her ex-smokers leave. "I hope they stay with it," she said. "One cigarette a year from now—even five years from now—could be their downfall. But I don't know what more I can do."

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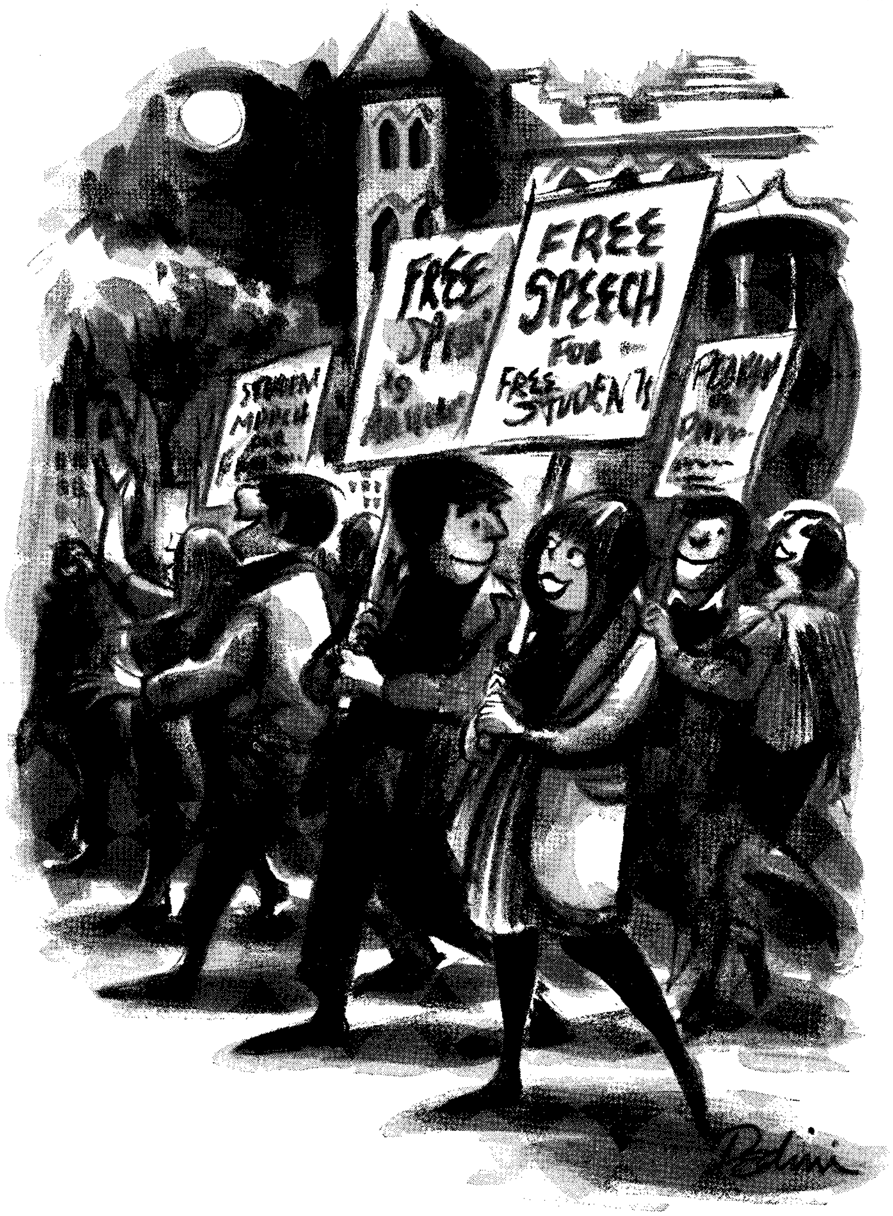
WHEN in London, theists who wish to play it safe can worship at the St. George's Settlement Synagogue, 33 Henriques Street.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"My mother probably thinks we're out necking or something."

Antarcticana

TWO of the world's leading authorities on mosses—Dr. William C. Steere, director of the New York Botanical Garden, and Dr. S. W. Greene, Professor of Cryptogamic Botany at the University of Birmingham, England—recently returned to the Bronx (Dr. Greene is spending a year here on the Garden's invitation) from Antarctica, and we took a train up there the other morning to see them. Dr. S. was presiding at a staff meeting, but we found Dr. G. in an office full of maps and books. He is a young man with a marvellous curly beard and a head of hair to match. "I was born in southern Ireland and went to Trinity College, Dublin," he told us, politely replying to a question. "I then joined the botanical staff of University College of North Wales, in Bangor, and four years later, in 1955, I joined the staff at Birmingham, where I got my Ph.D. I lecture on cryptogamic plants. These are plants that have no stamens, pistils, seeds, or flowers; the Greek words responsible for their adjective mean 'hidden marriage.' They include ferns, mosses, algae, and fungi. I'd been in the Antarctic once before—in the western part, on the island of South Georgia. This time, Dr. Steere and I visited the McMurdo Sound area, in the east. I found many native flowering plants in Georgia, but none in the east. We stayed at the United States Navy's McMurdo Station, on Ross Island, where botanical facilities are extremely good—there's a big, well-equipped laboratory, a dormitory building with cubicles, and a good, big messroom. We'd have liked to take our wives along—mine is a colleague at Birmingham—but the Navy has no facilities there for women."

Dr. Greene said that the Antarctic Treaty of 1959, which was signed by twelve countries, set up the Antarctic as a region devoted exclusively to scientific investigation; existing territorial claims there were fixed for thirty years. "We arrived at the height of the Antarctic summer, when the temperature goes up to twenty in the day and at night sometimes goes below zero," he said. "Summer is an astronomical conception. We collected mosses along the coast of Victoria Land, thirty miles away—you travel by Navy helicopter—and I made one trip to Hallett Station, to look at a site that a man from Ohio State University worked on last year. He had sown some seeds of common American bluegrass there, but he killed off all the seedlings before leaving—the treaty calls for this—and I wanted to see whether there were any newly germinated seeds. There weren't."

We expressed our regret, and Dr. Greene looked surprised. "This just showed what we knew—that the environment is pretty hard," he said. "It adds interest to basic research;

since so few plants grow there, they must have some peculiarities in order to survive. We're trying to find out which species, if any, are native—survivors of pre-glacial flora—and which have come from New Zealand, and so forth. Have they *survived*, or have they spread from elsewhere? A number of plants can't stand frost, and in places the Antarctic temperature goes down to seventy-five below zero in winter, so any plants that survive must have some interesting tolerances. The mosses are found on bare ground, where the wind has blown away the snow. It's a kind of desert area, with dust blowing about. Mosses are easy to handle; they don't require special treatment."

We asked to see some, and Dr. Greene opened a briefcase and drew out several gauzy nylon bags full of dried green and brown mosses. He put one specimen in a dish of water, and it began to unfold, like a slightly recalcitrant Japanese paper flower. "We dried them in electric incubators at the Ross Island lab," he said. "Sophisticated equipment. In the old field days, you had to use a paraffin stove. So far, no one has demonstrated that mosses have any economic value, though brewers have approached me to see if sugar could be derived from them. However, no fungi parasitize these plants, and if an anti-fungicide could be developed from the study of them, that would be extremely important. The great economic potentiality of the Antarctic lies in the ocean; it's full of diatoms—the smallest algae—which are fed on by shrimps, which are eaten by whales. The great dream of man—the farm of the ocean—may come true here."

We thanked Dr. Greene, and after strolling around the Garden grounds with Mr. Phil Clark, an assistant to the director (who called our attention to some Chinese fringe trees with needle-like white petals; a big London plane tree, which he said came from the crossing of an American buttonwood and an Asiatic sycamore; and a black squirrel, which he identified as a melanistic form of the Eastern gray squirrel and as peculiar to the Bronx and Westchester County), we followed him to the Garden's laboratory building, where Dr. Steere was emerging from his meeting in the company of Mr. Charles B. Harding, the Garden's president; Dr. Pierre Dansereau, its assistant director (botany); Mr. Thomas H. Everett, its assistant director (horticulture); and Mr. Robert F. Kolkebeck, its assistant director (administration). The seven of us proceeded, in two cars, to the Lido Riviera, on East Kingsbridge Road, whose menu cover, decorated with engravings of Fordham University, New York University, the Edgar Allan Poe Cottage, and Yankee Stadium, proclaimed it to be "Fordham's Finest Restaurant."

"Why isn't the Garden on the cover?" Mr. Everett asked, and we settled down to a Bloody Mary.

"The ocean in the Antarctic is twenty-nine degrees but, being saline, doesn't freeze below the surface ice," Dr. Steere said. "The plankton is rich because it feeds on nutrients that move in from the tropics; this fertility enables penguins—which eat shrimp, which eat plankton—to live there. Dr. Greene and I brought back twelve species of mosses. I first met him in England several years ago. He and I have a corner on the Antarctic mosses of the world. These mosses are close to the edge where plant survival is possible. They serve as a good testing ground for the final limits that plants can stand, so the space people might be interested in them. The Antarctic winter is much colder than Siberia's. You find men living in the Arctic but not in the Antarctic, except at scientific bases. Thanks to the Navy's heated buildings and messing and billeting, we didn't have to fight the environment. Dr. Greene and I plan to write a bryophyte flora of the region, on a National Science Foundation grant."

"What's a bryophyte flora?" we asked.

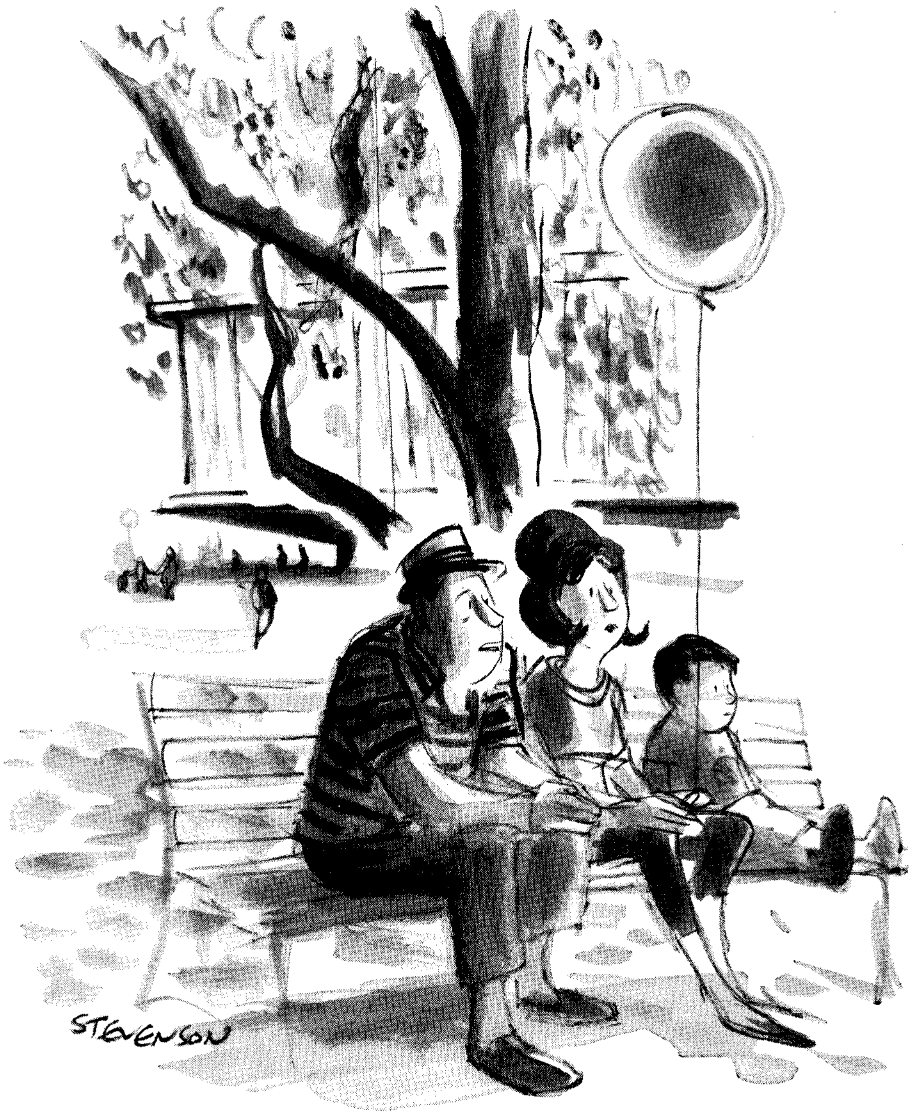
"A guide to mosses," he said. "Who'll have another Bloody Mary?"

Taking a Powder

THE husband of a gravid wife had occasion to call the family obstetrician at one of our larger hospitals last week. In answer to his request to speak to the doctor, the switchboard operator said, "He was here, but he got sick and had to be rushed home immediately."

Royal Academy

CORDIALLY invited to a cocktail party by the Royal Academy of Dancing to meet its president and guest of honor, Dame Margot Fonteyn, we turned up at the prescribed address and found our-



"Do you realize that in five months the Belgian Village will vanish? There'll be no more Swiss Sky Ride? No more Johnson's Wax? The Tower of Light will be gone? It's hard to believe."

• •

self in a milling throng of ballet dancers and ballet teachers in the spacious home of Mr. Bennett Korn, the president of Channel 5. "I don't have any official connection with the ballet, but I'm a great champion of it, so I was glad to lend my apartment for the party," he said. "Have a drink." We did, and he introduced—or, rather, reintroduced—us to Dame Margot, whom we had met in 1949, when she first came here with the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Looking as pretty as ever, she told us that her recent triumphant visit to New York (our adjective) was her eighth, and that she was no longer frightened before performances, as she once was. "I find that I'm still loved and that I can still dance," she said. "It's very nice for a woman to be loved. I think every dog has his day, and I thought mine might be pretty well over. I feel very much that human life goes in cycles, like nature, and that you mustn't pretend that you're not in autumn if you are. I thought, Well, I've had my summer, but then this Indian summer, or something, came along. I'm really rather overwhelmed. I'm delighted. New York feels that we belong to it. The Met is such a warm, friendly place to dance in, and the public here is so *decisive* about what it likes. In England, the reaction to a new ballet is rather slower, but, of course, the audience know we're *there*, and that there's time for them to make up their minds. We're about to go on a two months' tour here, starting in Philadelphia."

"Isn't she vibrant?" said Mr. Korn as Miss Fonteyn was corralled by a group of admirers. "The great symbol of the youth of mature love— Am I saying this right? In America, we tend to idolize the young star, but here we have the beauty of maturity."

Mr. Korn then led us off to meet Dame Alicia Markova, the Academy's vice-president. "Ballet used to be for an expert audience, but now more and more people are becoming aware of it," she said.

Dame Margot, the president, presently made a little speech about the Academy, which instructs teachers in this country how to teach non-performing children; it gives the teachers a "Ballet in Education Syllabus" that "aims at giving the child a basic vocabulary of steps, allowing her at the same time to make use of them in simple dances." "It's good for all children to learn some ballet," Dame Margot said. "Our organizer here—our secretary—is Mrs. Blanche Marvin. We have teachers all over the world who give lessons in general schools once a week. We're extremely proud to have Dame Alicia Markova as vice-president. I have adored her since I first started dancing. She was the first ballerina I ever saw. She was my idol, and she still is."

Dame Alicia, who was standing nearby, smiled, and the two Dames kissed. Everybody applauded.

"Thank you, everybody," the vice-president said. "We're all terribly happy about Dame Margot and her company's wonderful season at the Met. I will be very happy to be responsible for the Royal Academy here."

The two ladies kissed again, and Mr. Korn introduced us to Mrs. Marvin, a vivid organizer with black hair. "I used to have a children's theatre at the Cricket Theatre, on Second Avenue," she said. "It was the eighth Off Broadway theatre. I wrote all the plays for the children. The R.A.D. is a great organization. It handed us the fruit of fifty years' work on a platter. Our teachers here are supervised under a system of examiners who visit the schools. We take children from six years old up. The important thing is the proper use of the body; great physical damage can be done to children under nine by improper methods. The trend in dancing is away from ballroom to solo; witness Elvis Presley, the Twist, and the Frug. We're coming back to the understanding of movement and to structure. I believe profoundly and deeply that children need structure. It's a total lack of adult responsibility to let children 'express themselves.' "

Expressing ourself, we reached for a devilled egg.

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WHEN the smog lifts in Los Angeles, one can find the Clear Thoughts Building.

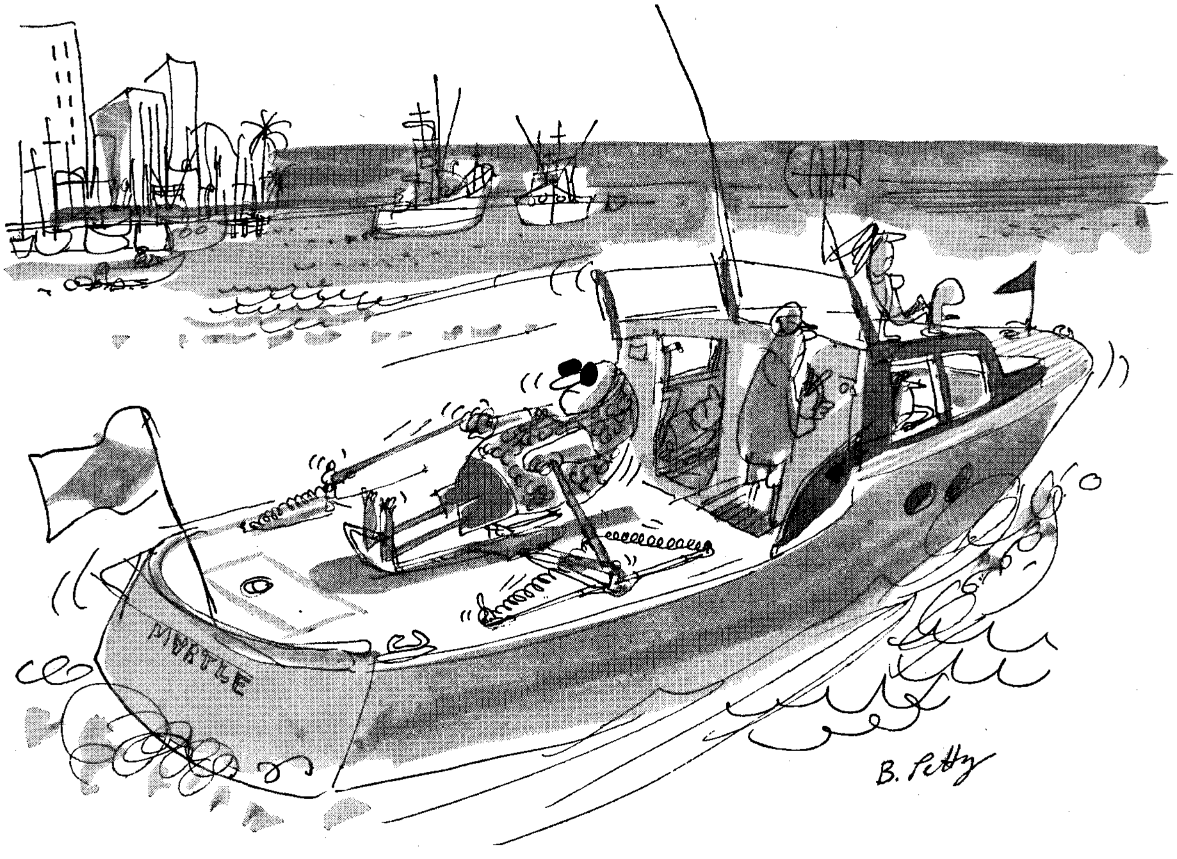
THE UNKNOWN ROOMS

ON a May evening not long ago, when only the last light was left in the sky west of the city, a man wearing a robe and pajamas sat at his hospital-room window watching the light dissolve and, from what seemed to him an impassable distance, watching the people in the street below. He was coming along nicely after an illness that had nearly killed him; there had been no pain about it, for which he was certainly grateful—just weakness, and a fever at first. His name was Edward Coppedge, and he had recently turned fifty-five, an age that pointed monotonously toward sixty and beyond, though he always tried to dismiss the idea that too much of life had gone by. The best was yet to be, as had been said, but he didn't know what it was to consist of. He was spare and deliberate, an angular man. At home, he lived alone in the apartment he had kept when he and his wife separated six years before; indeed, he was largely alone now, except for a friend or two and the people he saw at his work, which was corporate law. He did have his books, though he read them less than he meant to. And his records. And his albums of European commemorative stamps. The door of his hospital room was open. Sporadic corridor traffic gave him an agreeable sense of companionship at a remove. When a nurse came in, he would smile at her, quickly and shyly. When she went, he was just as glad.

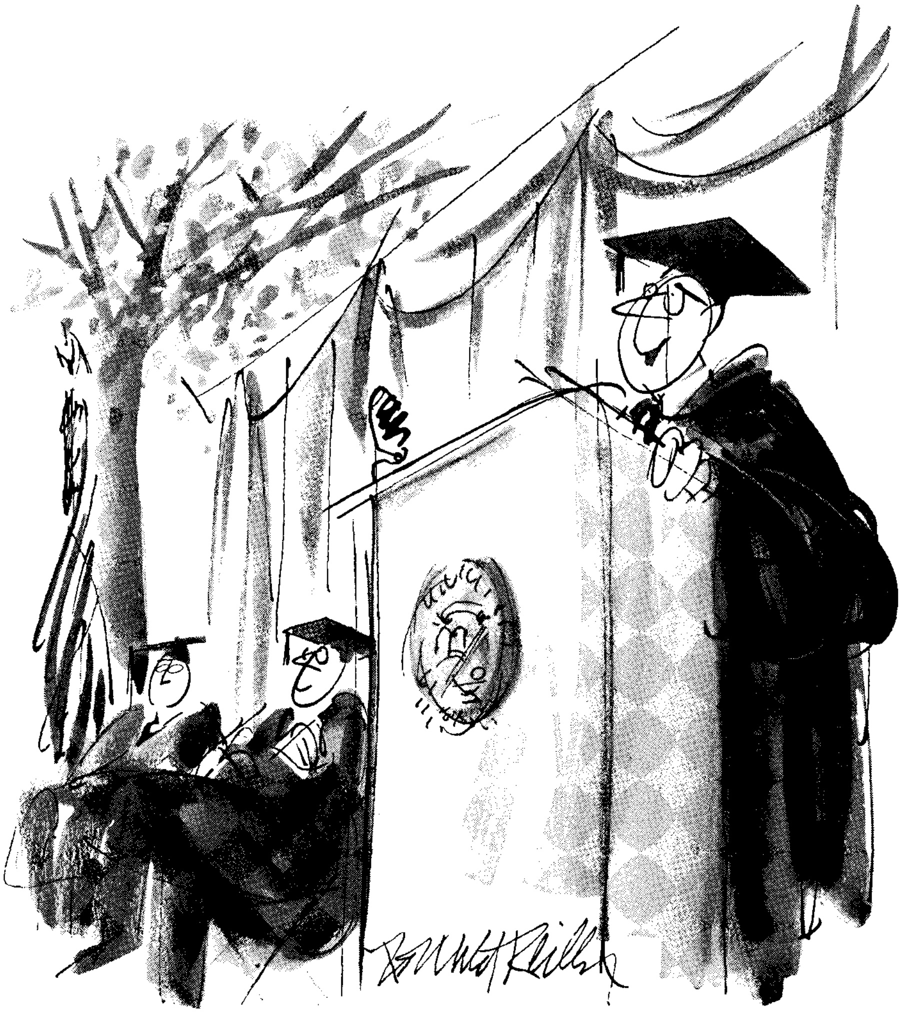
His wife, Amelia, had come, though she needn't have, when she heard that he was ill. Up from Washington, where she lived. She would be going back in the morning. She had infinite vigor. He sighed. He wished her nothing but good. He had gone to Washington once, when his son and daughter—both married—were visiting there. He had found them swimming happily in a sea of Amelia's friends. All the people she knew seemed to be powerful talkers, indefatigable doers of good. They admonished the government constantly through each other. They went in for many kinds of ethnic music. They tended to sit on the floor. A woman with delicate rhinestone-rimmed dark glasses had tried to get him into an organization—something about refugees, if he understood her. He had come back a day ahead of time, and since then had made it a point to see his children when they came to New York. *Only* when they came to New York.

The window beside him was raised a few inches, and the city air—which, polluted though it might be, did carry in the spring—flowed over him and into the corridor beyond. The night before, somewhere out there, a woman had whimpered and a nurse had hurried past on rubber feet. To be sure, he reflected, putting the recollection by at once, Amelia had at least saved him some bother. He had been pretending to nap that afternoon; he did not always feel certain of himself, nowadays, trying to talk to her. And when the hospital people had come around wondering if he might be willing to share his room (it was large, he had to grant, and meant for semi-private), she had put them straight in a hurry. Quite rightly. The spring air, restless and shifting, came into the room through the door this time, carrying a tinge of antiseptic, and went out the window. He had been meaning to brace Amelia a little in the morning—to ask how she had been so sure he wanted to refuse—but he thought he had better let it go. The goodbyes could be uneasy enough as it was. No jokes. He wished she were gone already.

A couple of blocks down the street was his apartment, which looked across chimney pots to the hospital's roof. A white plume of steam waved on the roof day and night in every season. To his wife, when she lived with him, it had seemed a kind of token, as if it exhaled, let out, set free at last, many matters long compressed in the building below it—matters that he himself had never cared to dwell on. It was only steam. From the laundry, very likely. It would be fluttering up there now in the growing darkness. How *had* she been so sure this afternoon? He wondered that she hadn't thought to consult him. She must not have wanted to waken him, that was all. His doctor, who was on the staff, had got the room for him—in an emergency, of course, but he was entitled to keep it. All alone. He thought that a man should be able to die alone if he wanted to, and then that there was something awry with the thought. At least, he was not expecting to die any time soon. But a man who had *almost* died could need a haven, and surely the room was that. His own and yet not his own. Enclosed, privileged, paid for by major-medical, suspended below the roof and above the street.



He had never before heard anything like the



". . . and now we, your teachers and mentors, wish you Godspeed, and may each and every one of you make a bundle."

sound that he heard then—a deep, long groan that ended in a wail. It was a woman's voice, and it moved in, like the air, from down the corridor, and filled the privileged room. Edward sat up with all his muscles tight and his mind a white blank as he listened. Then the sound died away, and he waited for it to come again, but except for the thin squalling of a radio in the room across the hall the hospital was still.

He pushed his mind back to Amelia, roughly. He thought how impulsive she was, how she rushed in, how she took over. She was filled with—it always seemed—indiscriminate love. She would surely be out and loping down the hall already if she were here. She was capable of going straight into the sick woman's room. She was presumptuous. He supposed that the sound had come from the whimpering woman, and for a queer second he connected it with the plume of steam on the roof, he was not sure why, and then, feeling a wave of loneliness, he did his best to find his way back to the firm ground of annoyance. He lived his life, Amelia lived hers. He had no wish at all to be with her again. And he did not know why the morning should be uneasy. They had met and said goodbye before, easily enough, always maintaining a decent mutual respect. This kept a family balance. . . .

But he knew he was only turning wheels in his head, or trying to, while he listened. Now he cautiously moved to the theory that the cry had come from a drama of the air—from a set in another room turned up too suddenly. Then he hoped that it might be a hallucination—a scrap of a dream. He often dozed. He had nearly died. But he knew, helplessly, that it had been real, and he reflected that Amelia would have entertained no doubt. And then he thought that in his position she would also, no doubt, have agreed to share the room with another woman. She would have detested doing it, but she could never have refused, though she had refused for him, instantly. She *was* presumptuous.

He once had visited a semi-private room here, and—reluctantly, in his mind's eye—he saw himself in it again, paying a duty call on the wife of a friend. She had been dying, although he hadn't known it. He had his suspicions, but he put them aside. On the whole, she appeared quite cheerful. But, once more, he felt her cling to his hand as he took hers to say goodbye, and then saw her look after him with an odd longing (though they were merely friends, and not the closest) as he turned at the door with a wave of encouragement. He wished he were better at these things. He had missed her funeral. He had been in Boston on business.

Outside his door, a nurse went by, humming, conveying an old and wasted man on his prescribed bedtime turn. Back and forth. Back and forth. An orderly wheeled an empty stretcher down the hall, steering it with one hand. He brought it back soon afterward with a form on it, wrapped in blankets. Three whispering people followed. The night was the uneasy thing. The night and the place, full to bursting with its own half-secret life. The hospital seemed to be closing in on itself, battening down, compressing. It was moving toward the late hours—the hours of crisis—and the tinkling of the radio in the room across the way, whose occupant had nothing worse than bursitis, suddenly seemed close to profane.

AT last the building fell wholly silent; the radio was turned off, the corridor lights were dimmed. But the silence seemed spurious to Edward, and, still going against his will, he began to populate it. At first, he did so with people he could see clearly: a young man with his head in a blood-stained bandage; an old woman, her eyes shut tight, clutching the air every few seconds savagely with one hand; a crew-cut man in a shabby coat straining to hear what a limp little girl on his lap was muttering. Then Edward heard the final growl and whine of a homing ambulance, and he remembered how his own young daughter had long ago been hurt in an auto crash. He had sat an infinite time in an emergency room that night, and these were the people who also had been there. Now he felt that he had known them well, though he had spoken to none of them. They were real, at least; he could see them—here, now, in the rooms where he was putting them. But in all the hundreds of other rooms, and in operating rooms, intensive-care rooms, delivery rooms, were people he could only guess at: people newly born and those who had given them birth, to be sure, but also

THE AURA

He used to wake to him
With a sense of music coming
Along with a body in movement.
It swayed with the motion of a hip
Rolling into the bathroom,
And, lying in bed in the winter dark

Of fathers, he heard rock-and-roll
Closed off while water ran through it,
Then the door opening, music
Opening, strolling down the hall,
Bad music moving all over
The house, electric guitars that followed

Some body around. It was his son,
With his portable radio always
At his belt, leaning over, adjusting the dial
For disc jockeys. That would be
The Skimmers, and that the Last
Survivors, moaning afar in the kitchen,

Who moved when the living moved.
He could hear him coming
From far away, every dawn,
And now the sound still coming
From everywhere is grief,
Unstoppable. At the beginning

Of his teens, his last year
Of bicycles, the wild
Music, travelling through the suburbs
From junior high, was broken on the road.
But it leapt everywhere
Into odd places; from every angle

It does not cease to be heard, the aura
Surrounding his son. He cannot hear it early
In the morning, unless he turns on his radio
By the bed, or leaves it on all night,
But in supermarkets it comes
Forth from the walls; it glances

From plate glass in department stores,
And he moves within his boy's
Chosen sounds: in cars, theatres,
In filling stations, in beer joints,
Where he sits as though in the next phase
His son would have lived, hearing voices

Giving prizes for naming of tunes, those stations
Never off the air. He sits still
Wherever he is, as though caught
With music on him, or as though he were
About to be given it somewhere
In the region of the stomach.

That sound is the same, and yet not—
There is too much steadiness in it: none
Is carried rightly, none wavers
With the motion of adolescent walking, none
Lumbers as it should. Still, it is there
In trios of girls, in fake folk singers

From Brooklyn, and he enters, anywhere,
His son's life without the waking-
to-it, the irreplaceable motion
Of a body. Bongoes. Steel
Guitars. A precious cheapness
He would have grown out of. Music.

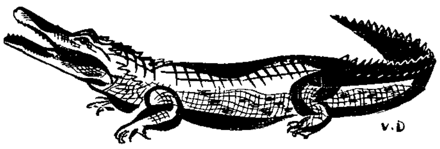
—JAMES DICKEY

• •

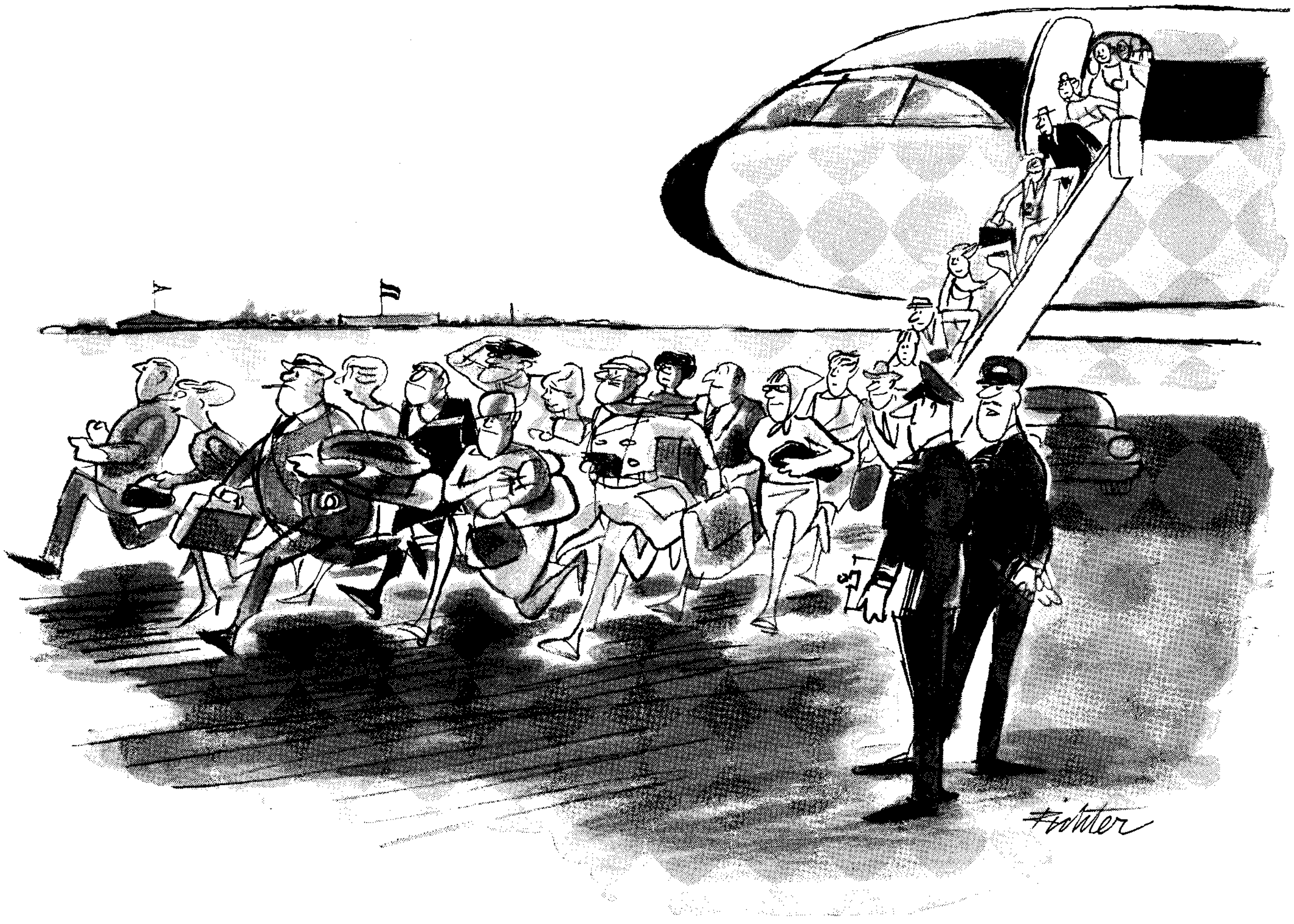
men and women struggling at the other—the far—end. The silence was false, all right, and so was the daytime bustle that had seemed rather cheerful at times. The life of the place was not in thermometers and food carts, or nurses carrying flowers down the antiseptic halls of a peaceful haven. It was in the compressed world of the unknown rooms. Pain and grief and hope, and much besides, were around him in the silence, and he wanted none of them. He devoutly wished he could go home.

So he hustled his mind away once more, back to his wife, who had—recently and predictably—gone down to the Deep South for a march. He sympathized with her sympathies, but still . . . And then he found himself wondering suddenly (as he had not for years) what had really lain behind their separation. He didn't know why he should. It had worked out extremely well. It would go on. But there had been *something* about it that he had never understood, and he lay on his sloping bed to think things through, beginning with Amelia's too open nature.

He was surprised to find himself thinking instead of Greenland—of the northern lights. Apparently he could no longer keep his mind on one thing at a time. He was weak, of course. He tried to get on with thinking things through, and still the aurora persisted. It hung, pale aquamarine and purple, like a curtain strung across half the sky over dark Air Force huts. He had seen the lights often, but looking so only once, just after the war, and for a moment a sense of that night engulfed him again. He could feel himself standing there with the war behind and Amelia ahead—she was younger then, and hopeful, like himself—and the lights in the sky to witness. Then his fractious mind circled in embarrassment past Amelia to the first aurora he had ever seen—white, in a spring sky over New Jersey. He had walked through most of the streets of his small college town, head back, while bands of light kept moving up again and again to the zenith, taking him with them. He had thought hungrily of the world ahead of him and had made promises to it, receiving many in return—which was exactly what had also happened in Greenland, though it startled him to remember it. Still, that was how things had been with him—long ago, now and then, for a little while. He got up, wondering where all that could have come from, and stood looking out the window once again.



IT had taken only a few minutes, but he had travelled a long distance and returned. He wished he could have stayed a little while. Hope was built in back there. Certainties stood on all sides. Now the woman's cry came again, the same as before, and though it was single, it seemed this time as if it might have come from many more rooms than one. New sounds followed it—gasps and a kind of babble—and these went on. The woman was dying, surely. Then, after a short silence, she began to weep.



"Seventeen major European cities in twenty-one days."

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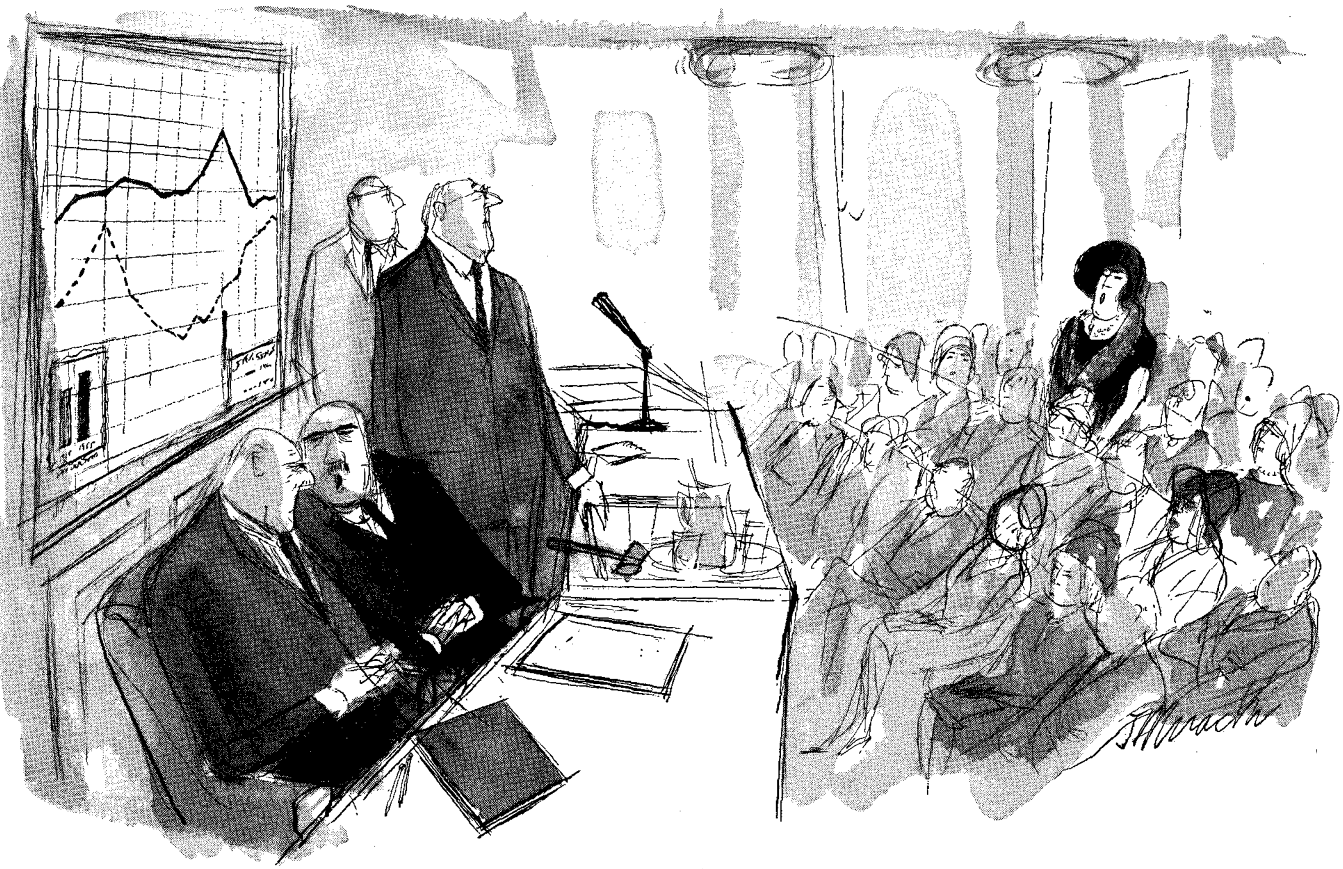
He could see her, or at least imagine her. She was in darkness, dressed in white—a robe, draped around her loosely in large folds. She was young—much younger than he. Her hair hung over her shoulders, and she held herself across the middle, bending as if she hurt. The weeping was gentle, without sobs, and sounded as if she were beyond any comfort or hope. And then, abruptly, he recognized the woman he was seeing. She had been in a rocking chair on a leafy porch one summer night in his childhood. He did not remember why she had cried—perhaps he had not known. He had been sent to take something to her—some neighborly token, some food. He remembered the vines' rustling, the broken brick walk that led to the porch, the smell of syringa blossoms, and—growing clearer as he went, terrified, up the walk—the low sound he was hearing now. He had almost run away before he got there. And when he had delivered the gift, she had taken him in her arms into the folds of her robe, which smelled of lavender, and kissed him, still weeping in a sort of desolate hum. Then he had run, out the screen door and down the walk, scrubbing at the wet her face had left on his. He had fled, and now, by the hospital window—made as sad and as astonished by the idea as perhaps he had ever been—it dawned on him that just possibly he had been fleeing ever since.

From quite a few of the promises made under the northern lights. From whatever might propose to embrace him too closely. (The woman down the corridor choked, and then protested, then begged. Someone was speaking to her in a low voice. Someone seemed to be doing something with her—to her—and he conjured up a fearful abstraction of instruments, straps, and tubes. A terminal case. The phrase was ugly. They should let them go.) He had fled. Down the nights and down the days, he thought, and not only from weeping women and hospitals and funerals—though, striking his open palm lightly against the window frame, he understood that he had gone to Boston that time on purpose. It would have been quite possible to wait. Later, he had drifted away from the man whose not too close friend he had been, whose wife had died. He had fled absurdly from Washington, saying that he had been called back to New York, then finding that he would have to wait hours for a train. He did not often travel by plane. He had gone to the Archives, to the Smithsonian. And then, not wanting to be seen, he had decided to go out where no one he knew was likely to find him, and look at the Saint-Gaudens in Rock Creek Cemetery—the Adams memorial, a green bronze hooded figure he had seen only in photographs.

Now the crying woman was quiet, and Edward was aware of a succession of small sounds—the faint ringing of a telephone, a lone car speeding in the street, the pneumatic sigh of a closing stairway door. All of them only deepened the silence of the intervals between. He wondered if she had died—if, as they said, death had come to her. The hooded figure. But the brooding woman in Rock Creek was not death, not really, though he had felt a strong presence there. He had come on her suddenly, in her deep hood and her robe that fell in folds down her massive body. She rested her cheek lightly, patiently, on the back of one hand as she waited there in all weathers, and when he went close to look at her face—at the same time deeply reluc-



"This is the part of capitalism I hate."

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tant to intrude—he found it withdrawn. She was past grief, though grief was what she was said to be by people who surely had not seen her right. She was seated with her back to a granite slab, and flecks of sunlight came through the evergreens that encircled her and a little stone bench and her special peace. The nearly hidden enclosure had seemed a perfect haven to him. He had stayed there until as close to train time as he dared.

But the woman down the hall had not died—not yet—and his room was no haven at all. He wondered angrily why they didn't close her door, or her transom, or whatever the sounds escaped through, and then he thought guiltily that attendants busy at a deathbed must not be blamed for an oversight. What dumfounded him was himself. His own door had been open all along. He should have closed it. He need never—should never, for he was ill—have heard the sounds that now came intermittently in exhausted bursts. And he went quickly to shut it, meaning to sleep at last.

But the odd thing was that when he got to the door he could not seem to shut it. He stood, his shoulder against the edge of it, his hand on the knob, and there simply was no possibility of going further. He was puzzled and confused. He tried to will himself to close it, but he only stood listening, waiting. Out there in the dimness were all the rooms—the rooms for whose occupants the woman had, in a moment, become surrogate. And now even his own room was one of them. He felt as if he must weep, and told himself again, harshly, that he was ill. But unwanted thoughts ran crazily in his mind. The woman seemed somehow to be suffering for him, and he earnestly believed that he must suffer with her. He longed to. He could not close her out. Indeed, for a wheeling instant, he felt as if he could not say just where she left off and he began, though he knew he was still standing there with his hand on the doorknob. Then his mind settled down, and—in a pause, in a silence—he left the door as it was and got into bed, shaken but pleased with himself for having such notions. And, waiting rather proudly for the sounds to come again, he fell asleep and did not waken until morning.

Of course, in the morning, everything was normal, as he might have known it would be. Even the woman was normal, if you could call it that. He asked the day nurse about her, cautiously, and learned that only her mind was ill, and it was growing better. He caught a glimpse of her walking in the corridor—a raddled old woman with a hard spot of rouge on each cheek and a red wig a little askew. The sounds that had come from her seemed remote and unlikely to him. Night sounds. Night thoughts. He was embarrassed. The morning was bright.

But he found he could not quite dismiss the night, and he had the queer impression that it was not himself but Amelia who had been standing by the door, not closing it, never closing it or any other. He saw her plainly. She wore a tweed suit and was not out of place, even there in the darkened hospital. She was tall—a rangy woman with light hair and delicate hands. Blue eyes. Wide mouth. She could stride along any corridor to any room. She could enter without knocking. She would be welcome.

And then she came in person, to say goodbye. She stayed a few minutes and left with a cheerful wave. The goodbyes were easy enough. Nothing was changed. But while she was there he saw her glance at him curiously once or twice. He could not help being formal with her—almost shy—on this peculiar morning, as if she were a wise stranger he wanted to please.

—Robert Henderson

A SWIM

THE day was doubtful, more like two different days competing for possession of the narrow beach. Over the sand, the sky was blue and perfect, but a long, solid gray cloud was drawn up out over the water, and though it seemed to hang still, it was slowly advancing, like another tide, on the sunny shore. A good crowd was settled there on Portmarnock Strand, but most of the little groups had stayed close to the three broad concrete steps leading down to the beach. There was an air of indifference about them, and that, along with the way everyone was dressed, made it seem as if they had not so much gone to the beach as found themselves there. The men were in business suits, shoes and socks, neckties. Some had hats. The women wore suits, or dresses with coats or layers of sweaters, and shoes and stockings. Here and there people who were just about to go into the water or had just come out stood around in bathing suits that were, without exception, old-fashioned and unattractive, faded and creased (kept from year to year, always good enough, each new season, for the occasional use they'd receive). There was a sharp east wind, and the beach was studded with half-finished forts and dry trenches the children had abandoned for games that would keep them warm. Those with sixpence could ride on the little donkey, down near the water, and the lucky ones hopped and shouted and ran races as they waited in line. Another line, mostly adults, had formed outside a big blue tent that was pitched in the center of the crowd. In front of the tent were tables with cups and saucers, sugar bowls, teaspoons, pitchers of milk. Beside the flap was an enormous red-crayon sign: "TEA."

The big green double-decker Dublin bus came to a stop in front of the three concrete steps, and a young man jumped off. He was dressed in the same way as the people on the beach but much more carefully than any of them. There was a sharp crease in the trousers of his blue serge suit, and his tie was neatly knotted under the collar of an immaculate white shirt. The girl who was with him could, just as she was (full red tweed skirt, black sweater, Aran cardigan), have taken a part in "The Playboy of the Western World," but Bernadette Shea was not even Irish. She was American, and she had never been swimming in Ireland, and as she swung down from the bus and turned, squinting against the wind, to look at the beach, she burst out laughing.

Nothing there seemed funny or strange to Jim Delaney, who came from Killorglin, a town in Kerry. "What's wrong?" he asked her.

"Everybody's so dressed up!" When they met in front of the G.P.O. in Dublin, she had wondered why he'd worn his second-best suit, vest and all, just to go to the beach, but it had seemed tactless to ask, just as it was tactless, she realized now, to have laughed. "I feel out of place," she said, turning the joke on herself.

"There's no sunbathing in Ireland," he said, "sure there's not."

"Doesn't anyone wear beach clothes?"

"You're thinking of the French Riviera." He bent over to take off his shoes and socks.

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'm thinking of home." His feet were narrow, with high arches and slender toes, and they reminded her (just as the look in his light-brown eyes did, and his pale, fine, straight reddish-blond hair, and the way he walked) of how vulnerable he was. She was vulnerable, too, but her appearance hid it better than his. She had a pretty face, black hair, and a slight, small-boned figure that was, if not graceful, at least manageable.

"There must be marvellous beaches in America," he said as they began to make their way through the clusters of people.

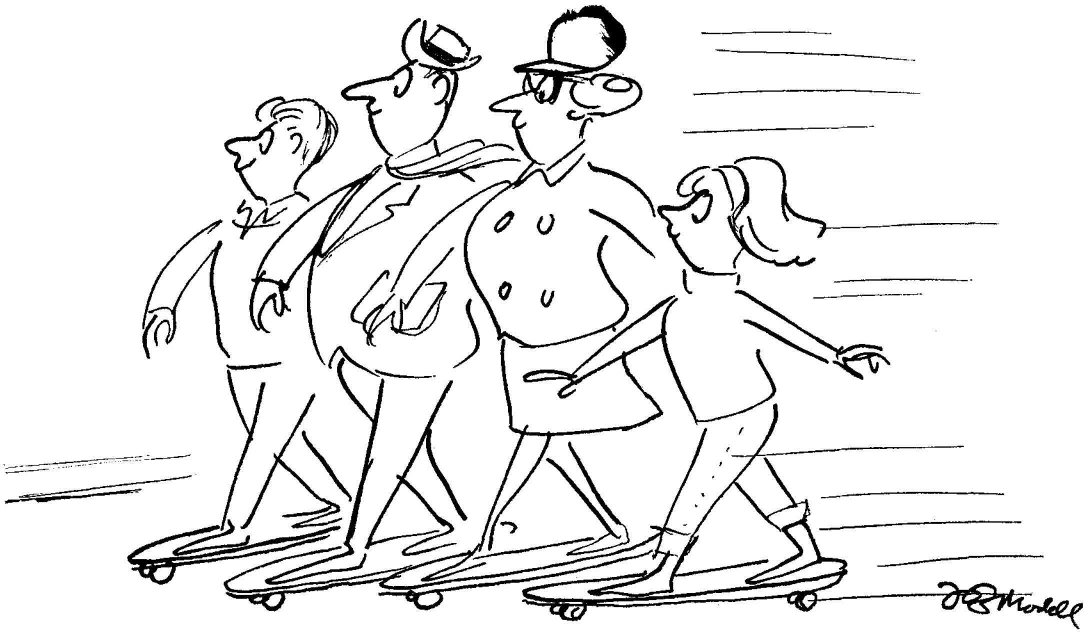
"Oh, there are," she said, "but next to the beach there's always a huge parking lot, or rows and rows of bungalows." Or bathhouses. For some reason, she didn't say it out loud. Instead, she looked around for a place to change. The tent was the only possibility, but surely, she thought, everyone didn't undress in the same place. She was glad she had worn her bathing suit under her clothes; even more glad when they came alongside the tent and she saw the sign. "Tea!" she cried.

"A cup of tea is nice after a swim."

She burst out laughing again, and again tried to cover up. "At home," she said, "they sell awful things at the beach. Hot dogs and ice cream and beer." Two men raced by, heading for the water. There was something sad and embarrassing about their old-fashioned bathing suits, and Bernadette looked away. "When I was little I was always getting sick at the beach."

"Look now," he said, drawing her attention back to the men, who had reached the water's edge and stopped there, hugging their sides against the wind. "There're some bathing togs."

What would *he* wear, she wondered. The same as those men? Would his skin have that same delicate, milky whiteness? Probably, and she'd have to pretend she didn't notice. She was as careful as if she were in love with him, but her care was meant to make him see what she had seen right away, that the advantage she appeared to have was only superficial. She had set out to show him her worst side, all her shortcomings, and she had put herself at his disposal, seeing him as often as he wanted but trying to avoid, whenever she could, the formalities that would give their meetings a conventional design. She made no effort to look her



"I like flowers."

best with him, never wore her best clothes, never wore perfume. She tried never to criticize him, or disagree with him, or blame him, or bring about any other test of strength that, with the liability of his love, he would have to fail. And when they went out she often arranged to meet him, not have him call for her or take her home, or she would suggest that they see each other of an afternoon rather than an evening, or in some thoroughly neutral setting, like the National Library. Above all, she never mentioned other places she went, with other people. But after a while there were none. Other attachments ended, but this one survived—survived her not loving him and, later on, his falling in love with someone else. Not only did it survive that threat, it flourished on account of it, for one evening he told her about the other girl, who the night before, as on many other occasions, had left him for good. After that, their evenings were devoted to the other affair, planning his strategy, analyzing his mistakes, celebrating his victories. He would call her up to talk of it, sometimes late at night after he had left the other girl home. Once he appeared on her doorstep at eight o'clock in the morning. She had just got up. She drew the tweed cover up over the rumpled bedclothes of the divan, made some coffee, and then sat huddled by the gas fire while he paced back and forth across the room, tracing again and again, through the faded roses in her carpet, the undeviating progress of his love, from bad to worse. That time, he said, she'd saved his life, but the half attention she'd given him that morning, even the full attention of all the other times, added up to very little as far as she was concerned. In her opinion there was only one thing she had done for him. He never mentioned it and neither did she, but she knew he often used her as a trump card that would help him gain the upper hand—she was, as she pictured it, the mysterious American friend whom he cared for in a way the other girl would not have understood. To her surprise, Bernadette had caught herself out in a kind of resentment of that role, but still, she was more relieved than resentful. People figured in each other's lives in ways they couldn't predict. They had met, she decided, so that she could help him bring this affair to a successful conclusion. But that had not happened. He had been unsuccessful, and the other girl had really gone away, leaving them no longer conspirators, but no longer, either, what they had been at first. They were more like friends, but still, more than friends. Her concern for him had turned to real affection, and his love, once removed now, had become sufficiently abstract for him to speak of it openly with her, as though it had involved persons other than themselves. "You were always the stronger," he said. And another time: "Only for your charity, I'd have been pretty desperate about you." And then, speaking of herself and the other girl: "I always knew that you were by far the finer person." That she should have come out on top struck Bernadette as dangerous, and made her wonder if it might be better to stop seeing him, but when she thought it over that seemed impossible. It was no longer the point. There was no point at all now, only that they had met and continued to meet and that they were so alike. The relationship had a kind of sadness, he'd once said, but the sadness was his, not hers. To her it seemed as if they had come on something new in the way of human feeling, something vague and yet very demanding but, to the extent that it was demanding, also rewarding, something that had no name, no objective, and that gave them nothing to go by, only each other's wishes, which, as their only guide, they were obliged to study carefully, testing and trying each to be sure it was true, and not just the desire on the one hand to please and on the other to be agreeable.

"I thought we'd try what it's like up in the dunes," he said. "That is, if you think it might appeal to you."

"Whatever you'd like."

"Maybe you'd rather not climb up there. It's pretty steep."

"I don't mind that," she said.

"Which would you prefer, then, down on the beach or up in the dunes?"

"I suppose the view would be nice up there."

"It would," he said.

"And that was your first idea."

"Will we try the dunes so?"

"All right," she said.

The sand on the beach was packed solid from the dampness, but the sand of the dunes was soft, and at a touch it spilled down treacherously. He went first, catching hold of the long grass and digging his feet in as he climbed, to make steps for her, and at the top he reached over and grabbed her by the wrist to hoist her up.

In back of the dunes were meadows that stretched as far as the eye could see, with cattle grazing there behind a barbed-wire fence. The spread of green and the lazy movements of the animals made the whole scene less austere, though at the same time it seemed lonely up there. They were hidden from the crowd near the concrete steps, and if other people were in the other dunes there was no telling, for each was deep and private.

"That's Howth," he said, pointing to where the coastline rose in a steep promontory.

Bernadette glanced at the hill (they'd climbed it one bleak day back in early autumn), then she turned back to the beach. Nowhere, not on that straight stretch of sand, nor in the dunes, nor in the fields behind them, had she found what she was looking for, and finally she asked him. "Where do you change?"

"Here."

"In front of everyone?"

"Who's to see?"

It made her uneasy. "In America," she said, "it's against the law to change your clothes on a public beach."

"That's funny." He took off his coat and turned his back to her.

He was undressing right there, beside her. It was a long time since he'd made her nervous, but as she turned away to face the water she remembered how in the beginning she had often been that and more, been almost afraid, as though his love, which she'd encouraged him to cheat, would, somehow or other, get its own back. Besides, he was uncompromising by nature, and the exception he'd made with respect to his love for her was so out of character that that day at Howth, looking out over the sheer cliff, listening to the screeching of the gulls, she'd even wondered if he might not take it into his head to push her off. "There are signs all over the place"—she had to clear her throat—" 'No disrobing in public.' "

"And have you to pay to get undressed?"

"Unless you wear your suit under your clothes. That's what I did today."

"In that case," he said, "you're certainly very slow."

From the tone of his voice, she could tell he'd finished changing. She unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the ground; then she turned around. He was bent over his clothes, folding them neatly. His body was thin, but it was well filled out, and though his skin, which seemed to give off a rich, sweet smell, was very white, it had a density that made it look rosy, not milky. He stood up and turned around, and she saw that his woollen bathing suit was very presentable—not like American trunks but still not like the dated suits they'd seen. More of a Continental style, though less brief than that.

"Hurry up," he said. Without another word, he dashed down the side of the dune, raced across the beach, and, his legs and arms flying out, ran into the water. It was low tide, and he had to wade far out before the water was deep enough for him to flop down. Bernadette watched for a moment as he started paddling awkwardly, his head held stiff and high; then she picked up her bathing cap and slid down the side of the dune.

When she was alone, her impressions would expand and fill out with a freedom that the responsibility of his company sometimes kept in check, and as she crossed the narrow beach its strangeness began to be mildly exhilarating. The wind on her back and arms and legs was gentler than it had seemed when she was dressed, and, now that she was barefoot, the hard-packed sand felt more like a sidewalk than a beach—a sidewalk with a tide line for a curb and a gutter strewn with shells and stones and stiff strings of seaweed. She picked her way through the dry crust to the water's edge and stopped there, among the gulls and sandpipers, to put on her bathing cap. The water was gray under the gray cloud, but farther out it was a cloudy green, and, near the horizon, dark blue. Here and there the wind raised whitecaps that rode nearly as far as the shore before they dropped again to ripples that broke against her ankles, and then, as she began to wade out, against the calves of her legs, against her knees, against her thighs. The little slap of water was a fresh chill at each new level, and when she finally plunged in, the shock of the cold took her breath away, but she began to swim hard and kept on until she came up beside him. His hair was plastered to his head. His eyes were clear and relaxed.

"You're a good swimmer," he said.

She stood up, lifting the edges of her bathing cap to let the water out, but the bareness of her arms and shoulders, which had pleased her as she crossed the beach, made her self-conscious, and she ducked down again. "It took me forever to learn," she said. Ridiculously, her exhilaration had turned to shyness.

"When I was five years old, my father tossed me out of a boat one day."

"What did you *do*?"

"I learned to swim."

"I learned to swim in a heated, indoor pool."

"You ought to be able to make it over to England," he said, "with that kind of training."

"I was the worst one in the class."

"I don't believe it."

"I was," she said. "I was perfectly happy just pretending I could swim. Like this." She took a few steps along the spongy floor of the sea, moving her arms in the breast stroke.

"I used to do that, too," he said.

"You did? Do you suppose all children do that?"

"Most likely," he said. "Can you float?" The serious way he spoke, and the serious way he lay down on the

water, made Bernadette remember how different this lonely place with its rudimentary pleasures was from American beaches where people did handstands, played volleyball, rode surfboards through an ocean full of waves, or simply lay in the hot sun. And only by making a joke of it could she throw off the feeling of sadness that the sight of the bare beach ahead gave her.

"With my training," she said, "of course I can float." Lying down beside him, Bernadette was suddenly ashamed of whatever it was—something brash in her character, some artificiality—that led her to keep drawing obvious distinctions, making pointless comparisons. "Let's have a race," she said, jumping up again. It was too *cold. That* much was true. "Get on your mark!"

"I'd be no match for you," he said. "With your training."

"Get set!"

"All right. Go!" he cried and he shot out ahead, kicking up a spray that drenched her. She had to move out of his wake before she could start after him, but when she did, in no time at all she'd caught up and then, though she'd meant to let him win, left him behind. The splashing in back of her died down. She stood up and turned around, squeezing the water out of her bathing suit, to find him floating, eyes closed, arms outstretched.

"I guess I'm the winner," she said.

He opened one eye. "What else did you expect?"

The one-eyed look gave his face a sharp expression that disconcerted Bernadette, made her feel that she'd been put in her place. Had she been showing off? The eye closed, and when the look of disapproval was gone it was hard to believe it had ever existed.

"This is more my speed," he said.

Overhead, the solid gray cloud had broken apart and faded, and the loose clouds that had begun to drift across the sky were almost white, though they threw freezing, black shadows over the water. Bernadette shivered. It was no kind of a day to be in swimming, and she was sorry now she hadn't told him that when he called. "In America," she should have said, "no one would go for a swim in weather like this." But she had not said that. "Today?" she'd asked him, and she hadn't corrected him when, taking her question to mean today, as opposed to, say, tomorrow, he'd said, "Today, this afternoon." He was not as good at guessing her thoughts as she was at guessing his, and though that hadn't ever bothered her before, she found it irritating to have to realize now that he was enjoying himself so he was hardly aware of her presence, much less that she was cold and uncomfortable. She sank down out of the wind, into the water; then on an impulse she jackknifed under. His pale body shone ahead of her, bright and blurry, no more than seven strokes away, she figured, as she closed her eyes and began pushing toward him. The cold made her head ache, and at every thrust she felt as though she were being drawn, like a bubble, to the top, but she finished the full seven strokes and then put out her hand. Nothing was there. Her eyes opened, then her mouth, her nose. Her head filled with sea water, and in a panic she surfaced, not under him but beside him.

MOVIES, LEFT TO RIGHT

The action runs left to right,
Cavalry, the water-skiers—
Then a five-hour film, "The Sleeper,"
A man sleeping for five hours
(In fifteen sequences),
Sleeping left to right, left to right
Cavalry, a love scene, elephants.
Also, the world goes left to right,
The moon and all the stars—sex, too,
And newspapers, catastrophe.

In bed, my wives are to my left.
I embrace them, moving left to right.
I have lived my life that way,
Growing older, moving eastward—
The speedometer, the bank balance,
Architecture, good music.
"All that is most real moves left to right,"
Declares my friend the scenarist,
Puffing on a white cigar, eating
The *Herald Tribune*, the *New Republic*.

My life is a vision, a mechanism
That runs from left to right. I have lived badly.
Water-skier, I was until recently
In the U.S. Cavalry. Following that,
I played elephant to a lead by Tarzan.
Later, I appeared in a film called "The Sleeper."
Till today, standing on the edge of things,
Falling and about to fall asking "Why?,"
I look back. Nowhere. Meanwhile, one or more wives
Go on stilts for the mail.

—ROBERT SWARD

• •

He was standing up, watching a couple back on the shore, a girl who stood at the water's edge, shrieking, as the young man who was with her dipped his hands in the water and splashed her over and over again.

"That's fine sport going on there."

Bernadette opened her mouth to answer and instead started coughing.

"Are you cold?"

She nodded. Salt water drained, with a bitter taste like nose drops, down into her throat.

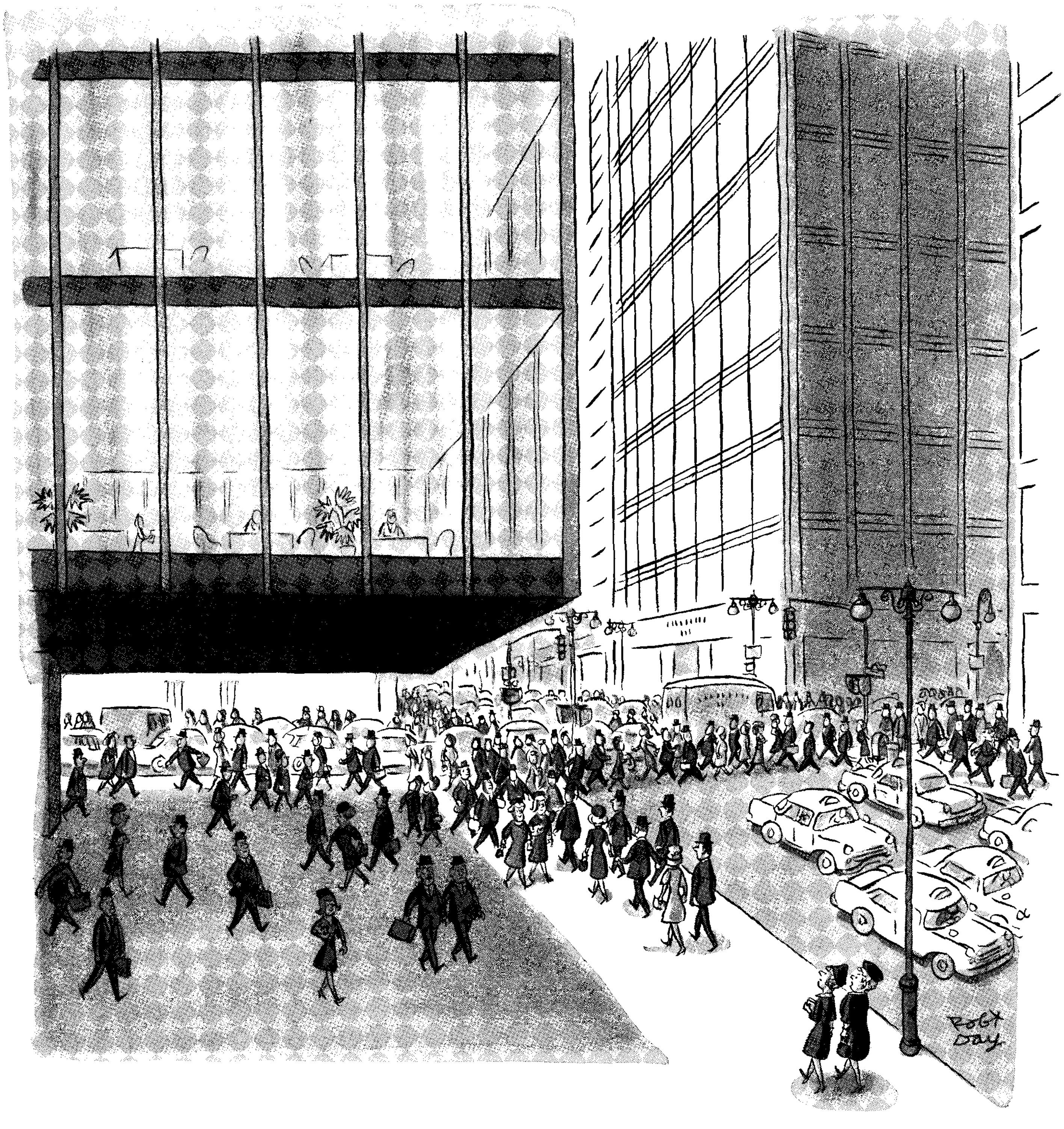
All at once his face was anxious. "We'd best go in," he said.

"So soon?" she said. His concern had filled the space between them with an image so miserable—pale cheeks, bloodshot eyes, bleary smile—that in spite of herself she had to protest. "We've only just got wet."

"That's all you want to do," he said, "in this climate."

THE clouds were darkening the beach now, but people were still arriving. As she towelled herself dry, up in their windy gallery, Bernadette watched a family, mother and father and two little girls, settle down on the sand, spreading out a tartan blanket in a direct line with their place in the dunes. "What can they be thinking of," she said, "coming now, with that sky."

"You're as well off here as anyplace else, in a shower."



"They'll never get me under one of those things!"

• •

Her hair had got soaking wet. She combed it behind her ears and tied a scarf over her head; then she drew on her skirt and sweater.

"Aren't you going to take off that wet suit?" he said.

"I have nothing else to put on."

"If you like you could have my vest."

The offer was so odd that she stopped to consider it, only to reject it right away. "I don't think it would help," she said. What she needed was an overcoat. No, something more basic than that. She watched him pick up his bundle of clothes; then, enviously, she turned back to the beach. Off in the distance a man was driving golf balls, and the white speck travelling across the sky caught her eye, though she lost it again as it blended with the gray bulk of Howth. Where was the path across it, she wondered, as her attention rested there, and where was the village at the end? Distance and the dull day had hidden them both, the dirt path winding up over the hill and the houses huddled at the bottom—in the dark as she remembered them, with windows of light, for though it had been midafternoon that day when they'd set out to climb the headland, by the time they reached the town night had fallen. The street lights had guided them down to the esplanade, and from there they'd turned up a lane that ended in a flight of crooked stone steps squeezed between two buildings. They'd climbed the crooked steps to the top and crossed the street to an old pub where, he'd promised her, they would have prawns for supper, served on two pieces of buttered bread. Inside the pub it was hardly any warmer than outside, and the first thing he did was order two small Jameson's; then they took the drinks over to a table near the electric fire and sat down. After the first few sips, the whiskey began to make her warm and comfortable, and she felt a dark flush rise to her cheeks. The evening had turned out happily, and there had been others like it—evenings at Mooney's on Harry Street, where there was a bartender who looked like James Joyce, and at the pub on Sussex Road, near the Canal, which they had called the little pub, until the night there was a fight there and he was hit on the head with a bottle, and then they called it the low pub. Evenings at Jammet's, the beautiful, old-fashioned Dublin restaurant, and evenings at the Palace Grill, where people up from the country went for their tea—bacon, egg, and sausage, tea, bread and butter. During the fall they met twice a month at the State Cinema in Phibsboro for the showings of the Film Society; then through the winter and spring they watched for French and Italian pictures they might want to see that would come to the theatres on the quays, the Astor and the Corinthian. All those times, all of them aimless and happy, troubled her as they came to her now, as though buried in her memory they had grown to a size that her mind could no longer comfortably contain.

"That was refreshing, wasn't it?" He had dressed quickly and was standing beside her.

"It was," she said.

"Though it's a pity the sun went in."

"Yes."

"My guess is it'll come out again."

But if anything, she thought with a shiver, it looked more like rain than ever.

"Are you cold?"

"A little."

"We'll lie down in the dune so," he said. "That'll be shelter from the wind."

As they stretched out, side by side, his sense of well-being and her discomfort bred a silence that soon became awkward. Down on the beach the two little girls, in their bathing suits now, were running and splashing each other at the water's edge, while the mother and father, wrapped in towels, were changing their clothes. Finally Bernadette said, "I don't see how they do it without dropping something." The words were no sooner out than she regretted them.

"Isn't it strange," he said, "that in a place like America, where it's so free, there have to be special places for undressing."

"It's just a custom," she said. "Like driving on the right-hand side of the road."

"But they talk of the Irish being prudish, and yet you could strip right out in public here and no one would pay the slightest heed."

"What does that prove?"

"Nothing, Bernadette. I only meant it was strange."

"Maybe they're just indifferent."

"Maybe."

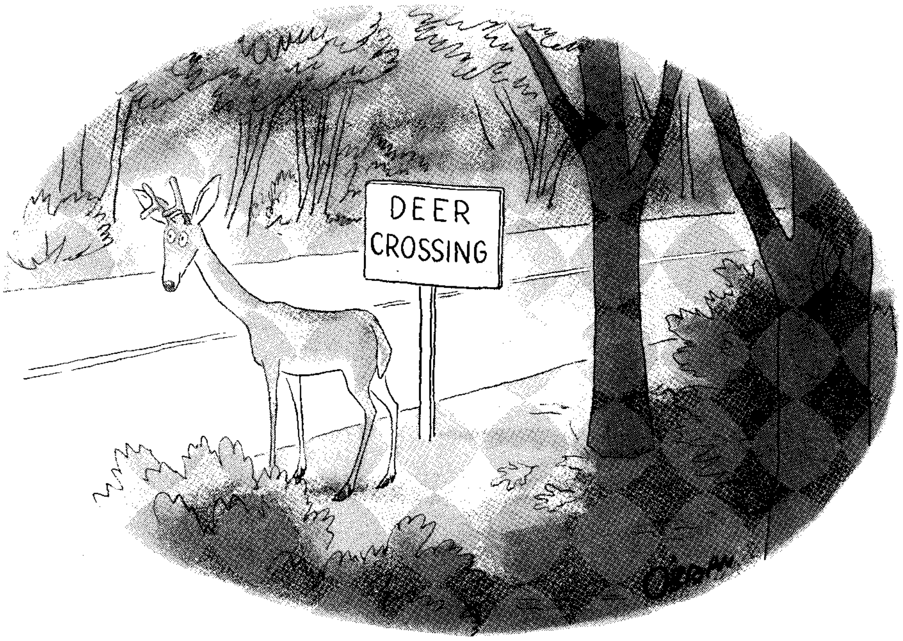
For the second time in half an hour, the second time ever, she thought she had caught sight of a flaw in his feeling for her, and as the silence closed over them again, it occurred to her that behind the perfect approval she had, she saw now, come to count on there might exist criticism, not of the failings she had shown him but of others she had unconsciously tried to hide, from him and perhaps even from herself. Unsettled and unsure, the wet bathing suit prickling her skin and her doubts deepening, she rolled over onto her back. "You know what?" she said after a moment.

"What?"

"I think I just felt a drop of rain."

He sat up and raised his palm to the air. "I don't feel anything," he said. "But here, put my coat on in case it comes down."

"You'll get soaked in your shirt-sleeves."



He took off the blue serge coat and held it out. "Take it," he said. "Don't be foolish."

Foolish was what she felt as she slipped her arms into the sleeves; foolish and, worse still, helpless, bound by conditions she herself had laid down for a situation that she seemed to have misjudged. "That's a whole lot better," she said, though it was no better at all. The coat was just another layer of insulation. Under the wet bathing suit, her body was like ice, and she thought she could feel a dull pain across her back and shoulders. *Catch your death of cold.* There was a solid truth locked inside the old saying, she realized, as she turned it over in her mind. You could catch pneumonia and be gone in a flash. *She went very quickly.* How many times had she heard that expression? "Jim," she said suddenly, "I think I *will* have to take off this bathing suit. I'll spread it out and try to get it dry."

"Good," he said. "And let me give you my vest."

"What good would *that* do?" The sharpness in her voice startled her. She looked to see if he'd noticed, but he had picked up a stone and was turning it over in his hand, examining it.

"You need something," he said. "Those bathing togs won't be dry for hours, and you could get rheumatism sitting around on a day like this."

Bernadette could see his watch. It was three o'clock, and he appeared to be by no means ready to leave. If she were to hold out, she had to have something on besides her sweater and skirt. And not his vest. She knew what she needed. She would have to ask him. But how? Quickly, she thought. Without thinking about it. "Listen," she said, "would you lend me your underwear?"

"That's what I said. My *vest*."

She stared at him, and then, out of some advertisement or a display in a shopwindow, the word explained itself. His vest was his undershirt. "I thought you meant your waistcoat," she said.

"Not at all!" He loosened his tie and reached down under the collar of his shirt to show her.

"In America—" she began to explain, but he wasn't listening.

"Wait here," he said as he climbed out of the hollow. "I'll throw you the things."

She watched him stride across the dunes, and when he dropped down out of sight she began to take off the damp sweater, then the skirt, then the wet bathing suit. Crouched there, she heard him call, and she looked over the edge of the dune.

"Here you are!"

The clothes landed just beyond her reach. As she put our her arm to get them, she noticed a play of light on the green fields and, raising her head to the sky, saw that the clouds were drifting inland. "Thank you!" she called back to him. The sun was coming out. The afternoon was taking on new life.

"I'll meet you down on the beach!"

It came to her then, as though at his suggestion. There was no need for them both to stay, no need to watch the points pile up against her. Marvelling that it hadn't occurred to her sooner, she saw that the thing to do was separate.

THE sun glittered on the water, picking out points of light on the crest of every ripple, but the beach was hardly any different from what it had been in shade, for the wind was still strong, and it thinned the sunlight to a hard brightness that had no heat in it. But, dressed and dry again, Bernadette felt quite warm as she stepped over to the edge of the dune.

He stood near the base, his feet planted far apart on the flat sand, his hands clasped behind his back and his head set squarely, as though he were confronting the horizon with a glance as level as its own. Even from behind, the pose, exaggerated in the slant of his shadow, suggested an absorption that Bernadette hated to break into, and yet she didn't want, either, to take him by surprise. Still undecided, she put one foot over the side of the dune, but she was too close to the edge, and the soft sand under her other foot gave way. She slipped and let out a cry that made him turn quickly.

"Take your time," he called.

But it was too late. The long grass was tangled, like netting, and the shells and stones embedded in the sand scraped the soles of her feet and kept her from getting her footing. She skidded all the way down, bumping to a stop at the bottom.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"No," she said, brushing the sand from her clothes. "I'm all right." But the plunge had shaken her. Her legs were wobbly as they set out in the direction they'd come from, and she felt less able to make the break she'd planned, though being more difficult it became all the more necessary. "I was sure I felt a drop of rain before," she began.

"That's the Irish weather for you," he said. "No day complete without that drop of rain."

"All the same, I think I've had enough fresh air for today."

"Would you like to leave?"

"If you don't mind."

"Whatever you say, only I had an idea a cup of tea might be nice."

"I'll walk you as far as the tent," she said, "then I'll go get the bus."

"On your own?"

"I thought you might want to stay."

"Why would I do that?"

She saw from his astonishment that the idea that had served her so often in their complicated world was preposterous here in this setting where everything was simple and natural and what it seemed to be. "It's still early," she suggested.

"I've had enough myself," he said. They had reached the outskirts of the crowd and he turned around, facing the dunes as though taking his leave of them. "I was afraid you might have caught a chill back there, but seeing as you're all right—"

Over his shoulder Bernadette saw the bus draw up across the road from the concrete steps, and all at once, as desperately as a moment before she had longed to leave, now she longed to stay. "I was afraid I had, too," she said. If they could stay, if they could go back and explore the farthest reaches of that long strip of sand, it seemed to her they might recover this day and, with it, all the other days that had suddenly become so precious. "My blood felt like ice water." She laughed up at him, but he looked away, turned around.

"Now's your chance to do one of your great imitations of Humphrey Bogart."

"There's the bus!" he said.

The few passengers dropped down and dispersed, some toward the beach, others along the road in one direction or the other. "We'll never make it," she said.

"Let's run for it."

In the quick decision, reached easily and alone, she felt once more the force of those secret reservations, like money put aside, that his love had allowed, perhaps even urged, him to keep against a day like this when a combination of circumstances, some in his favor but more in her disfavor, would double his resources and make him, at last, self-sufficient. He started off across the sand, and there was nothing for her to do but take off after him, zigzag through the crowd, up the concrete steps, and across the street. But the bus was not quite ready to leave. They had a good few minutes to climb on board and settle down, and then minutes to spare.

"I think it's as well to go now," he said.

"Yes," she said, "I guess it is."

"There's no use taking chances."

"No, there isn't."

The bus driver climbed in and sat down behind the wheel. The conductor hopped on at the rear.

"We'll come back again."

Bernadette looked out the window. There were the people dressed in their street clothes. There was the blue tent billowing in the wind. There was the donkey patiently walking along the shore. She would not see them again with him, for she knew he would not ask her. They were out of place here. They were less than what they seemed to be, not one thing or the other.

"Later on in the summer we'll give it another try."

"Will we?" she said.

It was clear from his look of dismay that he knew what she meant, but she had struck the truth so lightly that he could pretend she had not touched it at all.

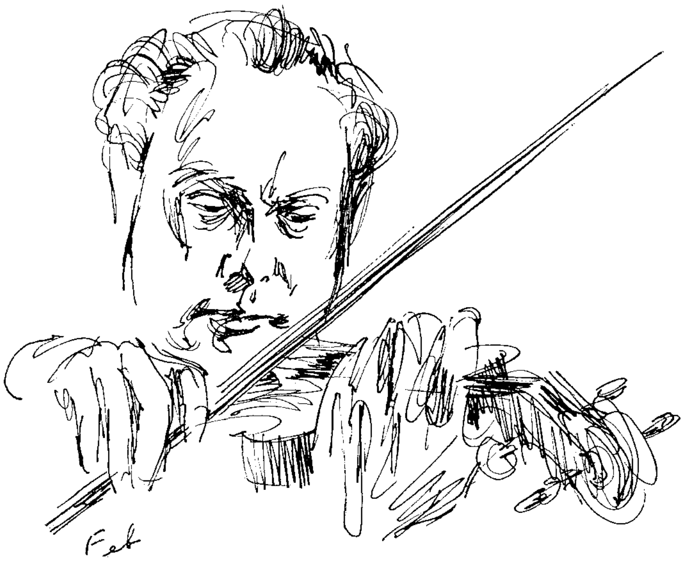
"We will," he said quickly, "toward the end of August. The water'll be warmer then. We'll start out in the morning and maybe bring a lunch. That is," he added, "if it'd please you."

All along they had been outside the truth, just as they had been outside love, and now the truth, like love, would not let them in. She drew a breath and nodded. "If it would please you," she said.

—ELIZABETH CULLINAN

PROFILES

THE LONG PHRASE



Isaac Stern

AFTER more than fifty years of playing the violin—first as a pupil, then as a professional, and now as an enthusiastic amateur—I am still fascinated by the instrument. My fascination has gone through various phases—a common thing among violinists, I suspect. During my early, immature phase, I was preoccupied with technique and admired the great violinists mostly for their virtuosity. Then, gradually, I learned that technique doesn't make the artist. Technique is simply a means of freeing the artist to practice his art. And his art is what enables him to re-create the very spirit of the music. Right here, we come upon one of the mystifying aspects of performing. The printed score of a piece of music remains the same, but its inner meaning changes constantly as it reflects the personality of each performing artist within the framework of his time. Beethoven's Violin Concerto—perhaps the greatest of all compositions for violin and orchestra—has been performed by every distinguished violinist to appear on the concert stage since 1806, when Beethoven wrote it. Many have played it beautifully, but no two have played it alike. Playing the violin has much in common with speaking or singing, for the slightest inflection of the violin voice may change the meaning of the musical words. As a small boy, I heard the Beethoven Concerto performed by Eugène Ysaye, the great Belgian artist, who was then an old man. Though I didn't know it, Ysaye was the first noted violinist to play with vibrato, a relatively new addition to violin technique that is considered indispensable today. Since then, I have heard the Beethoven Concerto performed by nearly all contemporary masters of the violin, each of whom had his own way of making this remarkable music come to life. I remember, among many other characteristic qualities, the intensity of Huberman, the nobility of Adolf Busch, the warmth of Kreisler, the quintessential beauty of Heifetz. The same piece of music—the same notes, played at the same tempo, with the same strength of bow—may be perceived by sensitive listeners to convey not only different shades of feeling but totally different feelings.

Violin playing is a relatively young art—some four hundred years old. The violin came into being during the mid-sixteenth century, but the experts don't agree either about who actually developed the violin out of the older viol or about how the technique of playing the new instrument was created. Both the violin and the art of violin playing are, however, known to have originated in Italy; in fact, both are known to have originated in Cremona, the birthplace of the finest stringed instruments on earth. The oldest Cremonese violins were made by Andrea Amati, who is now generally considered the creator of the violin as we know it, and the earliest labels bear the date 1564. (About the same time, Kaspar Tieffenbrucker, an instrument maker born in Bavaria, was probably making violins in Lyon, and Gasparo da Salò was making them in Brescia.) Similarly, violinists owe a lasting debt to the great composer Claudio Monteverdi (born in Cremona in 1567), who seems to have been the first man to realize the technical possibilities of what has been called "the noblest instrument of all." It is highly probable that Monteverdi, himself a competent violinist, played an Andrea Amati. His operatic scores include violin parts requiring the use of the fifth position and indicating tremolos, portamentos, and pizzicatos. But the violin was not yet a solo instrument. The oldest violin music consisted of parts in orchestral music. (In a sinfonia written in 1591 by the great Roman madrigalist Luca Marenzio, the soprano part is given to the violin.) Moreover, the technique of violin playing was still rather rudimentary. Flourishes, quavers, and other features were only cautiously pioneered by early violinists, and were taught to their pupils as "secrets." Gradually, double stops (playing two notes at once), chords, octave jumps, and tenths were attempted, while some fiddlers specialized in the reproduction of animal sounds, such as the barking of a dog, the song of a lark, and the mewing of a cat.

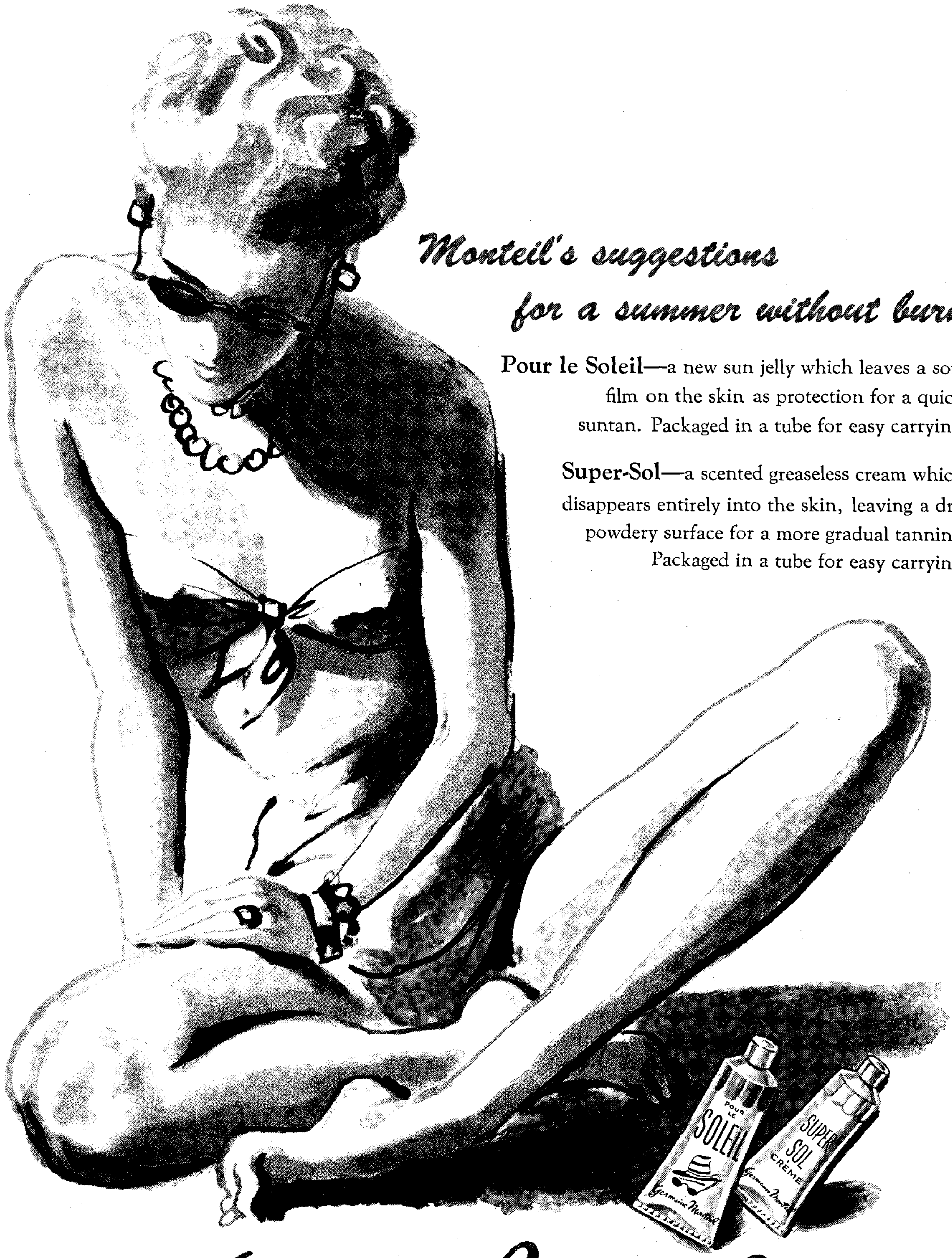
During the latter part of the seventeenth century, talented violinists emerged all over Italy. There were Giovanni Legrenzi, in Venice, and Giovanni Battista Vitali, in Cremona, and after them came Carlo Farina (who was summoned to Saxony to serve as court violinist), Giuseppe Torelli (who created a style all his own, rich in chords and runs), and Tommaso Vitali (whose "Ciacconna" is still performed). The first real virtuoso was Arcangelo Corelli, born near Bologna in 1653. He was highly esteemed by Bach, who knew of his work through his concertos and cantatas. His "La Follia," a lovely adagio with variations, is still popular with virtuosos. It was Corelli who established the violin as an important solo instrument, and he also left a number of talented pupils. The most noteworthy of them was Pietro Locatelli, of Bergamo, who wrote "L'Arte di Violino," and who composed twenty-four capriccios that were a century ahead of their time in technique; indeed, they formed the basis for Paganini's celebrated caprices, composed a century later. The stage was set for the distinguished Italian violinist-composers of the eighteenth century: Francesco Maria Veracini, of Florence (he wrote twelve fine sonatas for violin and double bass); Antonio Vivaldi, of Venice (Bach thought so highly of Vivaldi's works that he transcribed six of his violin concertos for the piano and two for the organ, and Vivaldi's concertos for two violins, among many other compositions, are still considered masterpieces); and Giuseppe Tartini, of Pirano, Istria. Tartini was a celebrated teacher, a famous violinist, and a composer, who wrote a hundred and fifty violin concertos and almost as many sonatas, plus fifty variations on a theme by Corelli, known as "L'Arte dell' Arco" ("The School of the Bow"), and a "School of Flourishes," not to mention "The Devil's Trill" sonata, which contains what may be the most famous double trills in the entire violin literature. The last famous Italian violinist of that prolific era was Giovanni Battista Viotti, of Vercelli, in Piedmont, who was also an extremely fine composer. Viotti is at present enjoying a revival, and his concertos, whose orchestration shows the influence of Haydn, are performed frequently on the concert stage.

The technique of all these Italian virtuosos was limited by the imperfections of the early bow. Unlike the violin, which assumed its miraculously perfect form at the very beginning, the bow passed through many phases before it became the graceful and forceful thing it is today. Originally, it was just a bent stick with an incision at either end through which the hair was tied. Later, the nosed tip and the frog were introduced. Then the frog was refined; it was secured to the stick by a wire, and was furnished with a toothed metal clamp at the back to give the hair the needed tension. The stick was still curved outward, however, and the early performers could play only *forte* or *piano*, being unable to achieve any subtle dynamic modifications. Gradually, the bow was made lighter, and the stick lost its outward curve, becoming straight but elastic. At last, the bow was brought to perfection by François Tourte (1747-1835), a Parisian watchmaker with an interest in physics, who became the Stradivari of bowmakers. Tourte was the first to make bows of Pernambuco wood, and his measurements are still accepted throughout the world, for no one has made a better bow since. He may also have been the first man to fix the hair to the frog by a wedge, which he covered with a small blade of mother-of-pearl. Tourte made the bow the delicate instrument of breathing that today's violinists take for granted.

As the Italian school of violin playing declined—inevitably, it may be, after such a long era of progress—the French took over for a time. Their virtuosos brought to the art of violin playing a particular elegance and a particular mastery of the bow. Among them were Pierre Rode, of Bordeaux (best known for his thirteen violin concertos and for his series of twenty-four caprices, which is a classic of violin technique); Pierre Marie François Baillot, of Passy (author of a book called "Méthode de Violon," and composer of some twelve études); and Rodolphe Kreutzer, of Versailles, upon whom Beethoven conferred a certain immortality by dedicating a violin sonata to him. (Kreutzer is said to have disliked the sonata and to have exclaimed when he first heard it, "The old man is crazy!")

And then came Nicolò Paganini, the most famous fiddler of all time, whose incredible accomplishments are still a source of wonderment to violinists everywhere. Paganini was born in Genoa in 1782. The facts of his life have become almost inseparable from the legends that his magnetic personality gave rise to. One story concerns a wild gambling bout. One night in Leghorn, he gambled away everything he had, including his lovely Andrea Amati, so for a concert that he was scheduled to give the next day a wealthy French music lover named Livron lent him a Guarneri del Gesù. Paganini is said to have played it so beautifully that at the end of the concert Livron, overcome with emotion, gave him the Guarneri, stipulating only

"Now, hold on a minute! You told me your troubles first last night!"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that he must never let anyone else play it. Paganini later owned several Stradivaris, a Nicolò Amati, and two Magginis, but best of all, it is said, he loved his powerful Guarneri, which he called his "cannon." When he died, in 1840, he bequeathed it to the city of Genoa, and it is now exhibited, under glass, in the Palazzo Municipale.

Paganini, who played the guitar almost as brilliantly as the violin, is said to have learned that instrument in order to please an aristocratic lady friend. That may well be just another legend, for stories about his love affairs in high circles are nearly as numerous as stories about his violin virtuosity. There is little doubt that ladies were forever swooning at his concerts, but there is no solid evidence that, as punishment for having killed an unfaithful mistress, he spent several years in prison, or that it was here that he acquired his incredible skill on the G string—the story being that this was the only string left on his violin. About his skill on the G string, however, there can be no question; his compositions for the G string alone, such as the variations on the prayer from Rossini's "Moses," prove it. Paganini would tune the strings up and down during a performance in order to achieve special effects. He was able to play two octave jumps on a single string, confounding the experts; his trick was to touch a lower tone first, as in a very short grace note, play the note an octave higher almost simultaneously, and touch the third octave as a harmonic. In the spring of 1828, when he gave several concerts in Vienna before some of the most musical audiences in Europe, the papers reported that he performed incredible octave runs and tenth passages, arpeggios executed with half the bow yet played as powerfully as on a large harp, racing runs of semiquavers (the first note played pizzicato, the second bowed), double-stop harmonics, and "a long run across four octaves, played staccato, in a single stroke of the bow." The reports suggested that the local cognoscenti considered him the greatest violin virtuoso of all time.

The almost demoniac impression that Paganini made on his audience was commented on, a few years after his death, in a physiological study published in the *Revue de Paris* by Francesco Bennati, an Italian physician, who had treated Paganini for many years. Bennati declared that Paganini had very elastic shoulder muscles, unusually powerful knuckles, and forearms and fingers "as strong as iron cudgels." He also had extremely flexible hands, and could play in the third position without

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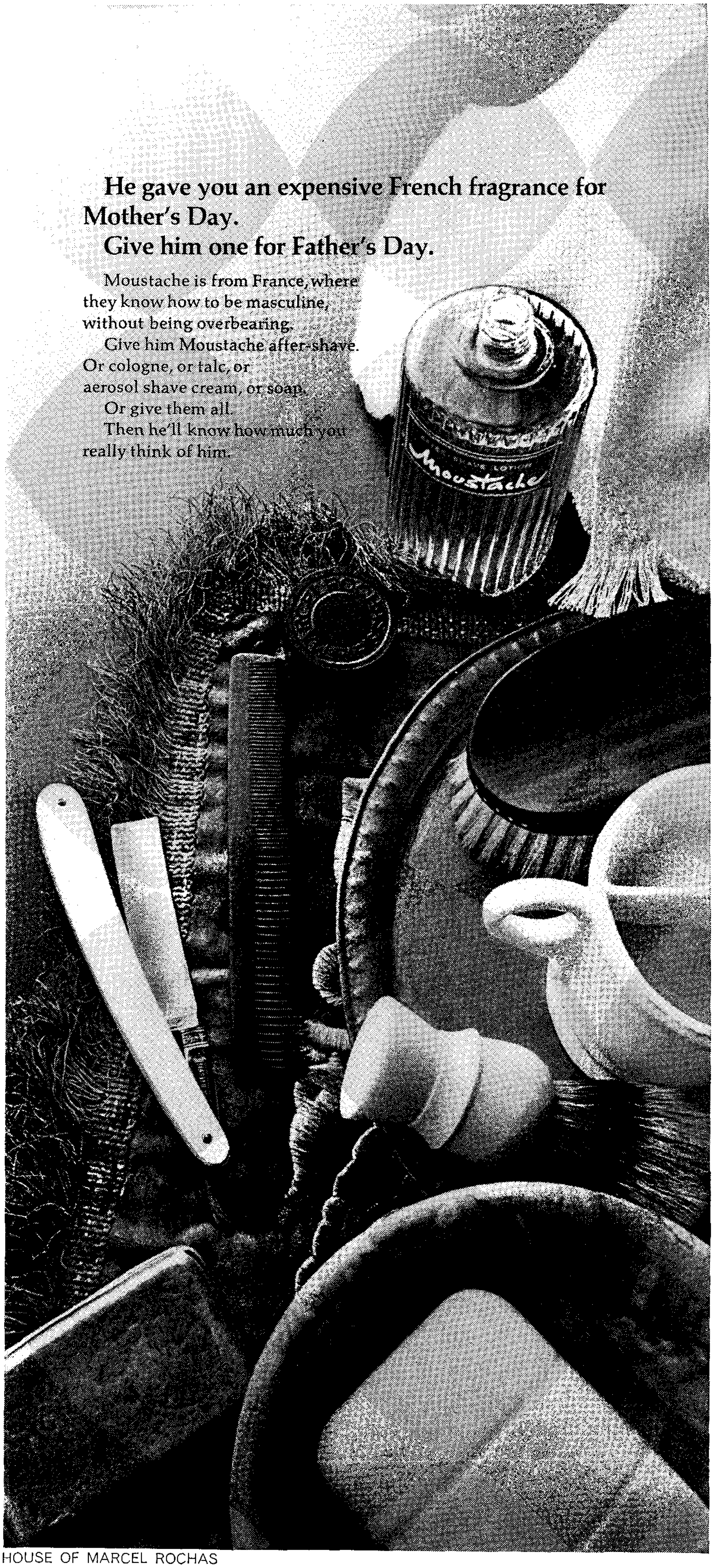
*TRADEMARK OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION moving his hand from the first position. Moreover, he had an exceptionally good ear. He could perform with perfect intonation on a violin whose strings were out of tune. Violin strings were not as reliable then as they are now, and Paganini's own compositions, with their terrific pizzicato passages, caused the strings to go down in the middle of a piece, and he compensated for this decline almost as a matter of routine. His posture when he played was most unorthodox, for he stood with his left shoulder pushed forward (which any teacher will tell you is all wrong), so that the violin rested securely on his collarbone; he needed neither a chin rest nor a shoulder pad. Most contemporary books that deal with the phenomenon of Paganini suggest that he was a sleight-of-hand practitioner, achieving his "magic" effects by means of hands that were quicker than the eyes of his audience. Actually, Paganini advanced the technique of the violin more than any previous performer, but he also did more than extend the limits of what could be done with a bow and four strings. Quite apart from his technical accomplishments, he was a musician, and one who made a deep impression on the other great musicians of his time. Schubert had to borrow money to attend one of Paganini's concerts in Vienna, and he left it "as in a trance." Chopin was said to have been completely overcome with emotion when he first heard the great virtuoso, in Warsaw; he remained a lifelong Paganini fan, and made piano transcriptions of some themes from Paganini's beautiful Second Violin Concerto. Schumann wrote, "Paganini's compositions contain the purest and most valuable qualities, such as can be brought out even more effectively on the piano," and made piano transcriptions of twelve of Paganini's caprices. Liszt wrote to a friend, "*Quel homme, quel violon, quel artiste! Dieu, que de souffrances, de misères, de tortures dans ces quatre cordes!*," and, the year of Paganini's death, he, too, made piano transcriptions of Paganini's caprices. Brahms, in 1866, published variations on the last caprice. Berlioz called Paganini "a comet." Contemporary reviewers liked to make the point that Paganini's violin had "become his soul"—that he "lived only through his instrument"—the implication being that he was something of an automaton. Today, the great violinist is admired as a great composer.

After Paganini's death, violinists had a hard time. Every new performer was measured against the unforgettable Paganini, and most such comparisons



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were unfair; for instance, when a famous violinist performed one of Paganini's compositions, people used to worry about whether he could even get through it. Two excellent violinists who had the bad luck to live in that era were Ludwig Spohr and August Wilhelmj. Then came the romantic Belgians Charles Auguste de Bériot and Henri Vieuxtemps, who made Belgium a major power in the world of the violin. As a young man, Vieuxtemps heard Paganini in London, and he later wrote, "I understood the enormous intensity of his playing, although I did not understand his technical resources. . . ." The Belgian school reached its zenith with Eugène Ysaye, who was born in Liège in 1858, eighteen years after the death of Paganini. He studied with Vieuxtemps and the Polish violinist Henri Wieniawski, and had the good fortune to live in the Paris of César Franck, Debussy, Zola, Manet, and Degas. A big, lusty man who loved life and music, Ysaye was an artist of great insight, who, like Paganini, was ahead of his time. He was responsible for all the major violinistic advances in the early years of this century. It was the era of romantic violin playing. Its heroes were Henri Wieniawski, the romantic Pole; Pablo Sarasate, the romantic Spaniard; and Ole Bull, the romantic Norwegian. As the century advanced, there were Henri Marteau and Jacques Thibaud, in Paris; Joseph Joachim, in Berlin; Jenö Hubay, in Budapest; Jan Kubelík, in Prague; and Fritz Kreisler, in Vienna. Then came the "Russian school"—a somewhat vague term that included musicians from the Baltic countries, the Ukraine, and today's Poland. Today it is in the Soviet Union and the United States that the greatest violinists make their homes.

MOST books on the art of violin playing deal with its technical aspects, since fiddlers can't help hoping that one day they will come upon a magic formula enabling them to perform impossible feats on their instrument. But though the nuances of the vibrato or the method of executing a staccato arpeggio may momentarily baffle the practicing violinist, the spirit of the music is what poses the real enigma. Music is a living art, and each generation hears it differently; music is communication, and each generation has its own way of communicating. There are many ways of playing a phrase, and each can be valid if it is done artistically and convincingly. If Mozart had heard the slow movement of one of his violin concertos played with vibrato, would he

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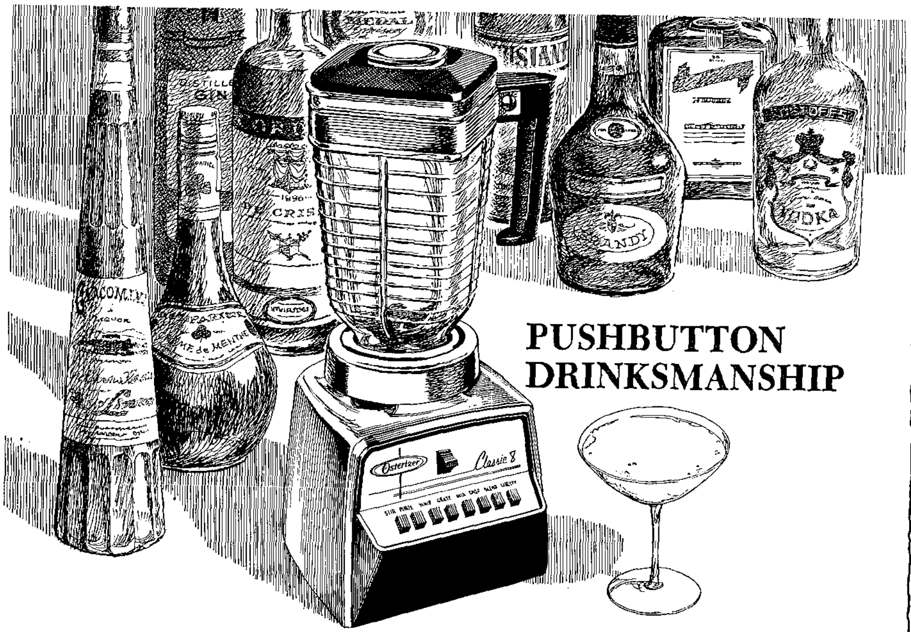
have liked it? Whether the answer is yes or no, today no other way of playing it is possible; vibrato is what our sense of beauty and our modern taste demand. Comparisons with the past are irrelevant. They are also impossible, for two quite down-to-earth reasons. First, one would have to answer the question "which past," and that is unanswerable, for the great violinists of former days used instruments, bows, and hairs that differed as much from each other as they do from present-day counterparts. Second, the masters of the violin have seldom been articulate about their art. Nature doesn't seem to work that way. Some of the greatest performers have played, for the most part, by instinct, and have been unable to explain how they brought off their miracles. Others have been reluctant to talk about what they were doing, though they have given it a great deal of thought. In this respect, nothing has changed since the days of Paganini, who, upon being asked about his system of practice, would reply with a malicious smile, "*Ognuno ha i suoi segreti*" ("Every man has his secrets"). Great violinists, it seems, are either so introspective that they can express their true selves only through their music or so outgoing that they regard music mainly as a means of exhibiting their unusual gifts. Certainly many of them have more to say about playing their instrument than about making music.

One exception is the great American violinist Isaac Stern—a man who is respected by his peers, the world's distinguished violinists; is admired by such other eminent musicians as Pablo Casals, Igor Stravinsky, and George Szell; is acclaimed by music critics all over the world; and has a wide following in the world's major concert halls. In the course of a recent talk I had with him about music, he said, "The worst crime is to play notes instead of making music. Playing the violin must be like making love—all or nothing." He went on to speak openly of his strengths and weaknesses. "My main strength and my main weakness are that my mind works constantly while I perform," he said. "I never play instinctively. It's a more dangerous way to live, but it's infinitely more rewarding. Every individual moment has a meaning. There can be no real performance without inner tension, and every man must find his own way of resolving this tension. The automatic performer masters the difficulty by becoming a sort of machine, and he may do this so well that many people in the audience don't realize what is happen-



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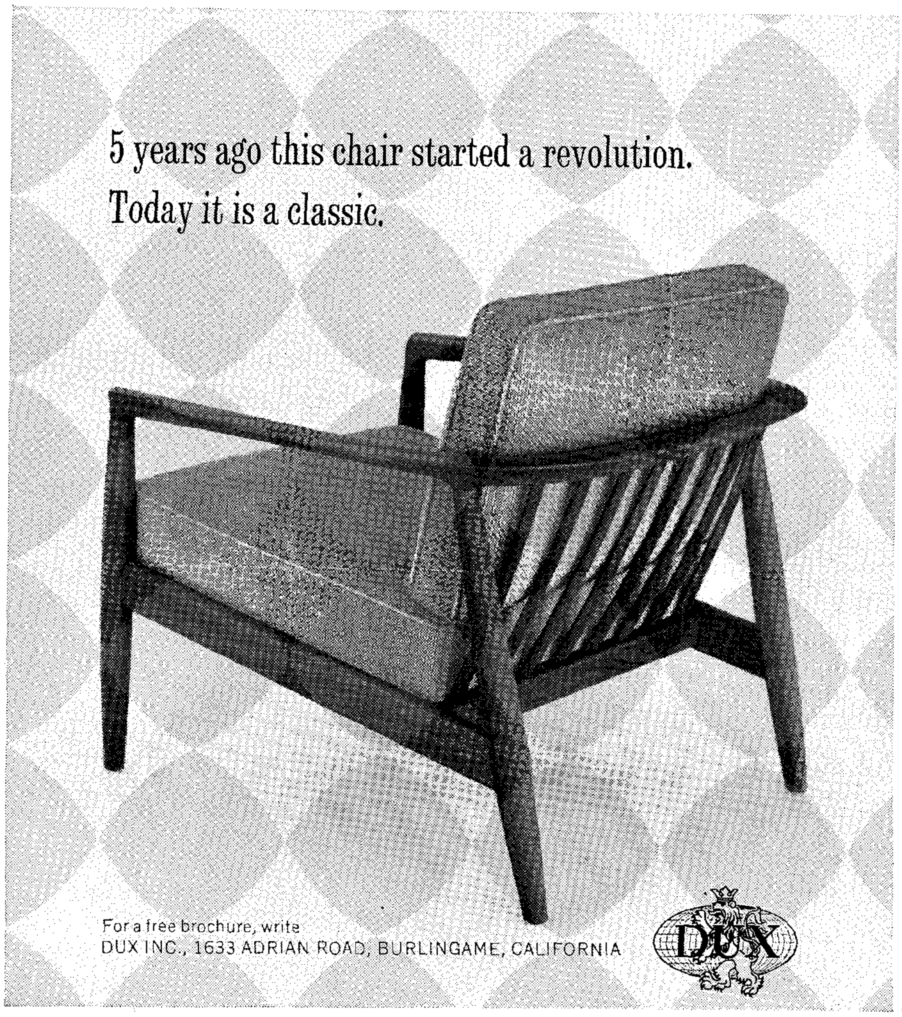

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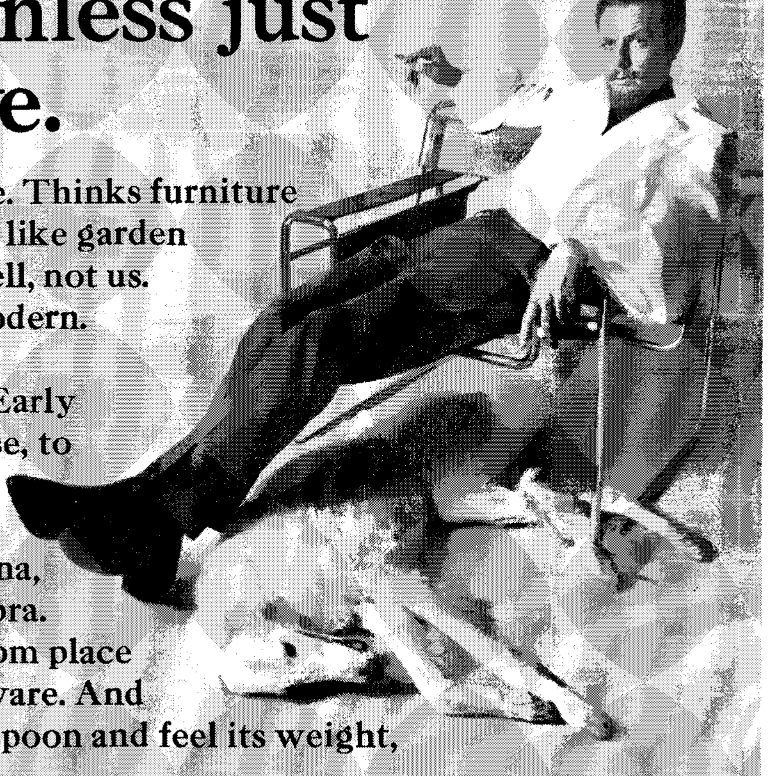

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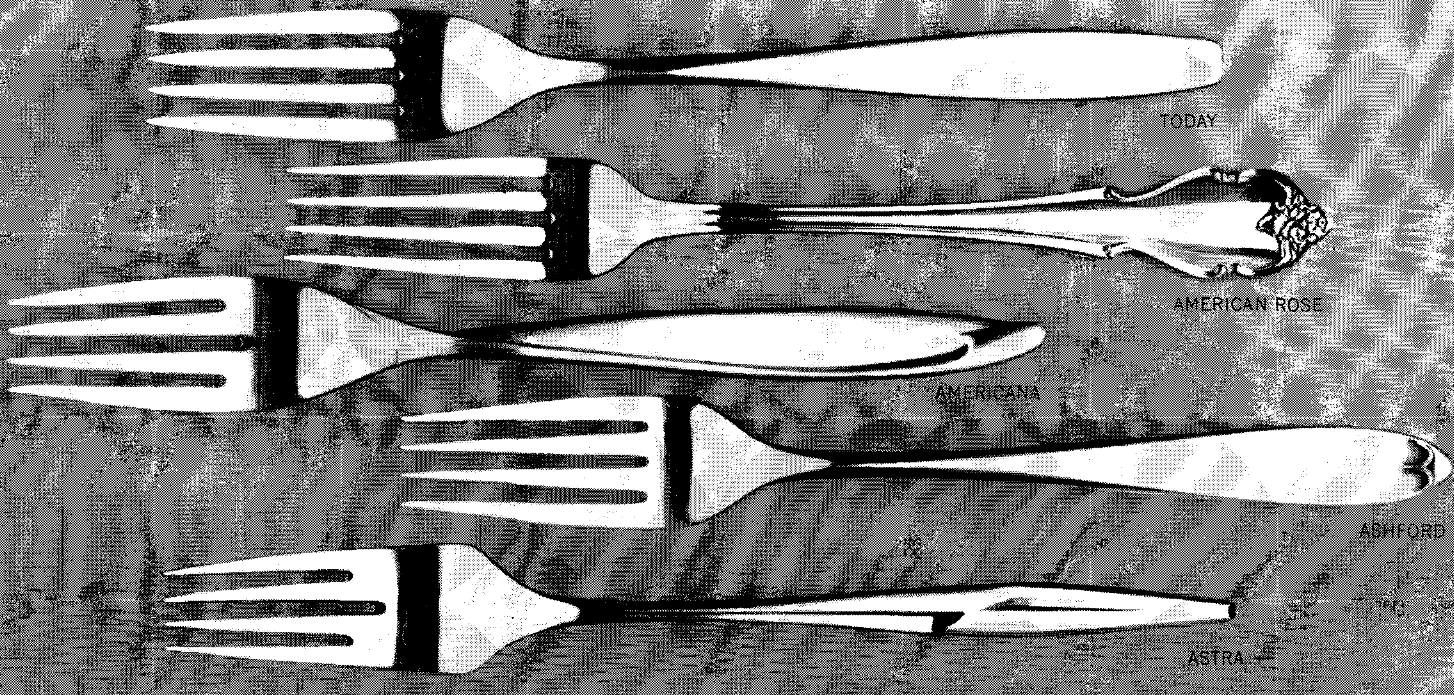

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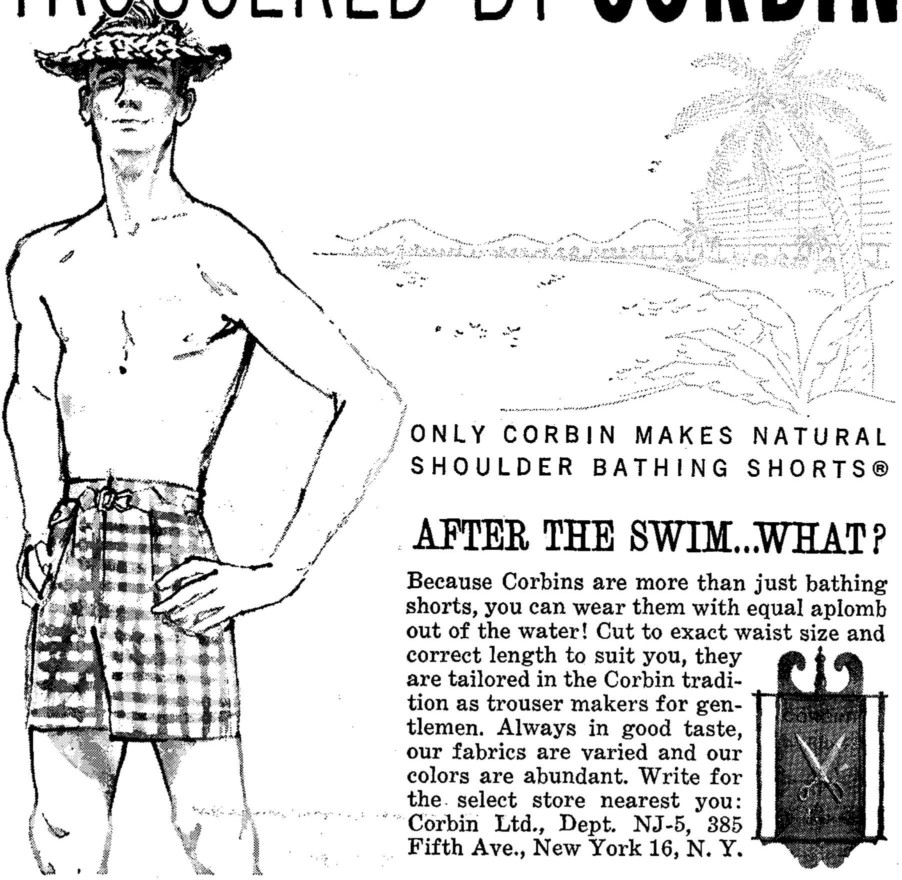

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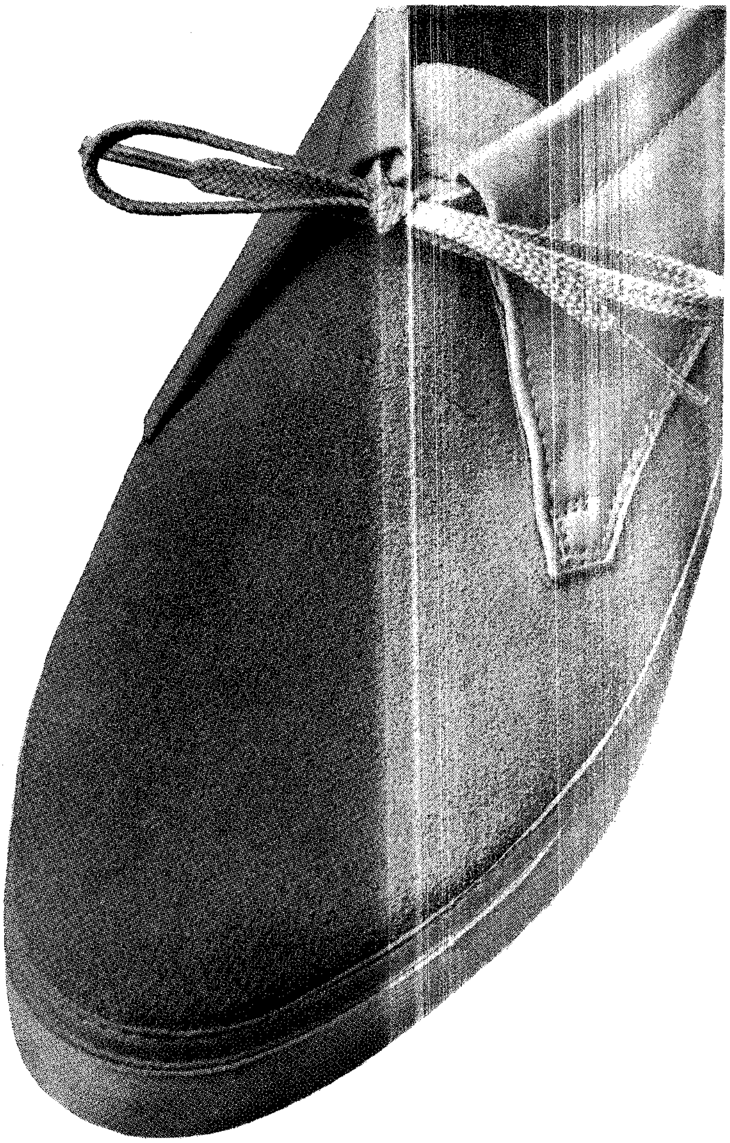
ing. With me, the mechanism is always subject to the dictates of the intellect. The thinking performer constantly faces all the possible dangers. His mind sees more than the mind of the unthinking performer. The automatic performer shields himself as with a suit of armor. But if the armor doesn't fit him properly, it starts to rattle, and that has a bad effect on the music."

Recalling a recent performance of Mozart's A-Major Concerto that Stern gave with the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, Stern made other points about his psychology as a performer. "Playing with them was like playing a quartet," he said. "Szell had his point of view and I had mine, and we argued, but our disagreement was not basic. We have similar musical tastes, and basically we both have good taste. Szell takes terrific pains with the musical phrase, and the Cleveland is a wonderfully sensitive instrument." Stern said that he first "worked out" the concerto with Szell one day while he was in Cleveland between planes, Szell playing the orchestral score on the piano "from eleven in the morning to four in the afternoon." A few weeks later came several rehearsals with the orchestra under Szell, and then came two concert performances. "Only then did I know we had our performance," Stern told me. "Afterward, we had a recording session. There are many small things and imperceptible changes in the slow movement. It moves along seemingly at the same pace, yet there are always little differences. If it's played too slowly, it becomes too long, and instead of serenity there may be boredom. The borderline is inaudible—you must feel it. To play it with the Cleveland is a great experience. They play every note with love and understanding—no note carelessly. The real mystery in music, the thing that cannot be explained, occurs when the orchestra sings out with a voice of its own and reaches an intense moment, and then I come in with my beautiful melody. The transition must be psychologically believable to be absolutely right. Then the solo violin and the orchestra move along with tranquillity, and there is distilled emotion. That is one of the rare moments when I'm absolutely, perfectly happy. Afterward, there is the third movement—rather slow but with an inner elegance and a sort of lilting pace. The melody comes back five times, each time in a different way. With Mozart, nothing is ever the same twice. It is very important to really understand the changes and to bring them out. A



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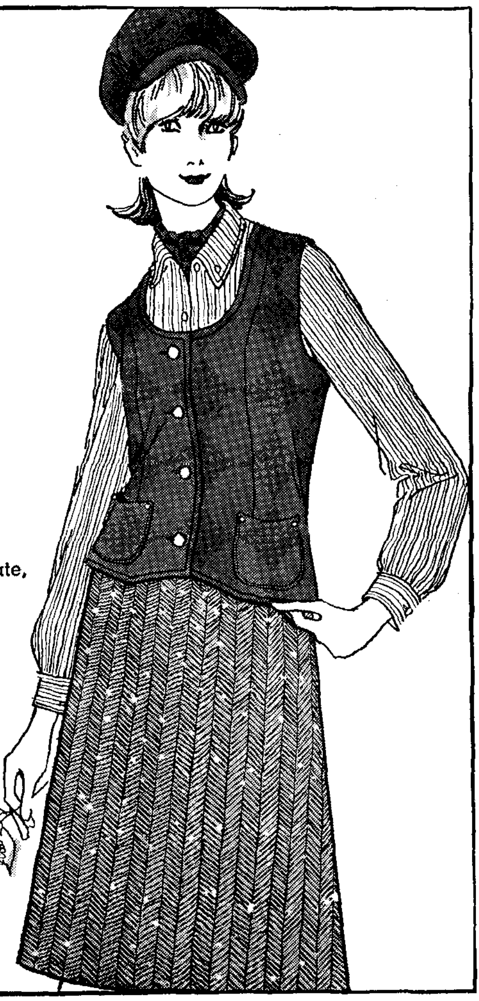

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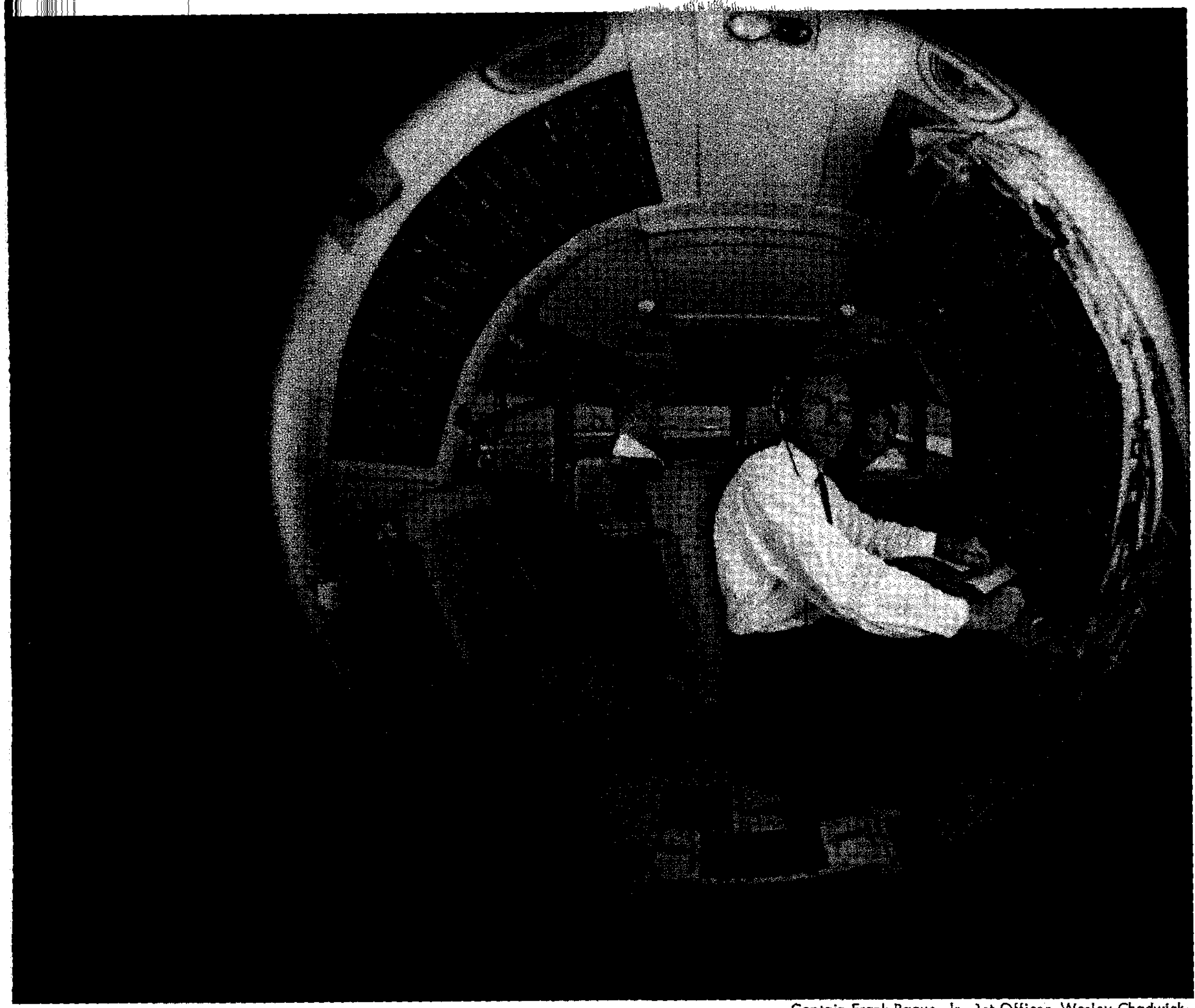
matter of love and perception. This is the sort of thing I enjoy most—a classic performance in the modern way—but it doesn't happen often."

Whenever Stern talks about music, he sooner or later uses the phrase "love and perception." Perception is "to be able to see more than others, to perceive what is possible, how far one can see," and love and perception give the inner glow, the real mystery, to the content of the music, Stern feels. He recorded the Brahms Violin Concerto twice for Columbia Masterworks—in 1952 with Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, and in 1960 with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Each time, he was completely convinced that he was playing it in the only way possible, yet now when he compares the two versions he realizes that they are very different. Now he is convinced that each is right in its own way. "Can it be that one's taste changes so quickly?" he asked, talking to himself more than to me, and went on, "Taste is the present moment's reflection of something beautiful, but taste itself is never absolute. It merely delimits what can be done. As long as you keep within the limits, you're making music. Once you cross them, you destroy something beautiful. Within the limits, there may be ten different ways of playing a phrase, all of them beautiful, all reflecting the artist's training, his ideas, his feelings, his ethical approach—his whole life."

I remarked that he hadn't mentioned technique at all.

He shrugged. "Technique must be taken for granted," he said. "Technique means the ability to play many notes fast and accurately. A man's technique decides how far he will go, but technique and taste together only establish the conditions for the making of music—the bringing out of the spiritual essence of the music, the creation of that very special throb that comes from your soul and heart and touches the listener's soul and heart. No one can determine by analysis how it's being done, and no one can teach it. One thing, however, is certain. Talent alone is not enough. More people have talent than is generally assumed—and there are also more bad musicians than there is bad music. Didn't someone say that talent is what you possess and genius what possesses you? In order to bring out the spiritual content of a work of music, talent must be blended with the artist's humanity and decency and with his whole belief in his art."

As Stern performs, his mind is always a fraction of a second ahead of



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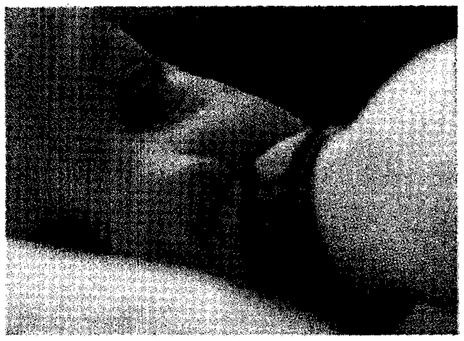

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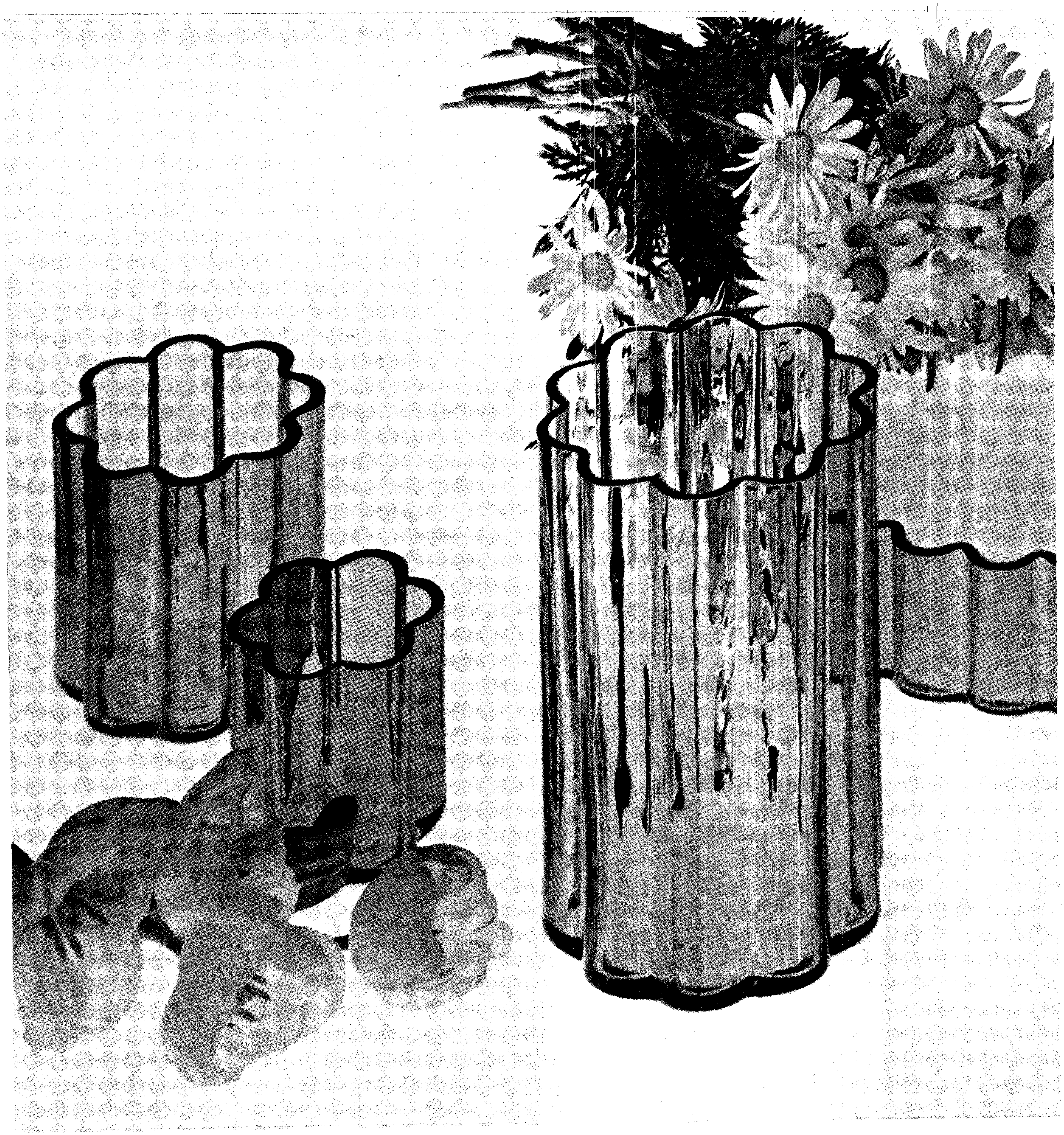

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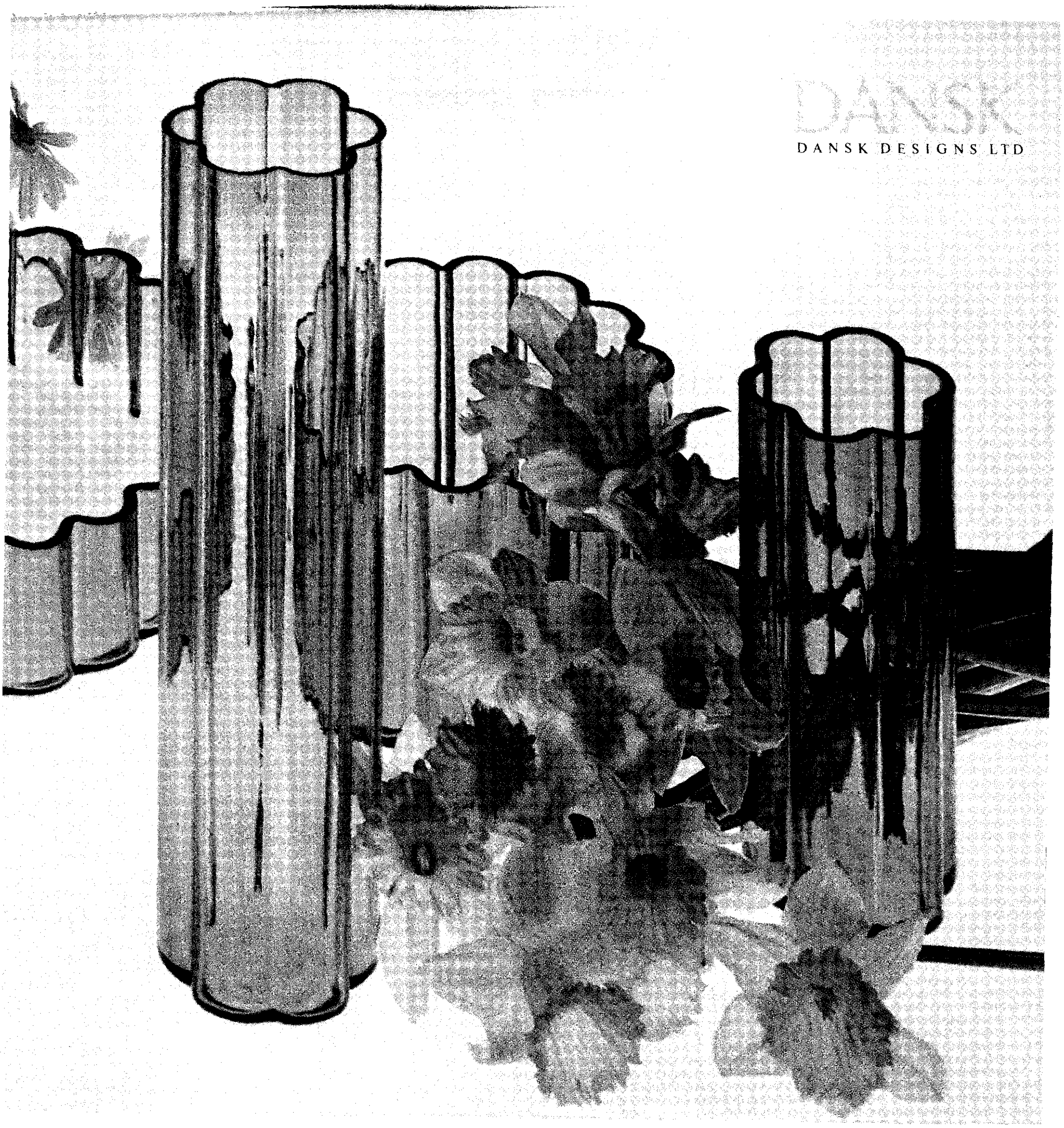
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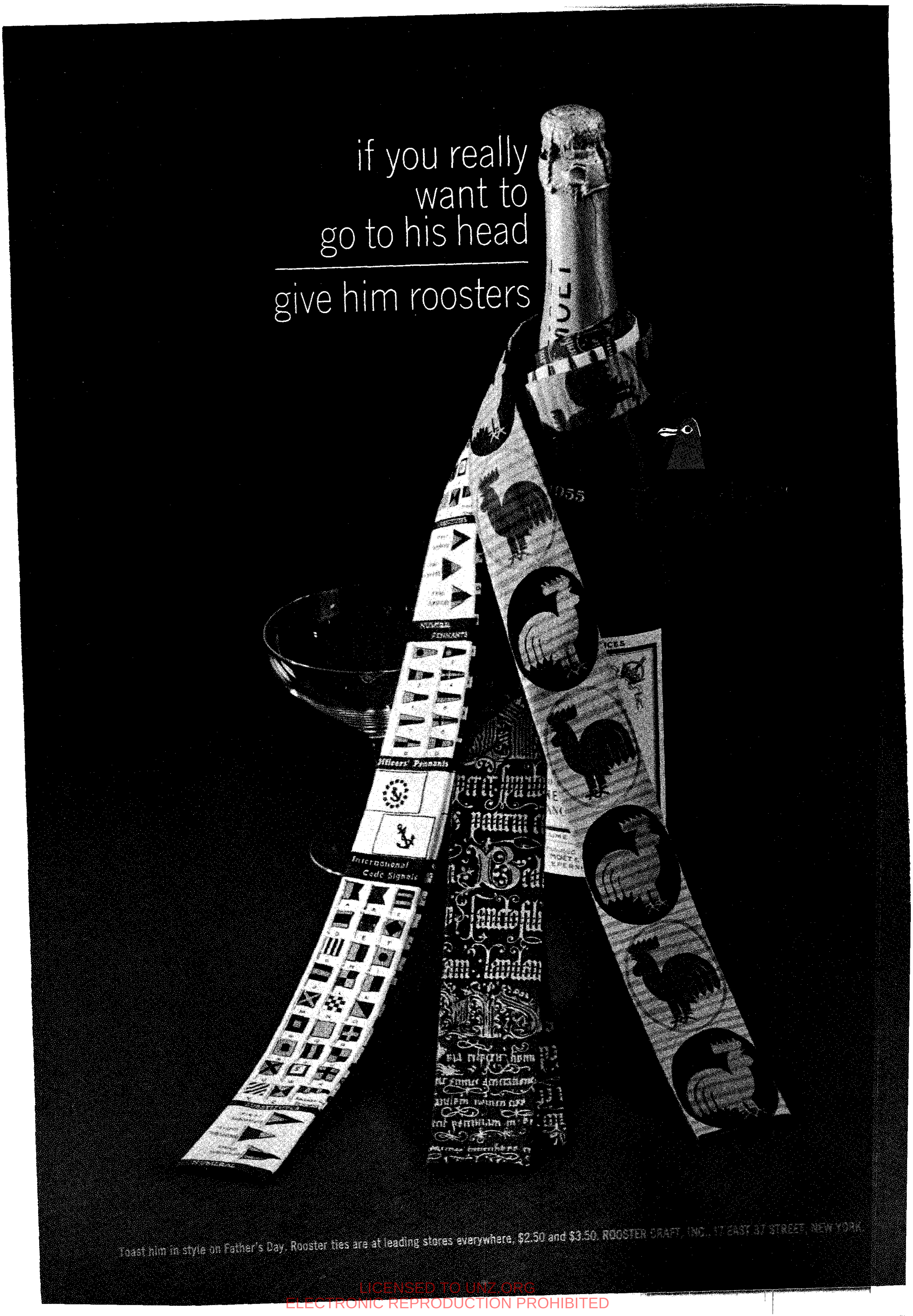
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what he is actually playing. He thinks of the work he is playing in its totality, and as he "sings" on his violin, his mind sings, too—always a little in advance of his fingers. While his ears listen to what he is playing, his mind listens to what is coming next. He feels that it is this perpetual awareness that gives his performance what George Szell has described as "depth, intensity, and artistic concentration," what one of his trio partners, Eugene Istomin, has described as "a new, modern approach to emotion, an inner feeling rather than old-fashioned flamboyance," and what Stern himself has described as "the sweep of the long phrase." Discussing "the long phrase," Stern said, "Take the beginning of the solo part of the Brahms Violin Concerto. It goes on and on, and still on and on, until it reaches a wonderful climax. Unless the long phrase is musically developed in every detail, the performance will not be artistically convincing. The phrase must glow with an inner life. Even in the fast notes, the singing line must always remain audible. Playing the violin is like changing the register of one's singing voice, with the voice going up and down all the time. Very few artists can do it. Ysaye could do it. Kreisler could do it. Heifetz can do it. Oistrakh can do it. When it's well done, it is magnificent. When it is done by somebody trying to imitate a great artist, it can be horrible. A truly great artist expresses in one long phrase his whole musical viewpoint, his musical breeding, his musical convictions. He shows his true colors. So does the imitator—his phrase is artificial, without inner structure. The phrase may still seem to the casual listener to have the same tonal and dynamic values, but it has no inner meaning. It isn't *beseelt* [animated], as the Germans say. It's soulless, and doesn't express the inevitability of the music."

Stern believes strongly in "the inevitability of the music." He explained this belief by saying, "When I play Bach's solo sonatas and partitas, probably the greatest, most ingenious violin music ever written, I play the phrases simply—normally, you might say. That's the way I feel the music. There is no other way for me—it's inevitable. An artist must have that sense of inevitability, no matter what he performs; otherwise he won't convince his audience. The rest is secondary. Casals tells me that Pablo Sarasate didn't always bother to tune his fiddle carefully, but he played with such deep inner conviction, his tone was so sweet, his style was so elegant, his bowing so

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magnificent that the people loved him."

Stern has never worshipped any one living violinist as his particular idol, he said, but if he were permitted to hear any two distinguished performers from the past, he would select Paganini and Ysaye. "Paganini fascinates me," Stern told me. "How I wish we had some Paganini recordings! I did hear one recording of Ysaye—of Mozart's E-Flat-Major Concerto, which he made shortly after the turn of the century. Recording was then in its infancy, but Ysaye's greatness comes right through. It's a performance that is glorious in its absolute freedom. Here was an artist who didn't accept any restrictions. I listened to that recording time after time, for two days, and I was so excited that I didn't sleep all night in between." Stern went on to say that he has a similar feeling of admiration for Pablo Casals. "The artist has a mental picture of the music before his eyes, and he must know the amount of space in which he can safely operate without reaching the limits of taste," he declared. "He must know the limits of his instrument, of his intonation, of his bowing, because these limits must never be exceeded. When Casals plays Bach, he extends these limits. He can see farther than any of us and he still knows the limits clearly. This is his greatness. He makes the margins larger but at the same time controls the whole area and organizes it into musical thoughts. How does he do it? By greater perception and a constant search for wider possibilities. It's like opening a door and seeing a beautiful garden. How far you will walk out into the garden is controlled by your talent. But you must be able to open the door and see the garden." He added that among the violinists he has actually heard he felt a strong admiration for Kreisler. "His love of music enveloped everything he did with a warm glow," he said. Stern firmly believes that music has to be loved and enjoyed if it is to be re-created. He has no use for soloists and conductors—including some who are famous today—who perform with cold, intellectual brilliance instead of with soul.

There are some performers who hold that one must remain emotionally detached, always in control of one's technique. They point out that famous singers who perform without inner emotion are well known to last longer than those who "give" a lot. In Stern's view, such singers miss the exhilaration, the supreme happiness, that comes from giving everything one has to give. Stern says he couldn't perform if he

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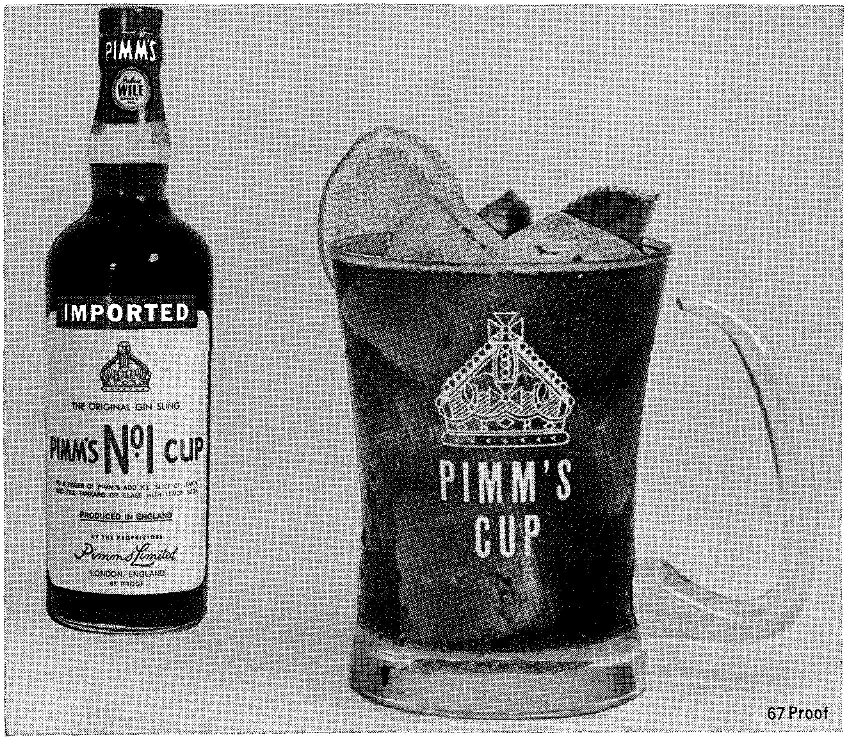

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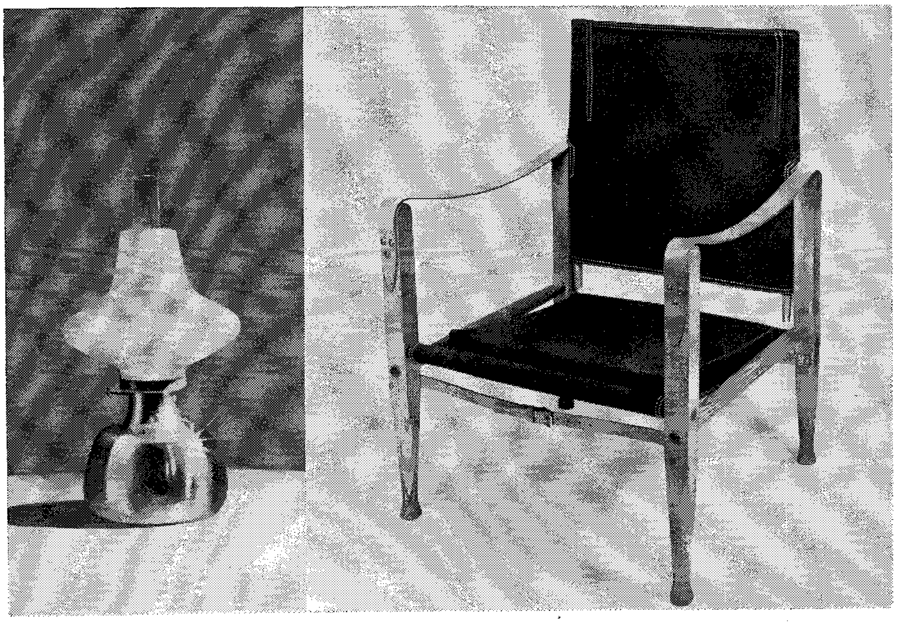

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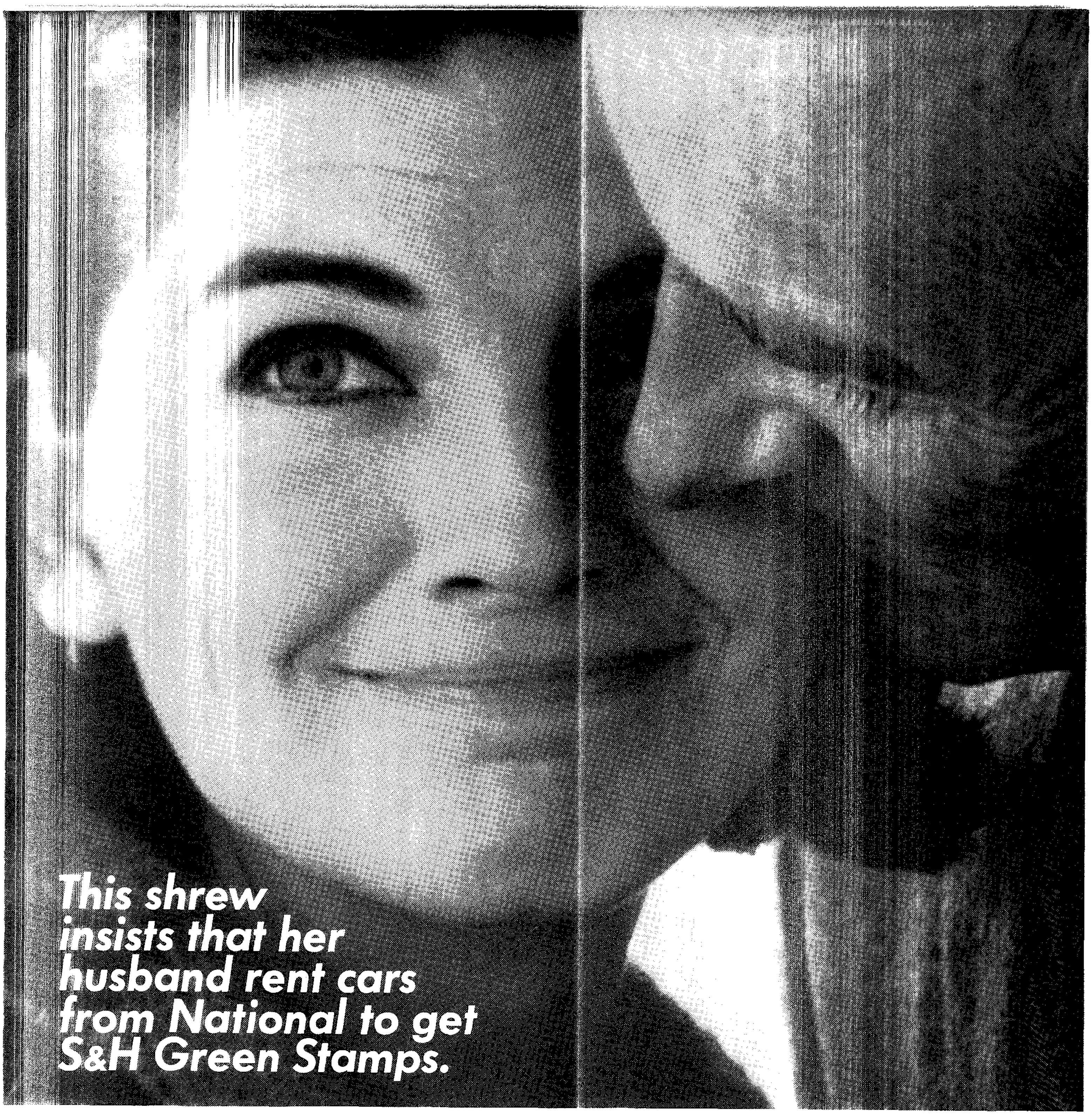
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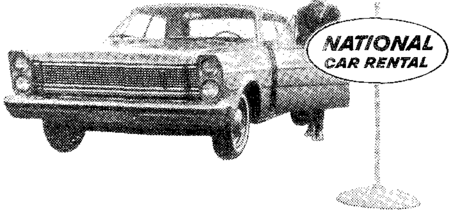
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were not deeply involved, because he wouldn't enjoy it. He is always keyed up before a concert—"Only children and idiots are not nervous," he says—but he has confidence in his ability to concentrate, to live with his nervousness instead of running away from it. When he performs in New York, he often spends the hour before his concert sitting at his desk at home with his fiddle under his chin, playing some difficult phrases and at the same time watching a Western on television. "Many of the performer's problems are due to insufficient control of nervous pressure," he told me. "When I feel I'm getting overtense, I let my arm drop and try to relax. If I tense up too much, I may lose the strength in my fingers."

The only goal is the best possible performance, he feels, and even the best possible performance is never definitive; no matter how good it was, it could always have been better. Sensitive listeners have come away from a Stern performance with the conviction that it couldn't have been better, but if they hear him play the same composition two years later they realize that it *is* better than it was before. Stern is never elated about a performance, even when he feels that it was good. He is often elated about the music itself, however. "The moment I step out on the platform, I sense how it will go," he said to me. "Sometimes the audience is a little slow. I never go after the audience; I make it come up to me. It is the psychological and emotional excitement rather than technical bravura that makes my performance. I've never been very much interested in playing all twenty-four Paganini caprices, though this is admittedly a terrific technical achievement. What gives me happiness and satisfaction is to play the kind of music that solves all human problems: Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. You know what people say—that Bach is incomparable, Mozart is the greatest composer who ever lived, and there is only one Beethoven. That's exactly the way I feel about it."

I asked Stern what he would perform if he had only three evenings left in which to play the violin. (Once, when a friend asked him what he would do if he couldn't play the violin anymore, he looked crestfallen and said, "I would rather be dead.") On the hypothetical three evenings, he said, he would perform the solo sonatas and partitas of Bach, the Brahms G-Major Sonata, the Beethoven Concerto, one of the Mozart concertos, a piano trio (probably Schubert's E-Flat-Major),

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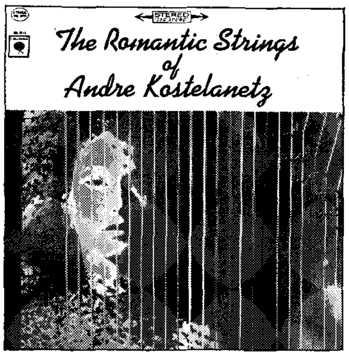
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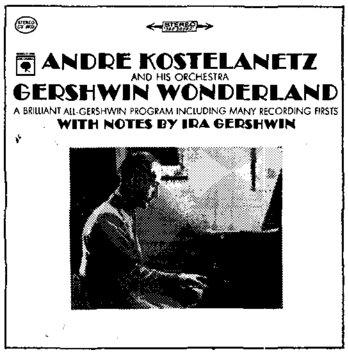
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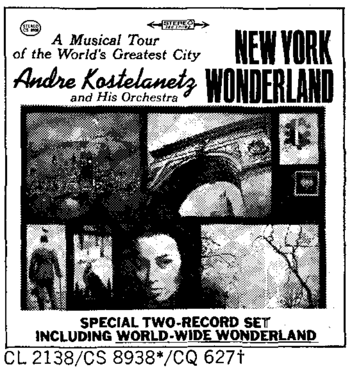
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the Mendelssohn Concerto, a work by either Wieniawski or Bruch or Lalo, the big Bartók Concerto, and some of the small Kreisler pieces. He considers playing the solo sonatas of Bach "a healthy, cleansing, and very difficult experience." These masterpieces, which most musicians agree are the greatest violin music ever written, pose musical and violinistic problems that the average performer can never solve. Only a very great artist can do justice to Bach's sense of beauty, his feeling for balance, the crystalline structure of his polyphony, and the variety of his moods, which range from baroque serenity to strange, dark smolderings. Presenting a whole evening of Bach's solo works is something that practically all contemporary violinists aspire to. Few dare to attempt it, and of those who do attempt it few do it well. Stern has done it superbly on more than one occasion. He customarily performs the entire D-Minor Partita without pausing between movements—an astonishing achievement. The five movements of the partita are based on dance rhythms, but Bach's genius erects on these simple melodies a masterpiece of musical architecture. Stern goes from the opening *allemande* straight into the *courante*, continues with the *saraband* and the *gigue*, and winds up with the glorious *chaconne*, which is probably the greatest single piece of music written for the solo violin. He never pauses to wipe his brow or tune his violin—a procedure that creates a serious musical and technical problem, for by the time he reaches the *chaconne*, with its terribly difficult double stops, some of the strings may have gone out of tune. Stern adjusts—automatically, one might say, if he could ever be said to do anything automatically—to the open strings, a feat demanding excellent hearing, perfect left-hand technique, and, above all, strong nerves. If one string is completely out of tune with the three other strings, he tries to play it as little as possible, either changing the fingering or permitting the bow to rest on it for the shortest possible time. (Strings may go flat under strong bow pressure, and steel strings may go sharp in an overheated hall.) Such a feat might be compared to dancing on a tightrope with closed eyes after dropping one's balance pole. Playing Bach is primarily a musical problem, however, so the audience must never become aware of any technical difficulties. A violinist needs strong self-discipline and economy of movement in order to reserve his emotional and physical resources for the overpowering climax

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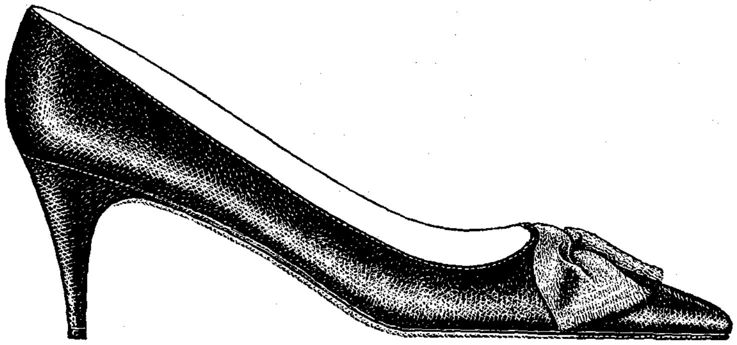

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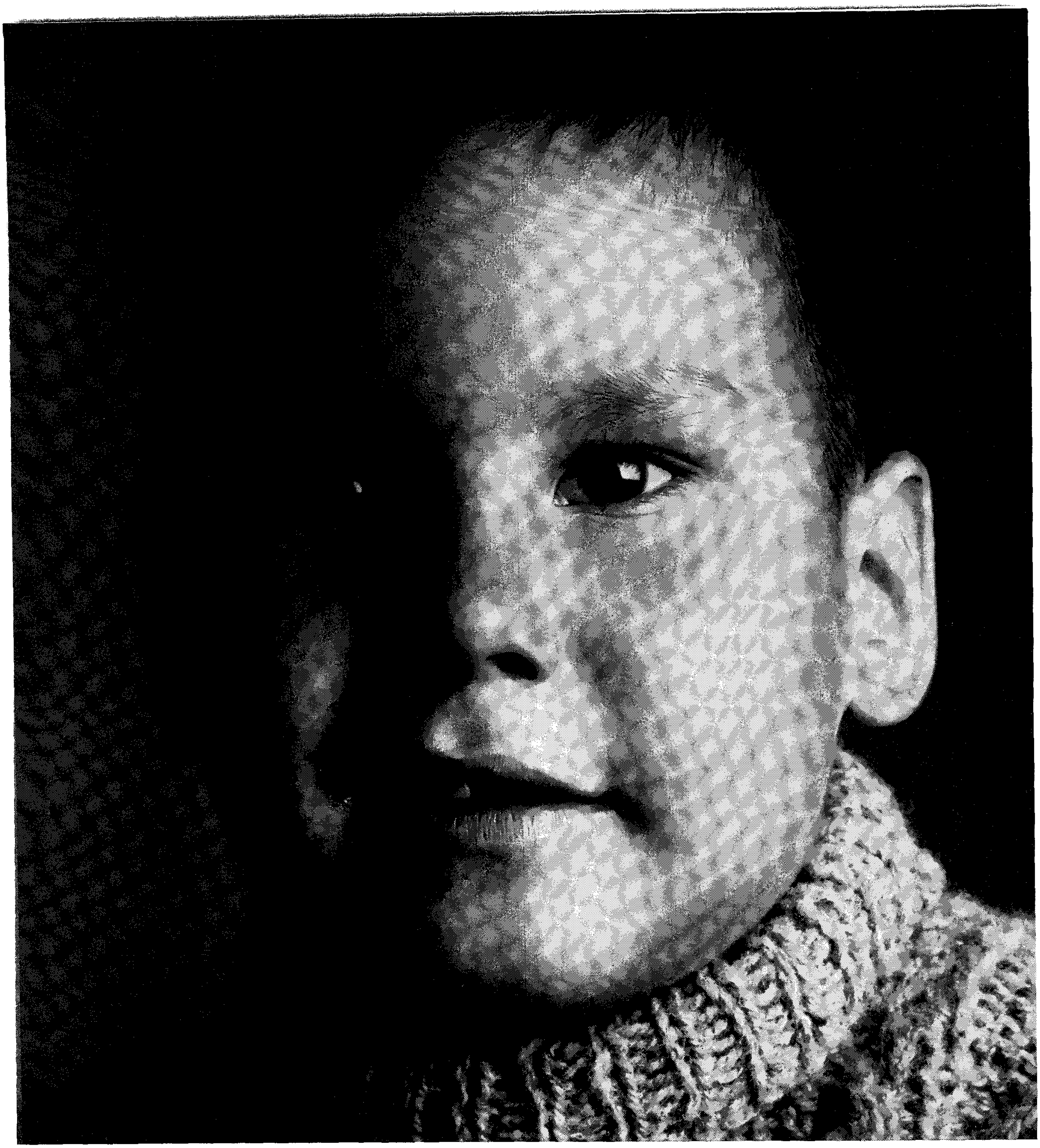

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at the very end of the *chaconne*. Stern told me he had trained for it "like a prizefighter for the world heavyweight championship," and he went on to say, "The important thing is not to panic when danger stares you in the face but to sustain the melodic line and preserve the architecture of the music."

As anybody who has ever played a solo realizes, one of the most difficult problems of music is setting the right tempo. I asked Stern how he decided on his tempo for the *chaconne*. "By thinking of how I will play the fastest element of the movement," he answered. "That is the center of my tempo, and I pinion myself to it. The speed of the fastest element of the movement determines the speed of the entire movement. I may vary my tempo a little, but I must never depart from it completely. It's a question of discipline, and adhering to the discipline makes an enormous difference. Whatever I do, the musical quality of the fastest part of the movement determines my basic tempo."

Musicians apparently find it impossible to agree on an answer to the question "How long is a second?" A second seems to last longer when it is filled with good music; that is, when an artist is expressing musically what he wants to say. People still talk about Toscanini's fast tempos and Furtwängler's slow ones, though there was very little difference in actual time; the difference lay in the emotional content. Nowadays, some people talk about Hans Knappertsbusch's beautiful slow reading of the first act of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth. In reality, Knappertsbusch's first act lasts just two minutes longer than the first act of a conductor whose tempos are known as "fast." Stern feels that there is always plenty of time in music for an artist to say what must be said. "The exact tempo depends on my own mood, on the mood of the audience, and on the mysterious interplay of performer, audience, and the acoustics of the hall," he told me. "Some halls make you play faster than others, though you may not be conscious of it. The opening phrase of the slow movement of Mozart's G-Major Concerto, which is one of the most beautiful movements in the literature, can be played in many ways. I can play the phrase imperceptibly faster—so little faster that the audience may not even notice it—because that night I feel it should move a bit more. The most important element in Schubert's B-Flat-Major Trio is the tempo of the piano accompaniment in the very beginning, which sets the mood of the piece. Everything depends

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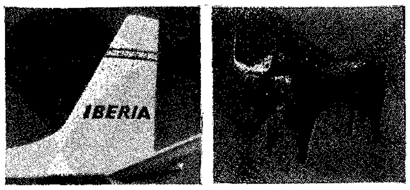

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on how the performer feels about the fastest part. One can perform the piece in a different tempo, but it must make sense. Schubert's works have what has been called 'divine length,' and that can pose a problem. If the tempo isn't right, the divine length may become earthly boredom."

Another problem is posed by dynamics. Music does not exist without contrast, but if the contrast is overdone, the music is annihilated. Crescendo and decrescendo are matters of comparative, rather than absolute, value. Casals, for example, rarely plays more strongly than *mezzo forte*, but his sense of proportion in relating one sound to another is so subtle and so carefully controlled that his *mezzo forte* sounds louder than the ordinary performer's *forte*.

The truly indispensable attributes of the modern concert violinist are a strong left-hand technique—his fingers must always be under complete control—and sustained power in the handling of the bow. The string player uses his bow as the singer uses his breath. In recent times, almost all violinists have availed themselves of the whole length of the bow, the principal exception being Kreisler, who achieved miracles of sound with only one-third of his bow. Stern refers to the bow as a weapon and treats it as such. When he plays a sustained note, he enjoys its sound the way a wine connoisseur enjoys the taste of a fine wine. Beauty of tone is very important, but there are instances in which the violin tone must not become too beautiful, lest it distract a listener from the content of the music. The experienced performer listens carefully to the sound he is producing, and alters it as the acoustics of the hall require. "To me, the concert is not the real end of a musical performance," Stern says. "It is only the means to the end, which is the totality of the musical impression left by a performance. The artist must always show his ability as a performer *and* as a musician. One goes with the other. A performing virtuoso has no chance of leaving a deep impression. Thanks to radio and television, and to the present high standards of recording, even small-town audiences have considerable musical understanding. Unless the performer creates his image of the music—unless he is really re-creative—he has failed."

The rate at which audiences have matured in the past few decades is shown by the way programs have changed. Nowadays, the making of a program is the next thing to exact science. Thirty years ago, a violin

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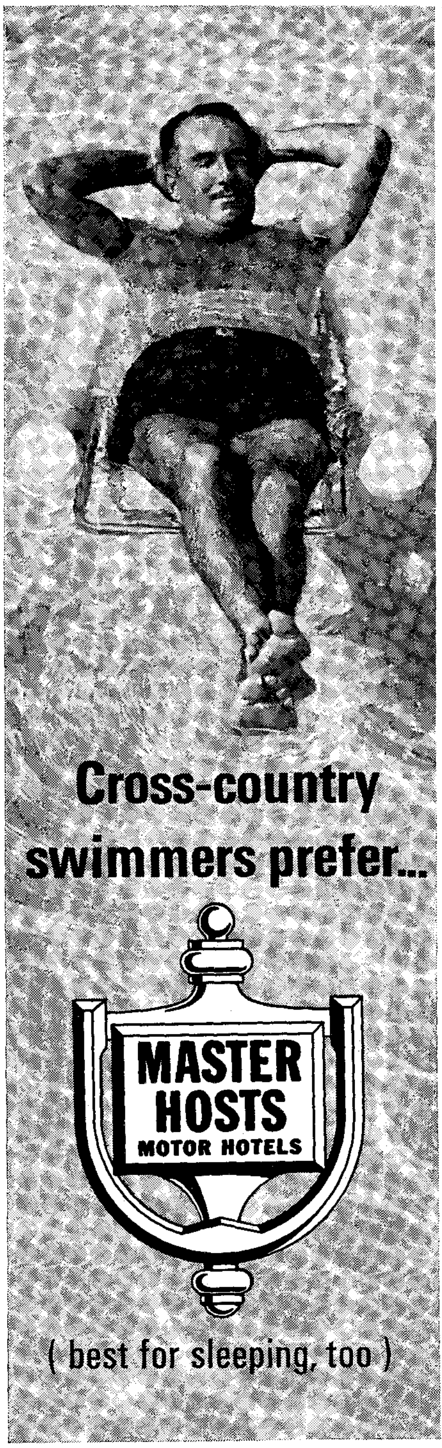

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recital ordinarily began with a sonata, probably an eighteenth-century work—"to warm up" or "to play oneself in," as the phrase went. Then came a violin concerto, with piano accompaniment, and after the intermission there were a number of small bravura pieces to show off the performer's technique. Finally, there were some real fireworks as encores. Since then, tastes in programs have improved. Stern now refuses to play any of the major violin concertos unless he is playing with an orchestra. Practically all violinists play solid and substantial programs—sonatas by Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, Prokofieff, followed by carefully chosen bravura pieces and encores. When Stern and his accompanist, Alexander Zakin, go on tour, their programs are carefully designed to avoid repetition of what they have previously played in a particular city. Zakin has a card index listing every program that he and Stern have presented since 1940—the year they started performing together. There is a separate card for each city, and as a rule no city will hear Stern play the same composition more than twice in a decade. Long before a tour begins, Zakin gets out his cards and confers with Stern. For a typical concert, they may begin with Brahms' A-Major Sonata ("I love the opening theme of the slow movement, when the piano plays first and I come in—it's like a sunrise," Stern says). Then Stern might play the G-Minor Solo Sonata by Bach, and after intermission Zakin would rejoin him for such a selection as Mozart's Adagio and Rondo, ending the performance with the technical fireworks of Ravel's "Tzigane" or Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen."

"Today, the serious artist tries to present his art in the simplest possible terms," Stern told me. "The danger he faces is of overdoing this approach and becoming prosaic. Artistically, though, simplicity represents a definite progress over the flamboyance of yesteryear, when the great artists wasted their time giving their applauding audiences little goodies as encores. We are more concerned with the faithful interpretation of large-scale pieces. The contemporary artist expresses his feelings through the music, instead of filtering the music through his feelings." He went on to recall that in 1819, Beethoven, known as an uncompromising composer and as a man who antagonized everybody, wrote to his publisher, Ferdinand Ries, about the "Hammerklavier" Sonata:

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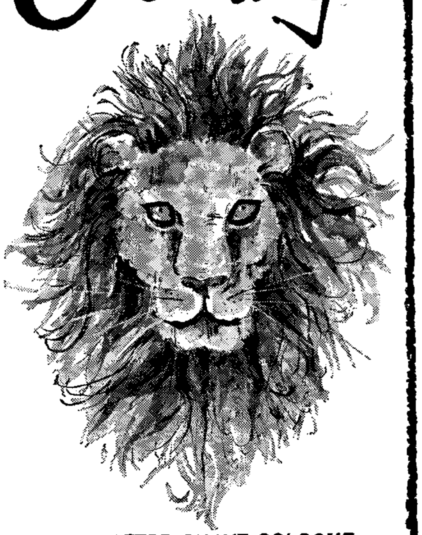

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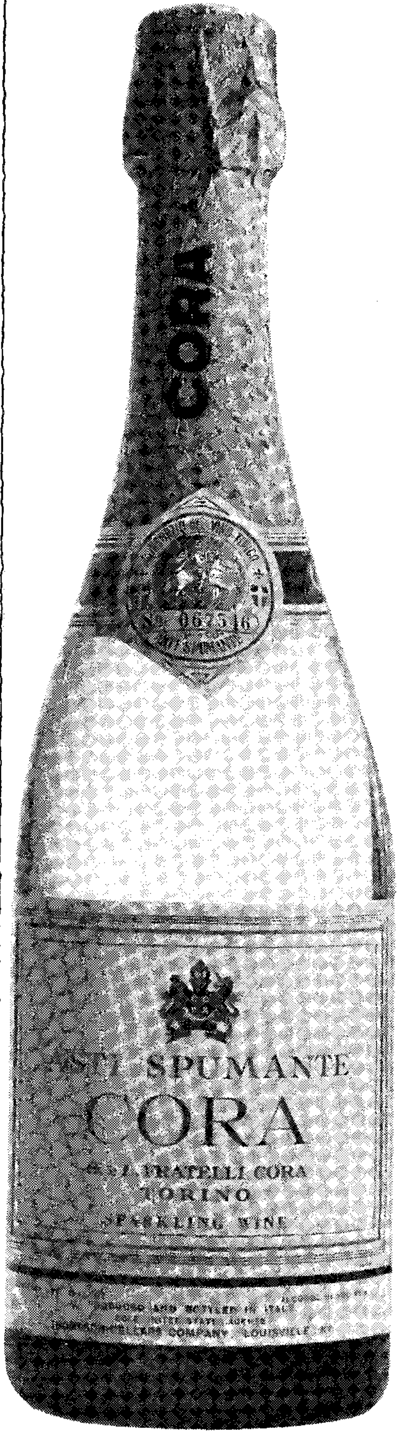
you could also omit the Largo and begin straight away with the Fugue, which is the last movement. . . . Or you could use the first movement and then the Adagio and then for the third movement the Scherzo, omitting entirely No. 4 with the Largo and Allegro risoluto. Or you could take just the first movement, the Scherzo, and let them form the whole sonata.

STERN is fortunate in possessing what violinists call a natural technique, as opposed to a learned one. He may use different fingerings for the same scale, depending on the composition. Adolf Busch, in the introduction to his edition of the Bach sonatas and partitas, explains that his fingerings are based on the principle of expressing even in monophonic movements the "inner polyphony" as well as the melodic line, by giving each "inner voice" its own string. Similarly, Stern's left-hand technique is dictated by his mind, not by his fingers. The method is perfect for a musician who uses his violin to make music, as opposed to a violinist who uses music as something to play on his violin. Stern had only one teacher who really helped him develop his natural gifts. This was Naoum Blinder, then the concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony, who had himself been taught, in Manchester, England, by Adolf Brodsky, a contemporary of Leopold Auer, in St. Petersburg, and of Otakar Ševčík, in Pisíek, Bohemia. (The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were the golden age of violin teaching.) Blinder immediately recognized Stern's unusual natural talent for the fiddle and helped to develop what came naturally. Stern went to Blinder when he was ten years old, and studied with him until he was eighteen, and he has never had a teacher since. Blinder taught Stern to think independently and to rely on himself, and neither of them ever bothered much with scales and études. Whenever Stern is in San Francisco, he goes to see Blinder at his house, and they talk about violin playing, but the talk is on a musical level far above discussions of intonations and fingerings.

Stern never worries about technique merely as technique. "Isaac practices logically," says Zakin, speaking out of his long knowledge of Stern's ways. "He has the great gift of selective absorption. He absorbs the good things and ignores the bad ones. He doesn't practice just 'because you have to,' as so many fiddlers do, but concentrates on special difficulties of intonation, speed, dynamics, bowing, and fingering. By using different strings, he achieves different tone colors. He ac-



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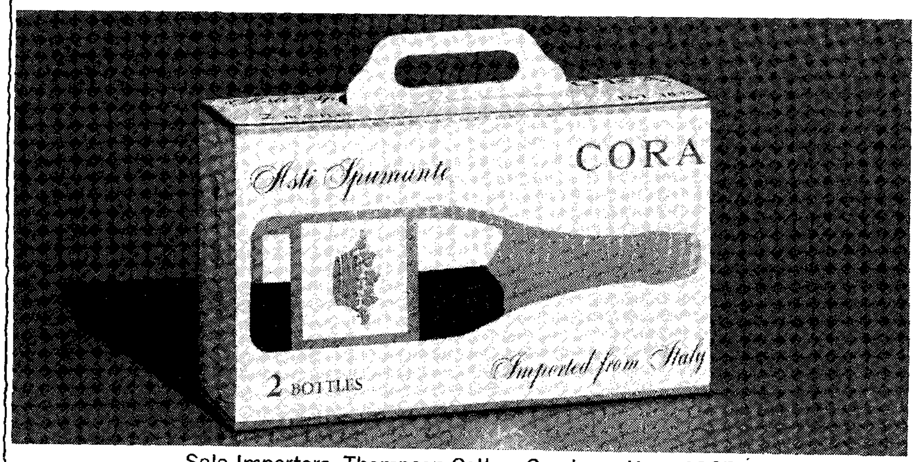

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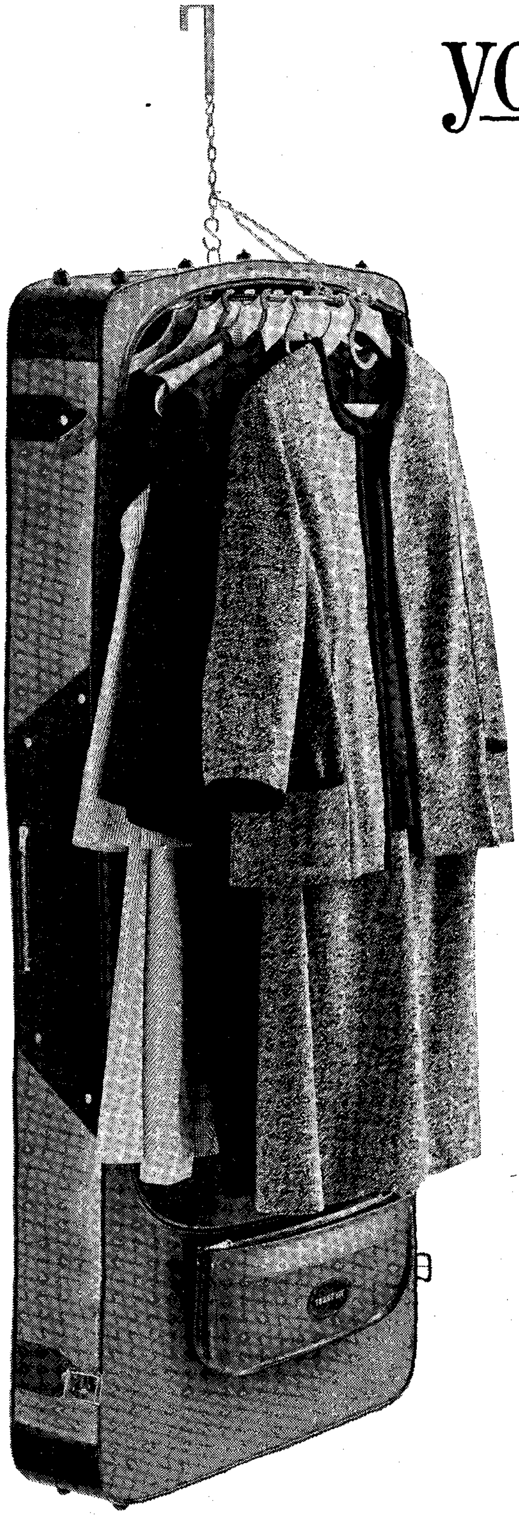

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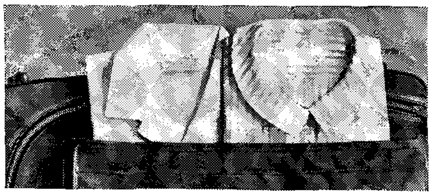

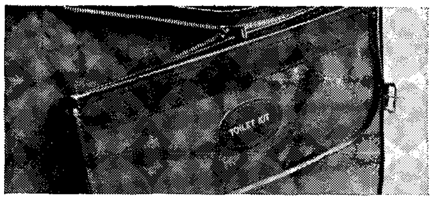

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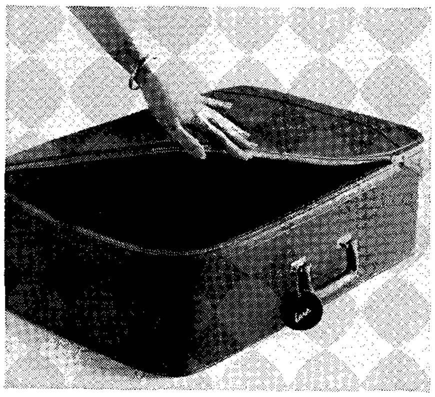

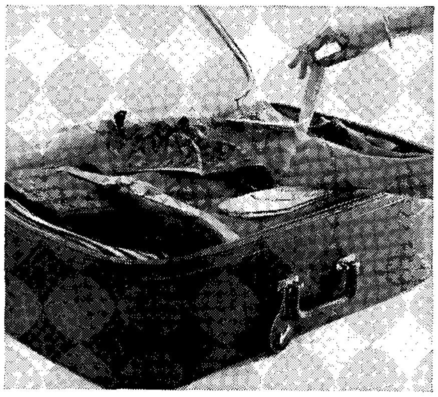

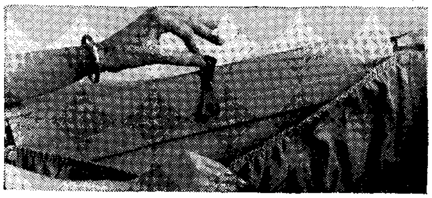

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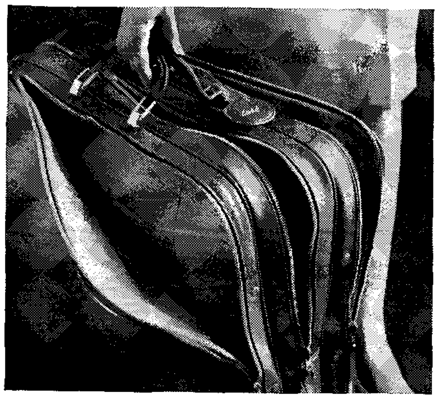

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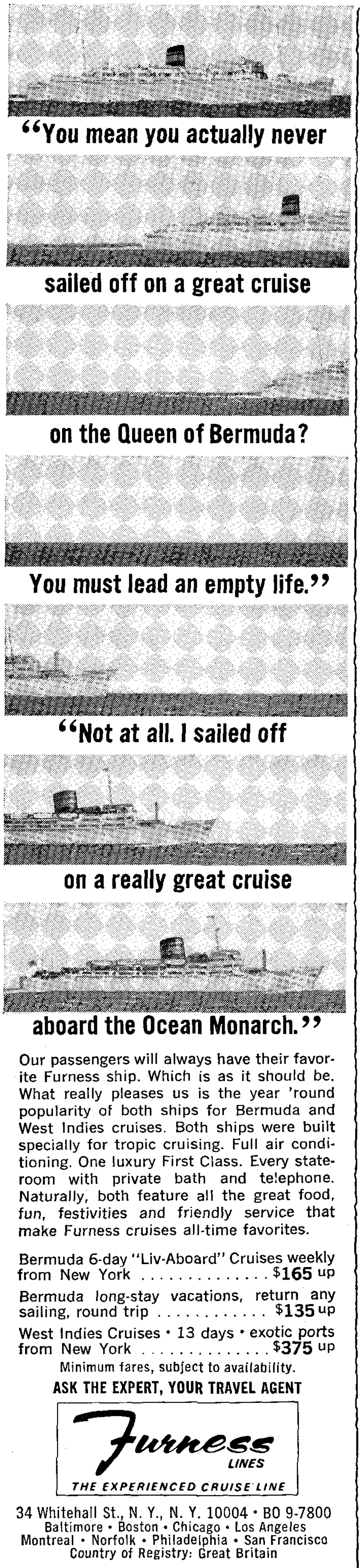
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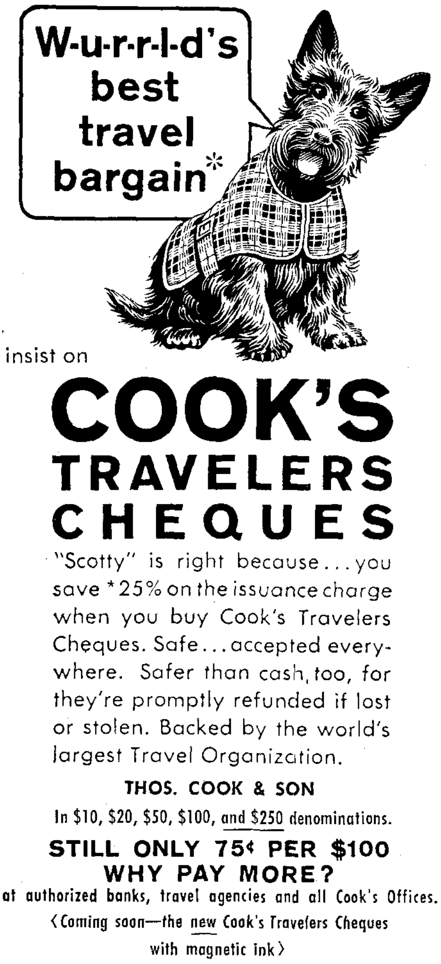
cepts no fingering—not even from famous teachers or editors—but always devises his own. He learns fast; in fact, he needs less time to master a piece than any other musician I know."

When Stern studies a work, he first looks at it "in its totality." He does this by playing it, accompanied by Zakin, to get acquainted with its structure, and then playing it again, this time listening to the melodic line. He now has a clear conception of the work, so he begins to study it technically. In the process, he may work fourteen hours at a stretch, getting more and more deeply into the music, until he feels he is saturated with it. This kind of intense concentration enables him to master even difficult modern works in a short time. In 1961, when he performed at the Casals Festival in San Juan, he took the score of the Stravinsky Violin Concerto—a very difficult work—along on his flight to Puerto Rico. Over a period of four days, he rehearsed during the day, performed at the festival in the evening, and studied the new score at night. When he had worked on it for fifteen hours, he flew to Hollywood and recorded it, with Stravinsky conducting the orchestra.

When Stern rehearses with an orchestra, he feels that it is necessary to work closely with both the conductor and the musicians in order to get a truly fine performance. "The better the conductor, the easier it is to work with him," he told me. "The great conductors are never dogmatic, and are always willing to consider suggestions as long as they make sense. To get the members of the orchestra on your side is far more difficult. I try to persuade them. I always ask for something specific, always explain the reason, sometimes show them how I think the thing should be done. If you persuade them, they'll play with love, which makes all the difference. I try never to have them play the music in a routine way."

Stern refuses to identify himself with any "school" of violin playing. Over the centuries, there have developed, in turn, the Italian, the French, the Belgian, the German, the Czech, and the Russian schools, and now there is an American school, too. "Any school means rules, and where there are rules there are limitations," Stern says. "There should be no limitations except those imposed by taste. Beauty is not the result of any school or tradition; it is the result of taste and style, and of scope—of bigness. Beauty is planned balance, and it's something every man has to find for himself." Stern likes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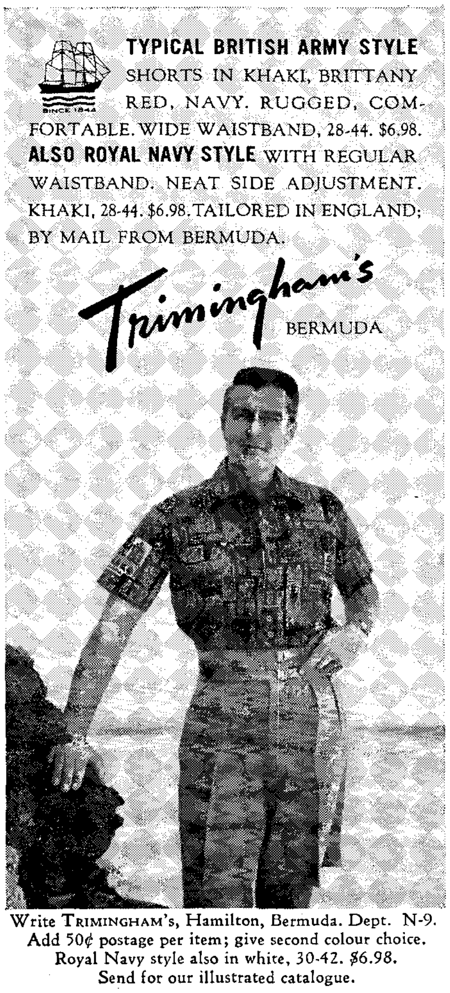
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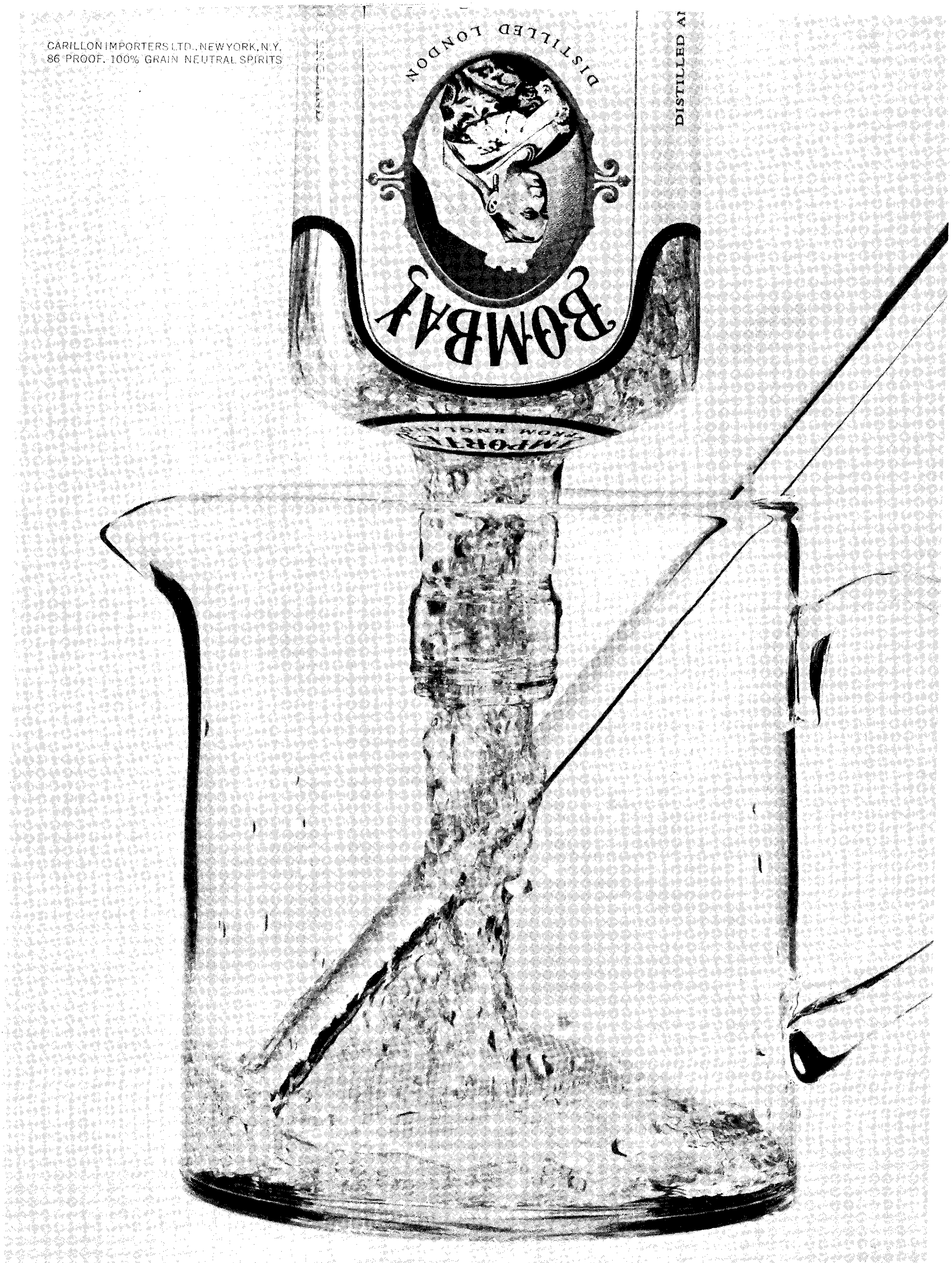
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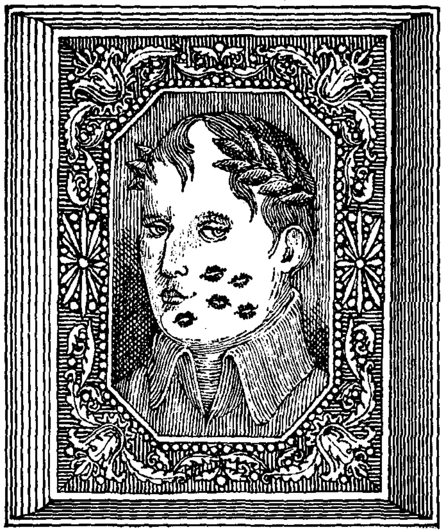
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what he calls "big music." Casals has said that in this respect Stern reminds him of Ysaye; there is the same technical bigness and musical bigness, the same huge playing, the same large breath.

Most of the basic rules of violin playing make plain sense. Doubtless the best way of playing the fiddle is the natural way, but this, easy as it sounds, is as difficult to achieve as a natural style of singing. Caruso had a natural technique and seemed to sing almost effortlessly, but when other singers tried to imitate his methods the results were disastrous. While a violin teacher can show his pupil the mechanics of right-hand and left-hand technique, a violinist who has problems with his advanced technique must work them out himself; even the best teacher can only guide him. "The most difficult thing to teach is vibrato," Stern told me. "In fact, it is almost unteachable. Each of the great violinists has a characteristic vibrato, just as the voice of a great singer has a characteristic timbre. Vibrato is more than the result of muscular movement. Casals' vibrato reflects his entire personality, his musicality, his whole ethical approach to music. Such things cannot be taught. Something that makes the whole problem still more difficult is the fact that most violinists' ears are insensitive to their own vibrato. Some violinists, including some famous ones, play everything with the same vibrato—a uniform emotion for Bach and Paganini, Beethoven and Vieuxtemps. I think that's all wrong. I change my vibrato according to the spirit of the music. You can teach people the secret of good bowing, which is essentially a matter of muscular concentration—of balancing the weight of the bow. You can teach them the so-called secret of the left hand, which is to develop the strength of all four fingers and never to apply pressure from the wrong angle. That, too, is a matter of using the muscles the right way. But can you teach them how the fingers should be guided by the musical phrase? Here we enter the realm of metaphysics. I know great violinists who feel that they have to play scales every day. I rarely play them. I believe that playing Bach is more useful than playing scales or études—*if* you play Bach correctly."

In the early years of his career, Stern refused to worry when something went wrong. Today, he devotes a lot of thought to *why* it went wrong. Being always intent on improving his playing, he observes and criticizes himself unceasingly. He listens to himself with

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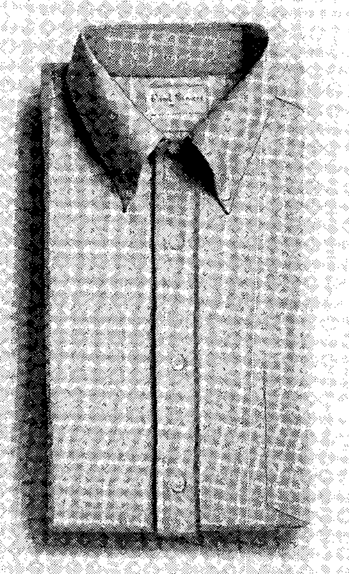
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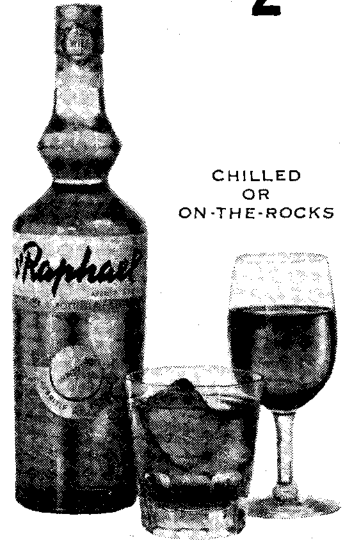

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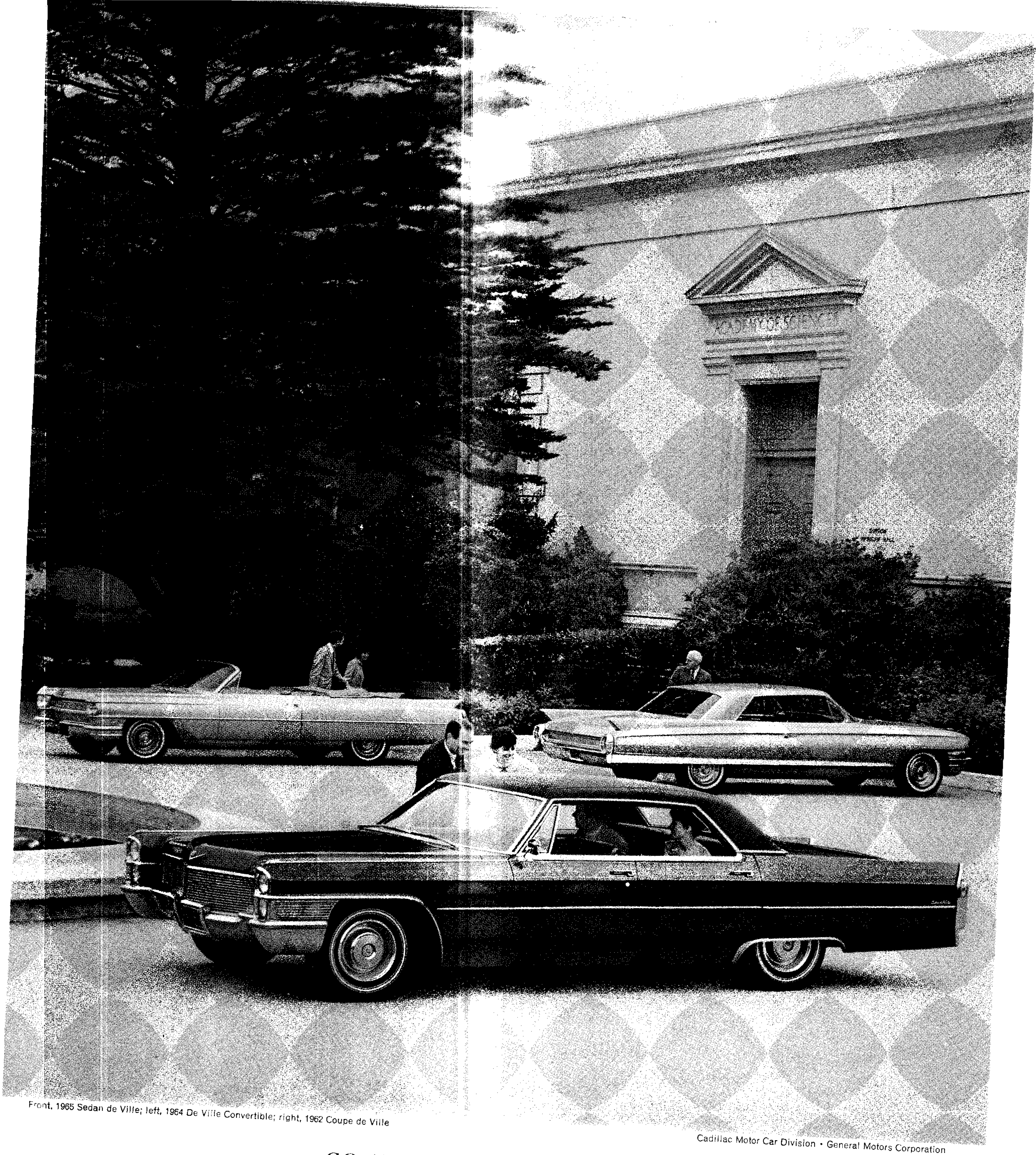

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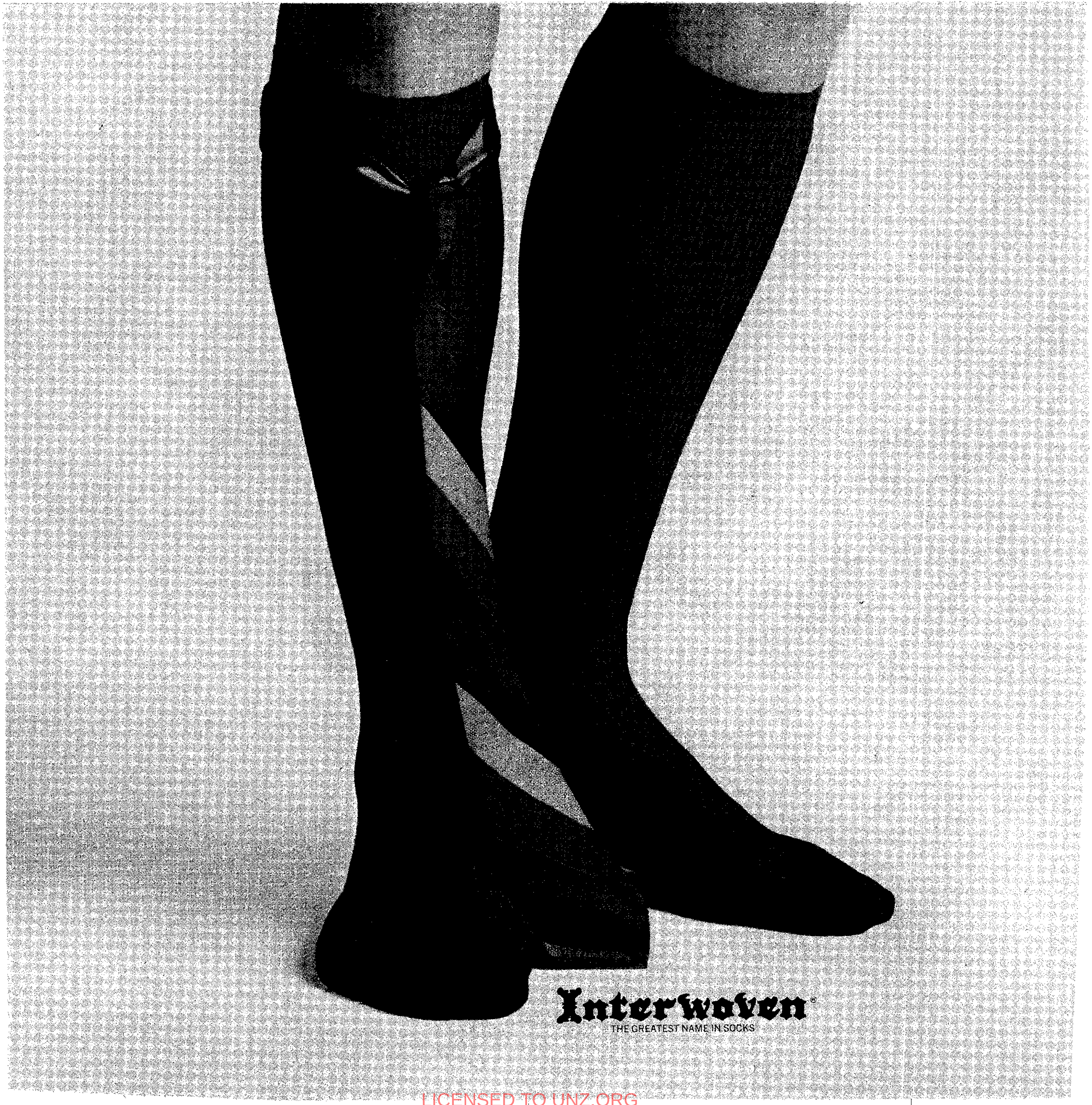
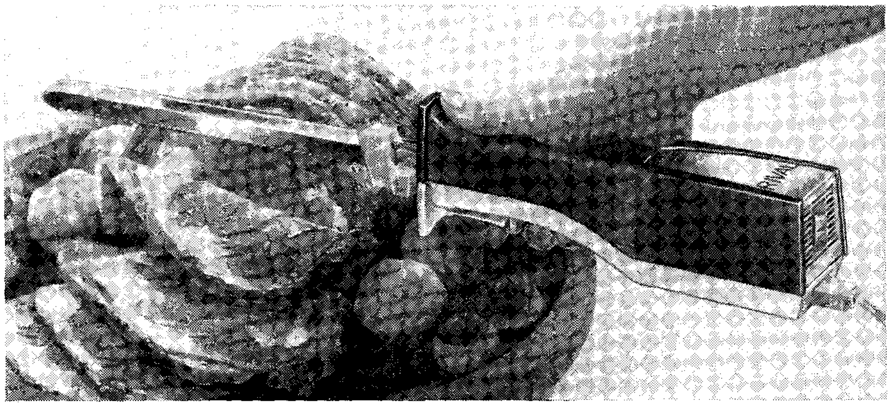


deep concentration. "I love to hear my fiddle sing," he says. Once he has studied a piece, he knows it without having to memorize it consciously, and knows it so well that it seems permanently engraved in his memory. Recently, he played, on short notice, Bach's E-Major Partita, which he hadn't studied since he was in his teens. But no matter how well he knows a piece of music, he feels that he does not really immerse himself in it until he is "on the firing line," when performing it in front of an audience. "Only the force and the strain of a public performance make the music," he says. "The piece begins to settle. Unperformed music is like a cake in the oven—not fully baked."

THAT Stern and Alexander Zakin have maintained their association for twenty-five years is significant in itself, for the relationship between a soloist and an accompanist is a delicate one, likely to be threatened by both personal and musical differences. Ideally, the accompanist should occupy the same musical level as the soloist but should be a master of restraint and heroic self-denial. Zakin, a Russian-born pianist who studied in Berlin in the twenties and came to America at the beginning of the Second World War, has a philosophical approach of the sort that comes from knowing one's own worth. The two artists genuinely respect each other, and discuss their musical problems freely, agreeing that there is always room for disagreement. They have travelled together some twenty-three million miles, mostly by air. They have played together in South America, India, Hawaii, Iceland, and the Philippines, have been twice to Australia and twice to Japan, and have made many trips to Europe and to Israel. Indeed, it is easier to say where they have not been. Stern never played in Perón's Argentina, and he has refused to appear in the Dominican Republic, in South Africa, or in Germany. As a Jew, he feels that it is impossible for him to perform in Germany, where so much of the music he loves was created. "I feel that your human dignity, your ability to live with yourself, is more important than what might be called your responsibility to share your art with the public," he says. "If I were to try to appear in that country, I don't think I could do it. I would walk out on the platform and I would feel constricted, as if I had no air."

Touring with Stern is an exhausting business, Zakin says, for the violinist has a great many friends in a great many places, and a performance is

Nice slicing
Nice carving, too



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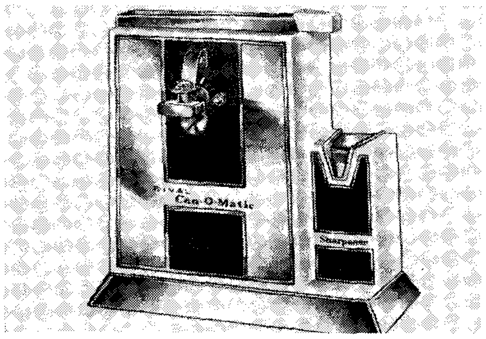

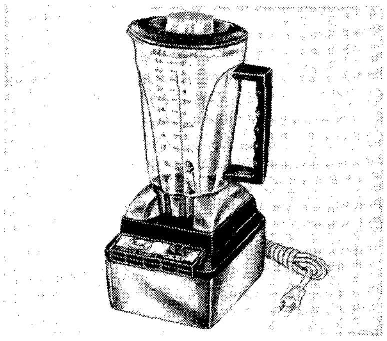

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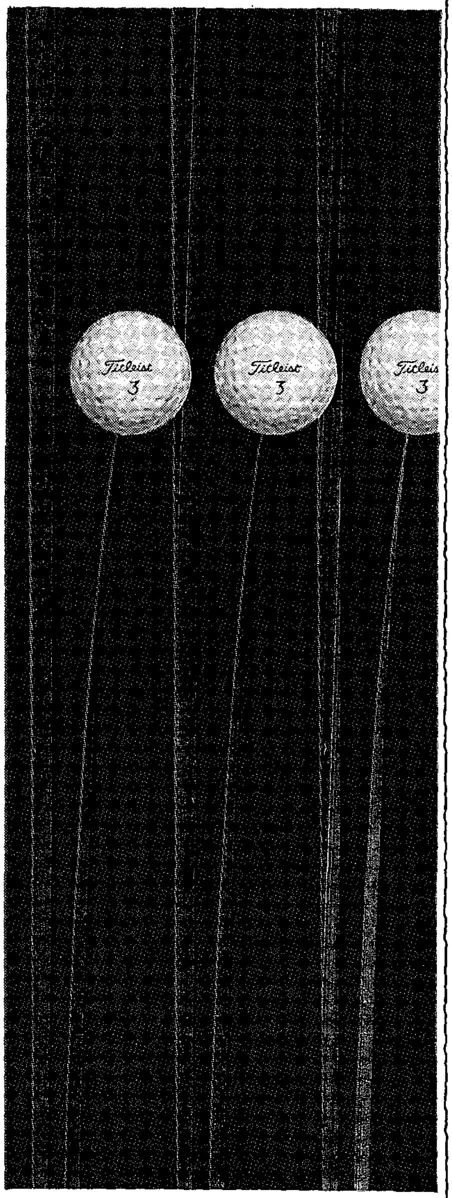

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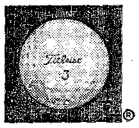

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usually followed by a huge party that lasts into the small hours. Touring with Stern also means a lot of strenuous travel, for although his itinerary is carefully mapped by masters of concert logistics at the office of Sol Hurok, his manager, and although the two travellers are usually provided with alternate sets of train tickets and plane reservations, things can still go wrong and they may wind up in a hired car speeding toward an airport a hundred miles away. Stern has very strict ideas about the artist's duty to his public. Years ago, as he and Zakin drove down from northern Wisconsin to Milwaukee, they were caught in a blizzard that forced them to abandon their car for a slow train. They arrived at the hall an hour late, only to be told that, owing to the blizzard, just sixty people had been able to get there, out of some two thousand who had bought tickets. "We played in our travelling clothes," Zakin recalls, "and we played with the same dedication as if the hall had been filled."

Zakin, a gray-haired man with a relaxed manner, has performed with many artists, but he likes best working with Stern. "Isaac has closer contact with his audience than any other soloist I've accompanied," he told me recently. "We've learned, though, that much depends on the climate, the mood of the audience, the conditions of the hall. What goes well in nine places may not go over in the tenth. He performs the music with conviction, and his conviction carries over to the audience. He loves performing, and people sense that. While he is playing a piece of music, that piece becomes the most important work in the literature to him. Even twenty years ago, when Isaac was not well known, he was trying to educate his audiences, rather than just perform the music. So much has happened in this country in twenty years! There are enthusiastic new audiences in college and university towns. Ann Arbor, Michigan. Madison, Wisconsin. Bloomington, Indiana. As a result, Isaac has broadened the scope of his repertoire."

OF late, Stern's great joy has been the Stern-Istomin-Rose Trio, a chamber-music group that came into being twelve years ago. Its members are Stern, the pianist Eugene Istomin, and the cellist Leonard Rose. The trio has been received with enthusiasm both in Europe and in America. In fact, among people who never heard the legendary Cortot-Thibaud-Casals group, early in the century, the trio has

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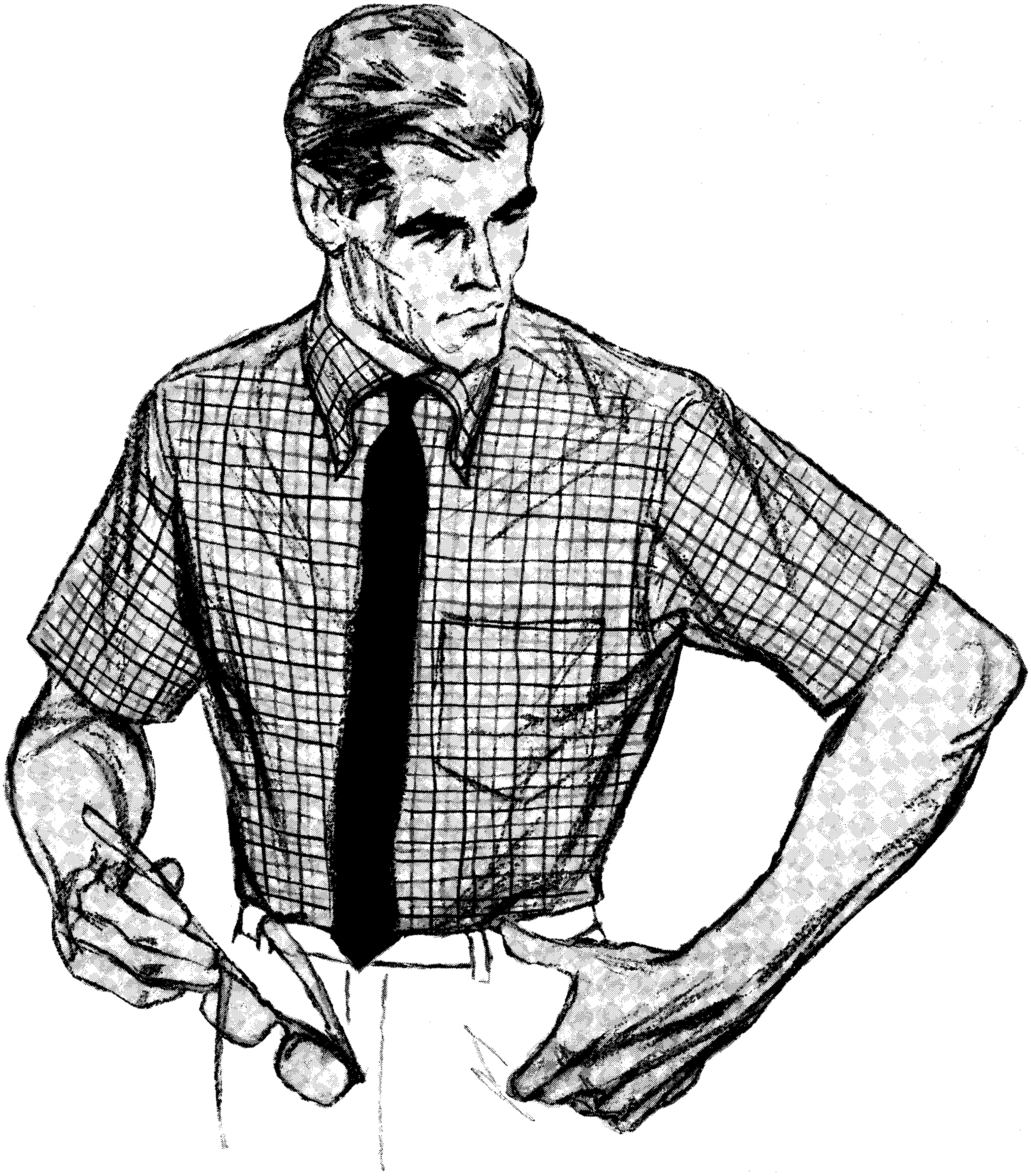

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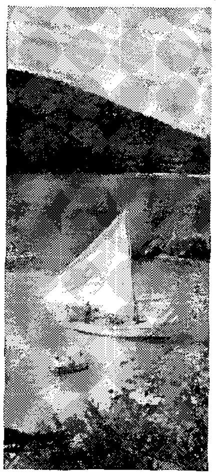
already become something of a legend. Stern, Istomin, and Rose get together only in the summertime, and then for only about forty concerts. In Europe, it has been a revelation. It is young, it is American, and it is excellent. It performs European music more beautifully than that music has lately been heard in Europe. Stern has no false modesty about the trio. "We start out where most players leave off," he says. "We operate on a high artistic level. We don't rehearse too much, so there is always a sense of freshness and spontaneity. The trio never stays locked up in a hotel for months at a time, as every quartet must. A professional string quartet is a full-time occupation, and one that demands one hundred per cent of the members' energy and devotion—a lifetime of artistic dedication and financial resignation. Four men have to live as one, and if they are married, their wives have to share that life, too. Rose and Istomin and I play trios as a happy sideline. The literature is beautiful, and Istomin phrases like a string player and never overwhelms Rose and me. In a piano trio, there are four voices, just as there are in a string quartet—the pianist's two hands provide two of the voices—but the three players have more freedom and individuality. The members of a string quartet cannot keep their personalities; a quartet is a study in humility, an exercise in tolerance, based on give-and-take. A piano trio is a different matter altogether. Its essence is the act of creating something greater than the sum of the three parts. Intellectually, it is more demanding than solo work. Three artists join forces for a common ideal, but they don't have to give up their individuality. They remain three soloists."

Stern, Istomin, and Rose agree that "one can be more delighted with the trio than with oneself," and that they expect the trio to remain "a lifetime thing." Stern is gregarious, Istomin likes quiet, and Rose is given to pessimism, but the three have learned to live with their different temperaments, and are able to joke about them. "No matter how hard each of us fights for his musical convictions, we always reach agreement in the end," says Istomin. "One thing has never happened—no one has ever said, 'I won't go on.' "

EVEN Stern's most ardent admirers can hardly claim that he represents the popular idea of a celebrated violinist, for ever since the days of Paganini, such a figure has been envisioned as tall, long-haired, and demoniac. Stern,

The Virgin Islands National Park is a summer adventure



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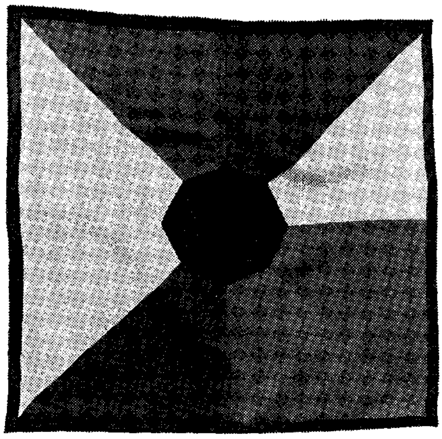
whom *Vogue* once described as "a rounded man, physically, mentally, emotionally," is short (he stands five feet six) and pudgy, and has the friendly face of a grown-up Raphael angel. But the moment he starts playing, his pure, luminous tone miraculously conveys his warm personality, his impeccable taste, his sense of style, and his lyric sentiment. At a recent Stern concert in a European city, a native of the city who had lived for a time in America remarked to a European friend as Stern came onstage, "He's exactly what Americans call a nice guy." Concert audiences share this feeling instinctively. It is no secret that celebrated musicians seldom speak kindly of one another, yet I have never heard one of them say an unkind word about Isaac Stern. Neither have I heard him say anything unkind about anyone else. "When Isaac gets angry with people, he becomes silent and shakes his head sadly, and that is all," says a man who has known him for years. "He likes to argue, but he is also willing to listen, and if he comes to agree with you he says so without hesitation." A celebrated violinist has said, "The secret of Isaac's playing is that he never plays against a competitor or against a legend of the past. For a long time, everybody in Vienna played against the legend of Huberman, and in this country everybody played against the legend of Kreisler. Isaac simply plays for his audience. He wants to make good music, not to outplay somebody else." And George Szell, though he does not always agree with Stern's musical ideas, has characterized Stern himself as "a generous, warmhearted, lovable person who feels that life is too short to allow time to hate."

Stern is often publicized as the only top-flight violinist who is wholly American-trained. On the other hand, there are people who maintain that his background is Russian. Stern himself doesn't think the matter is of any importance one way or the other. He told me that he has a deep-seated belief in the future of music in America, though he is aware of two big drawbacks. "First, a lack of time," he said. "During the nearly two centuries in which Haydn and Mozart have become embedded in European culture, the large American public has scarcely been aware of their existence. Second, our national inferiority complex when it comes to the arts. But I have great faith in the American people. They may be a little slow, but basically they've got good sense." Stern is amused by the references to his Russian background, be-



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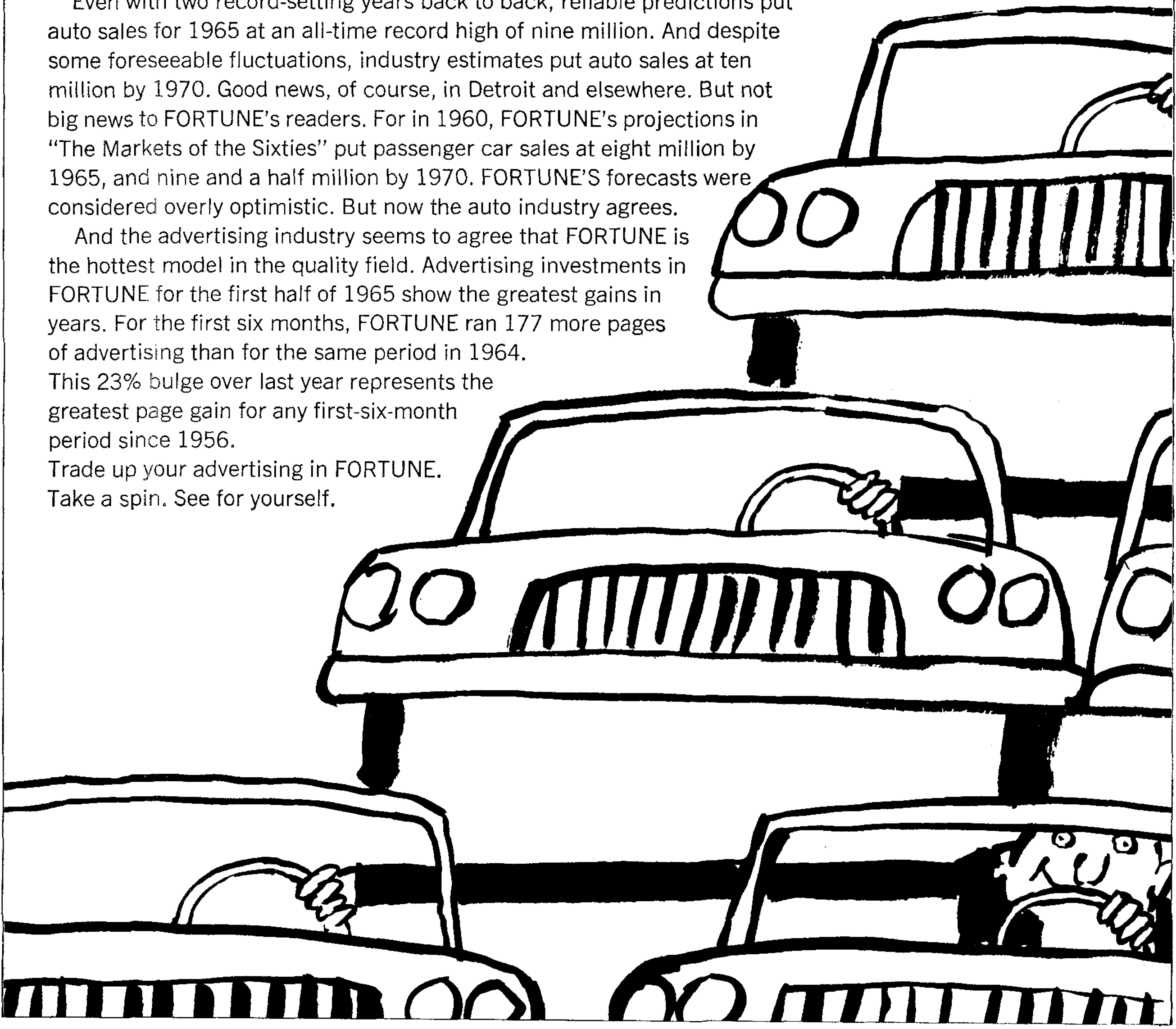

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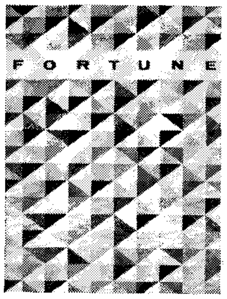

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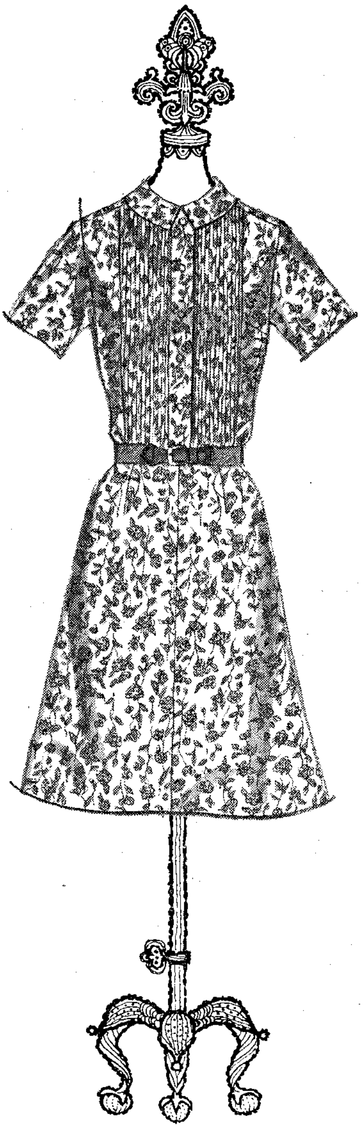

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cause he was exactly ten months old when his parents brought him from Russia to San Francisco. This rules out any chance of his becoming President of the United States—a job for which, in the opinion of his friends, he is eminently suited, since he is an able organizer, executive, speaker, and vote-getter, and, above all, an idealist. His friends agree that he would surely have become a successful politician if he hadn't chosen to join the small coterie of world-famous violinists.

Stern was born in Kreminiecz, a town in the Ukraine, on July 21, 1920, and he acknowledges his debt to his Russian ancestry. Today, one often hears it said that "all great fiddlers are Russian Jews," and it is true that a considerable number of the most celebrated living violinists come from one of two regions that are now a part of the Soviet Union—Odessa (the Ukraine), in the south, and Vilna, in the north. But this is a late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century development, probably a result of the miseries of Jewish ghetto life in Czarist Russia. The violin, an inexpensive instrument, offered a means of emotional emancipation from ghetto life, and it responded admirably to the Jewish propensity for melancholy song, for no other instrument so nearly resembles the human voice. There were almost *no* Jews among the famous violinists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Both of Stern's parents loved music. His father, the son of an artist who was well known in Russia, was a contractor by profession, but he was always more interested in the arts than in his business. His mother had studied singing under Aleksandr Glazunov at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. When the boy was six years old, he was given piano lessons, for his parents considered this part of his general education. "I didn't go to a concert at the age of two, and I never begged for a tiny violin," he has said. He did beg for a violin at the age of eight, as it happens, but not because he had a sense of vocation. "A boy across the street played the fiddle, and I wanted to try it," he recalls. He tried it, under a succession of indifferent teachers, and did not set San Francisco on fire. For one thing, the city already had its prodigy—young Yehudi Menuhin. Stern rarely speaks about his early years, but he remembers vaguely that when he was ten years old, "something suddenly seemed to happen under my fingers." Something else happened, too: a wealthy woman heard

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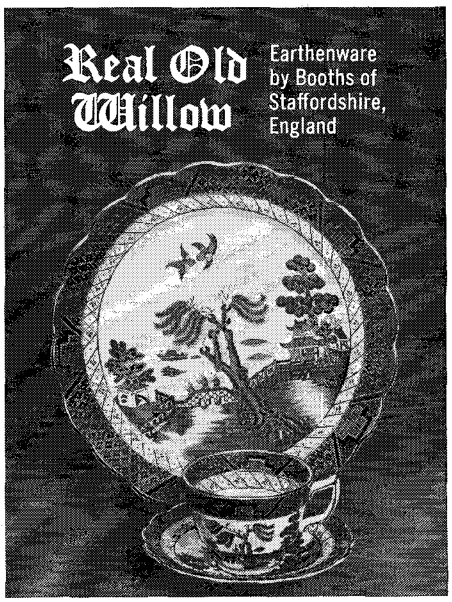

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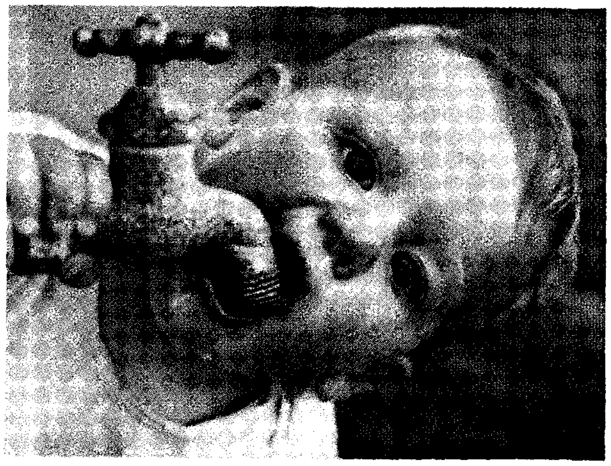

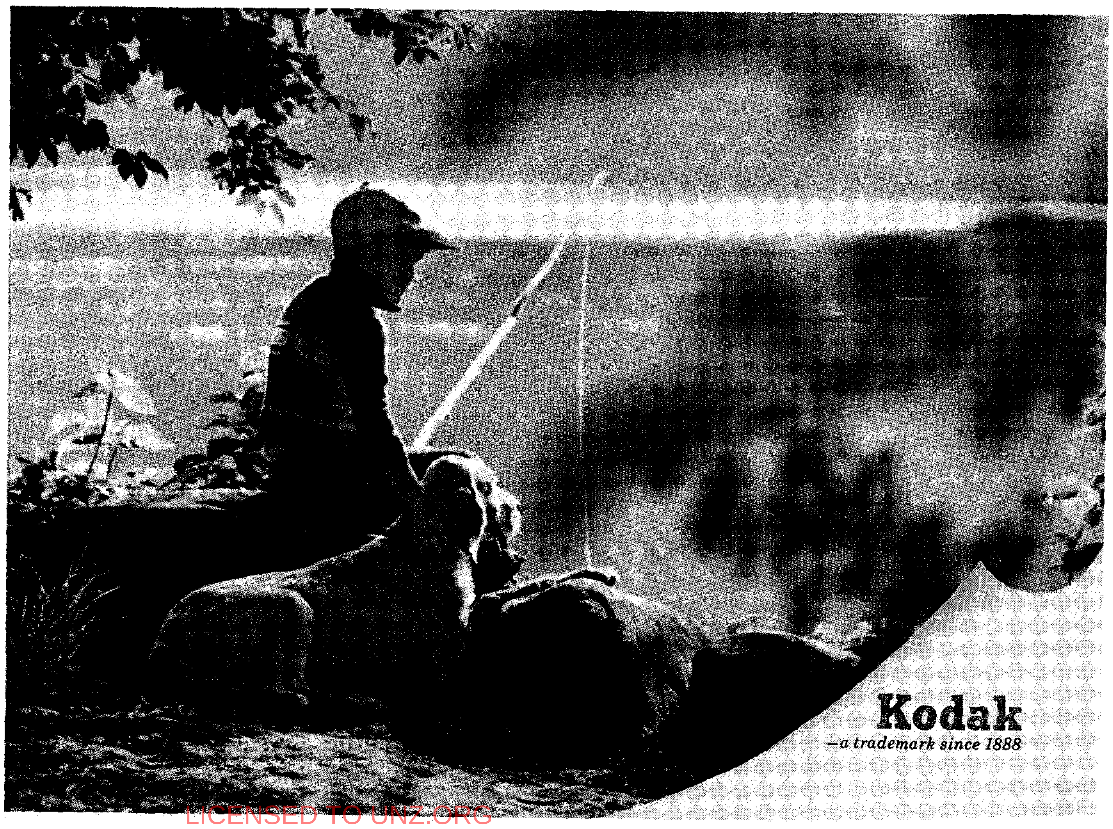

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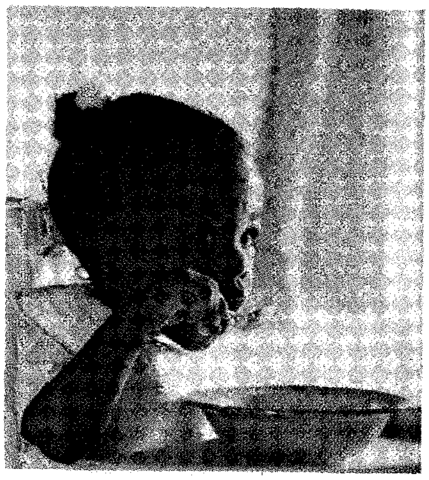

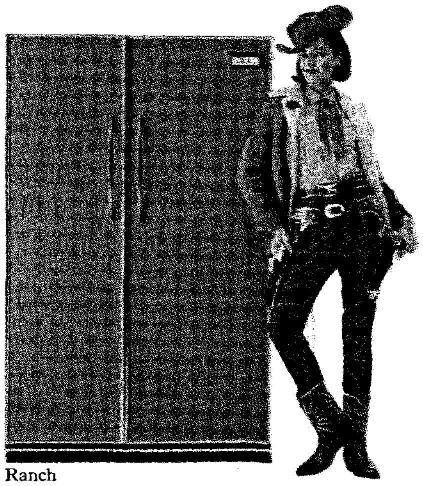
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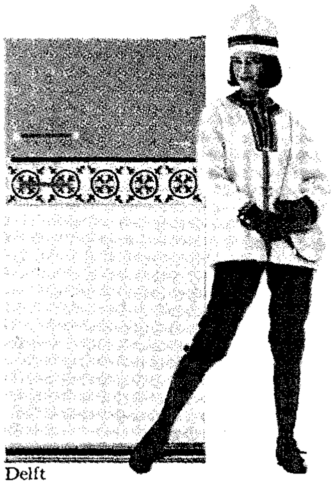
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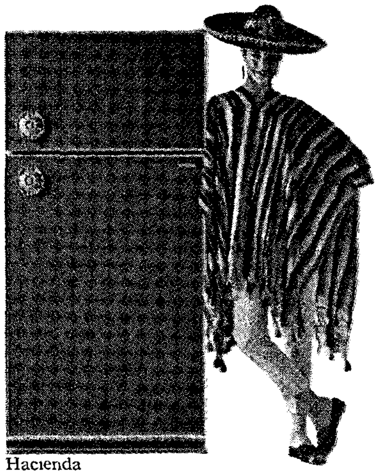
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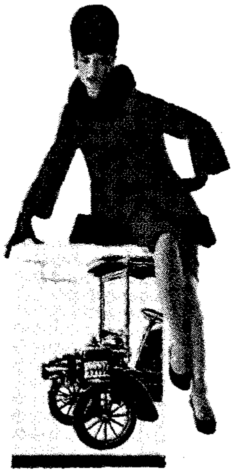
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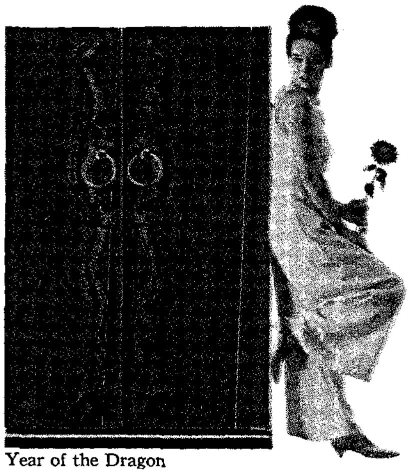
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Don Quixote

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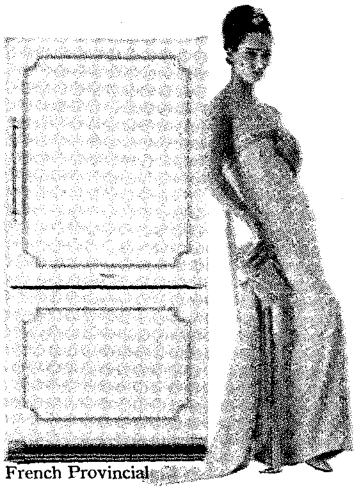
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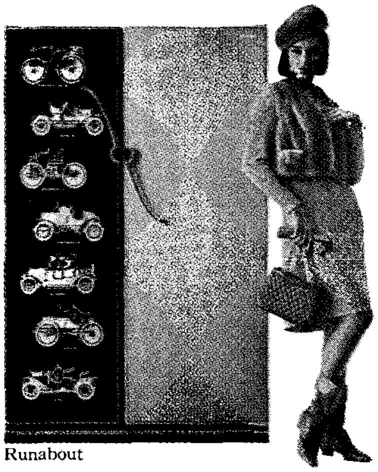
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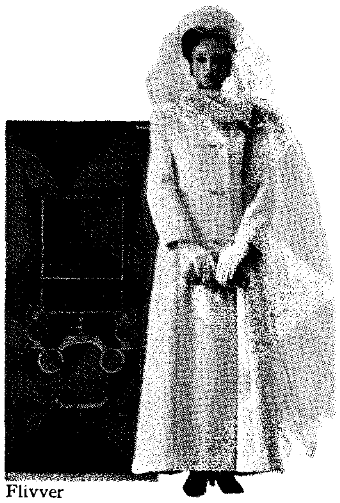
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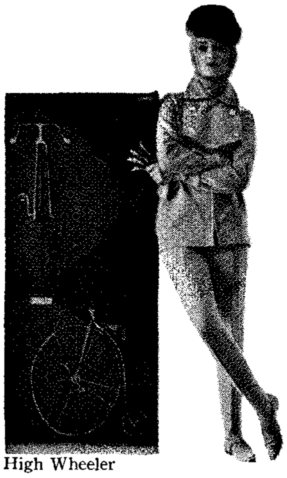
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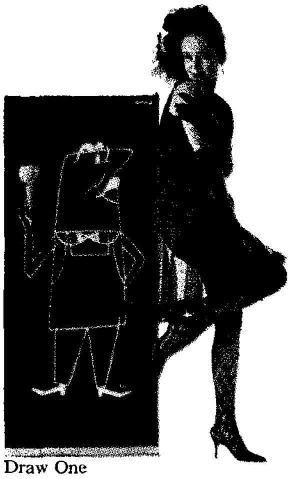
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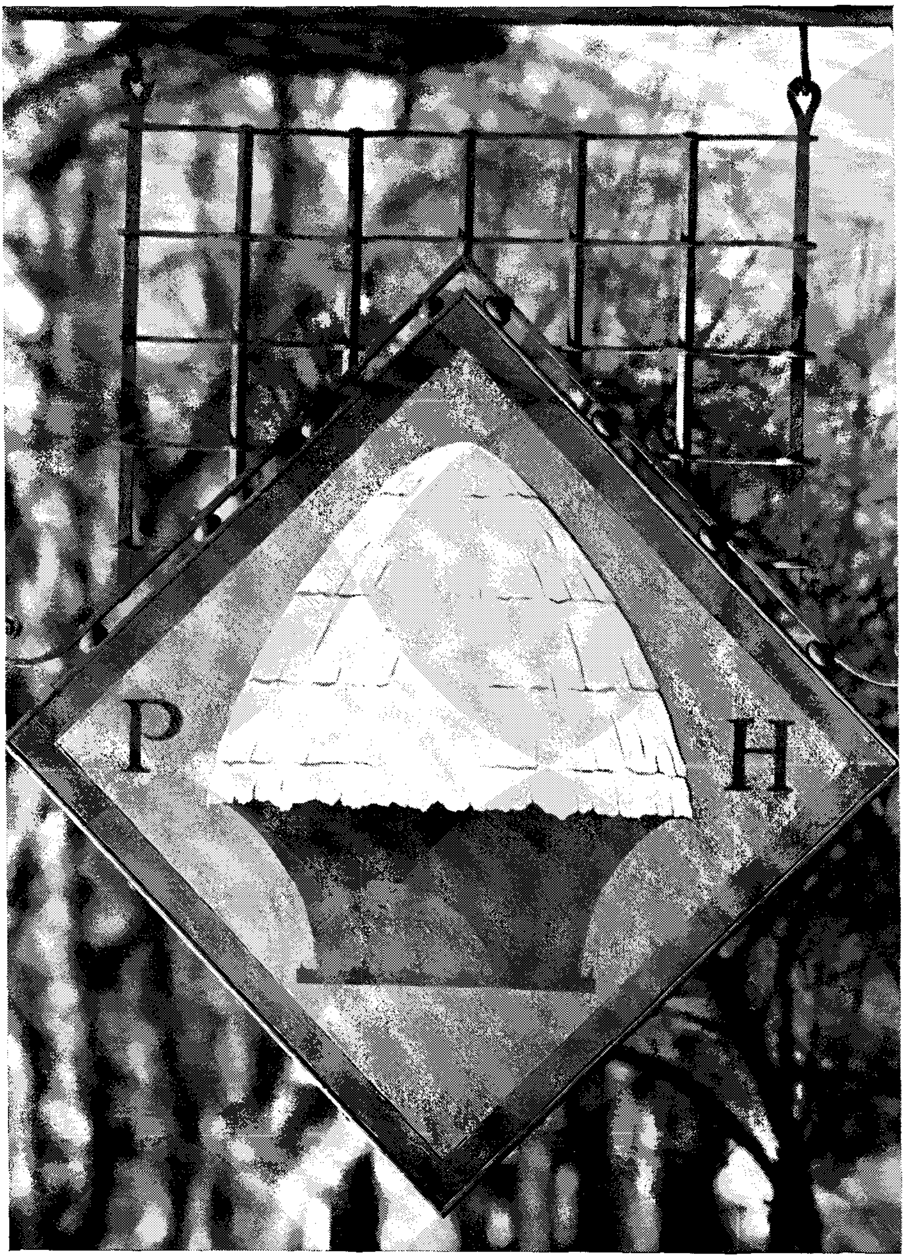
CHEVROLET

about the gifted boy and promised the financial help without which a young artist in the Western world cannot hope to make a concert career. And, best of all, Naoum Blinder became interested in the boy. Stern gave up the piano, entered the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and made his local début at the age of fifteen, performing the Bach D-Minor Concerto for two violins with his teacher and the San Francisco Symphony, under Pierre Monteux. On October 11, 1937, he appeared for the first time in New York. The critics thought he was "promising;" no one was overwhelmed.

From there, it was a slow climb. Around the Hurok offices, they remember that in those days Stern was lucky to play ten dates a year but that there was already general agreement that he would someday be one of the reigning violinists. "He didn't look like a great fiddler, and he didn't act like one, yet we were sure he would be one," says Martin Feinstein, who has worked with Stern all these years as head of the Hurok press office. Stern himself wasn't so sure, and at one time he considered taking a job as concertmaster with the orchestra of a local radio station. The Hurok people vetoed that. Real success came in Carnegie Hall on January 8, 1943, when he played a musically demanding program, and New York discovered him. The critics promoted him to the rank of five-star violinist, and, to his deep gratification, said that he was, above all, a musician.

Nowadays, Stern plays as many as two hundred concerts a year, sometimes performing three nights in a row. During a three-week period in 1949, he played fifteen concerts, but he won't do that today. Today, also, he likes to take a couple of weeks off after an exhausting tour to renew his energies. He doesn't like to play more than one violin concerto on a single program, and remembers with horror a series of concerts in Brussels in 1961 when twenty prominent violinists, himself among them, performed three concertos each. "It killed the recital audience and became a circus," he told me, and went on, "I may now play two short concertos—for instance, a Mozart and the Prokofieff, which are in perfect balance—but that's the maximum."

The modern concert artist cannot afford to be an unworldly dreamer. He must know the commercial side of his career, and should also be familiar with the ways of concert managers, the whims of conductors, the acoustics of the principal concert halls, the emotion-



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al climate of audiences in different cities, and the idiosyncrasies of the big orchestras. Stern's energy often exasperates his friends. "He does so many things at the same time that he is always an hour behind," says a friend who accompanied Stern on a recent trip to Europe. Five minutes after Stern had arrived at his hotel in Paris, he was on the phone, talking in half a dozen languages to half a dozen people in turn. (He speaks English, French, Russian, Yiddish, and Hebrew, and seems to be always learning a new language, by the simple method of trying to speak it, and not worrying about mistakes.) Bags were opened, violins laid on the bed. There was a knock on the door, and a famous violinmaker came in. For a while, there was an animated discussion of violins, and then Stern went to take a bath. Other people came in, drinks were ordered, and when he came back, there was much talk and excitement. The phone rang almost constantly. "Half of Paris seemed to know already that Isaac was in town," the friend recalls. "We went out for dinner with a big group, and afterward we went on to Montmartre. We got back to the hotel at four in the morning. By eight, he was up and practicing for his concert, the next day. Then he went out to rehearse with Igor Markevitch, the conductor. We saw more people in the afternoon, had dinner, and talked late into the night. The next day—a Sunday—Isaac performed the Prokofieff Concerto with the Lamoureux orchestra in the afternoon. Afterward, there was a small reception for him in a Paris friend's apartment, attended by about three-quarters of the music lovers in Paris, who all seemed to be Isaac's friends. We had a reservation for dinner at l'Escargot at eight o'clock. You're not supposed to be late at l'Escargot, but we didn't get there until nine. Isaac embraced the *directeur*, and we got our table. Dinner, if I remember correctly, was followed by an all-night discussion of French politics in somebody else's apartment. I could hardly get up the next morning, but Isaac was already practicing, and he looked well rested and happy. Two days later, in London, it was even worse. One evening, there was a cocktail party, and then we went to see 'A Man for All Seasons.' Afterward, we met some people at the Dorchester, and from there we went to the Mirabelle for an enormous supper party, which went on until they closed. I remember leaving Isaac at 3 A.M. in Berkeley Square. He wanted to go someplace and talk. I went to bed with

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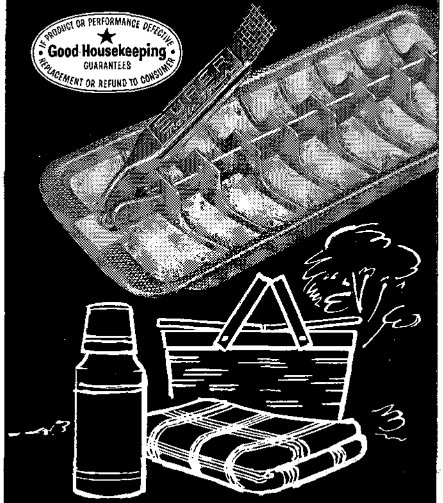

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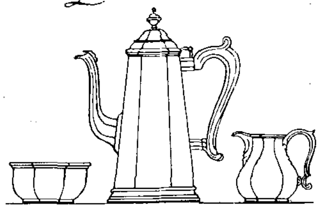

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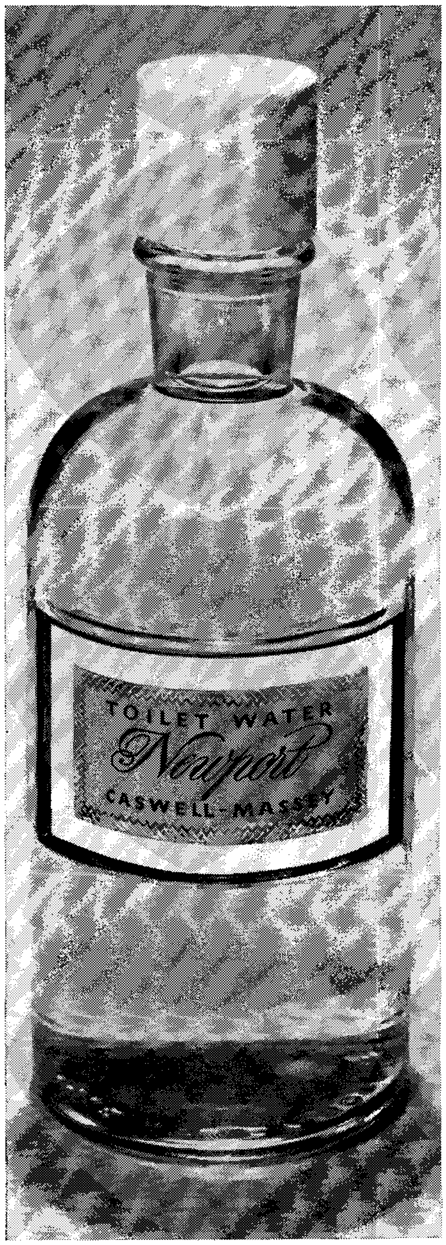

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a bad cold and took the next plane back to New York."

Sometimes, even other musicians, who are also used to moving about a lot, find it difficult to match Stern's pace. Late in 1959, Stern and David Oistrakh were to record for Columbia four of the Vivaldi double concertos with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. The only day when all participants could be on hand in a Columbia studio in New York was December 31st. They arrived at eight in the morning and made a fine recording, but it was a strenuous session, and they left, exhausted, just a few minutes before midnight. As they reached the sidewalk, Stern announced that he was going on to a party to celebrate New Year's Eve. Stern has friends all over the world. They are not casual acquaintances but friends, who are passionately devoted to him, and there are hundreds of them, in all walks of life—politicians, scientists, salesmen, and quite a few people who don't care about music but care very much about him. "You can have a meal with him once and then meet him years later and pick up exactly where you left off—he's that kind of person," a friend says.

"Stern has not yet achieved his potential," George Szell has said. "He is only forty-four, so he is likely to grow during the next decade if he will limit himself to the essentials of his art, and not squander his time and energy on so many worthy causes." The worthiest cause of Stern's career so far was his historic crusade to save Carnegie Hall from demolition. "I'm always accused of doing too much for music and musicians," Stern remarked to me. "But to have received as much from music as I have and not give back something would be criminal." He went on to explain that for him Carnegie Hall had always been a symbol of great music in America, on the order of Milan's La Scala in Italy; for generations, appearing there had been the supreme mark of success in the concert world. Since May 5, 1891, when it opened with a concert at which Tchaikovsky conducted, it had survived several crises. Unfortunately, the late Andrew Carnegie, who donated two million dollars for the construction of the Hall, believed that the arts, unlike libraries, universities, and hospitals, should be self-supporting, so he made no provision for its upkeep. The Hall came close to being demolished in 1925, but was saved by Robert E. Simon, who bought it for a million dollars. Then, in 1959, the Simon family decided that, with Lin-

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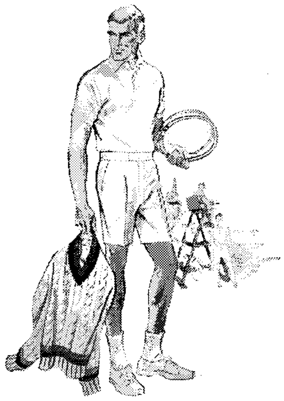

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coln Center going up a few blocks to the north, Carnegie Hall would suffer serious losses in revenue, and plans were made to take down the building and sell the plot. By January, 1960, most people thought the Hall to be doomed. Undaunted, Stern began a last-minute campaign, pointing out that smaller cities than New York had four or five big concert halls, and that Carnegie Hall might someday come to serve as a breeding ground for young musicians in this country, complementing Lincoln Center rather than competing with it. He was ridiculed by businessmen, who told him he knew nothing about business, but he went ahead and, in February of 1960, formed a Citizens Committee for Carnegie Hall, whose members included Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and her son John, Sol Hurok, Mrs. Marshall Field, Gerald Warburg, Frederick W. Richmond, and Jacob M. Kaplan, besides many users of the Hall—Fritz Kreisler, Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein, Marian Anderson, and Leopold Stokowski among them.

Stern had many engagements out of the city that winter, and in April, after he had spent a fortune on long-distance calls to the owners, committee members, state leaders, and city officials, Governor Rockefeller signed the legislation giving New York City the power to acquire the Hall and lease it to a non-profit group. The city would sell bonds to raise the purchase price, and a non-profit group—the Carnegie Hall Corporation, which would operate and manage the Hall—would reimburse the city with revenue from the rentals. Once the bonds were retired, the corporation would own the Hall. In May, Mayor Wagner, who, as an ex-fiddler himself, was sympathetic to the cause, named an eighteen-member board of trustees for the Carnegie Hall Corporation. Early in June, the Board of Estimate unanimously authorized the city to purchase the Hall "for no more than $5,000,000," and at the end of the month Carnegie Hall was sold to the city for exactly that sum.

In the next four months, a number of things happened. The façade of the Hall was steam-cleaned. The auditorium was redecorated in cool, airy white, with red carpets and red upholstery. Air-conditioning was installed, and various technological improvements were made. Stern was named president of the Carnegie Hall Corporation. In order to be present at the reopening of the Hall, on Tuesday, September 27th, he had to fly here from Montreux, Switzerland, where he had

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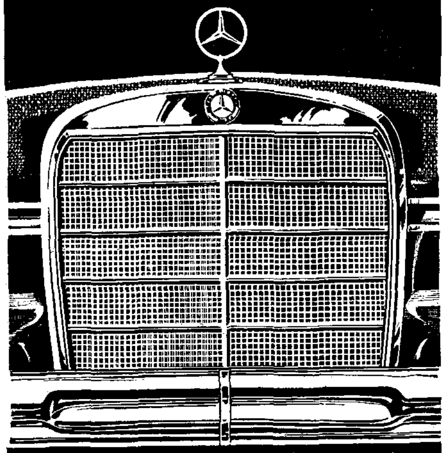

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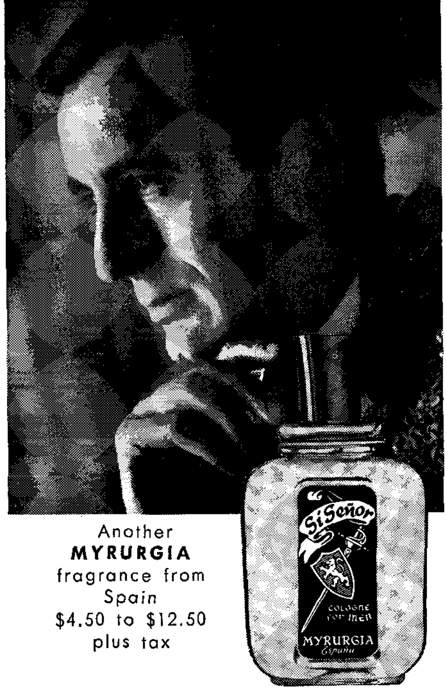

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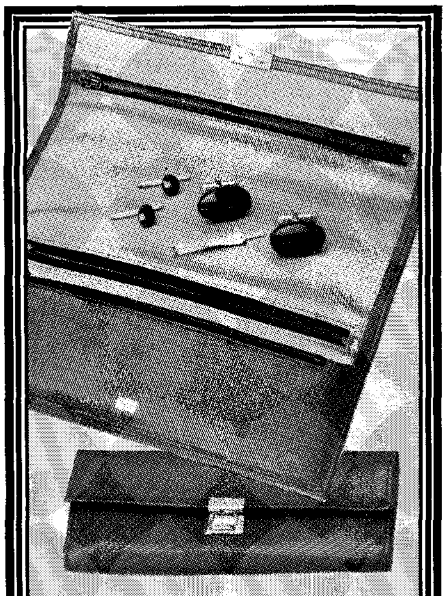
has it!

played on Sunday, and after performing at the opening ceremonies, he had to fly to London for a concert on Thursday. When President Stern came onstage, carrying his Guarneri del Gesù, the entire audience rose in a tribute to the man who, just about singlehanded, had saved the Hall. Stern remembers that as one of the few moments in his life when his knees shook. He recovered sufficiently, however, to give a classic performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto with the Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, and when his E string broke during the first movement, he exchanged his Guarneri for the concertmaster's Stradivari so adroitly that he missed only one measure.

Stern does not hesitate to admit that his problems with the Hall have only begun. He talks wistfully of long-range projects, such as establishing an economically secure resident orchestra that would perform fifty-two weeks a year, and making the Hall a center of music education in America—what he calls "a new musical frontier on Fifty-seventh Street." To me, he explained, "I would like to invite all the great artists—Casals, Heifetz, Horowitz, Rubinstein, Oistrakh, Milstein, Francescatti, Richter, Kogan, *every*body—and sit them down with first-class young players and let them all talk and play together, and put everything, the smallest detail, on video tape. That would provide gifted performers of the future with a scientifically accurate record of the masters' methods—an invaluable heritage, perfectly preserved."

Stern feels very strongly that it is the duty of the mature artist to share the wealth of his accumulated experience with younger people. Moreover, he believes, teaching gives the artist an added perspective. He points out that in the Soviet Union the famous instrumentalists, who are all state-trained, are required by the state to spend a quarter of their time teaching; when Oistrakh or Kogan goes on tour, an assistant carries on his classes. Stern would like to teach able young teachers, who, in turn, would teach a new generation of young violinists. "Of course, a great talent will eventually go his own way, however good his teachers," he adds. "To make good music, an artist must have freedom—emotional and intellectual freedom, and freedom of technique—but freedom comes from discipline. Otherwise, you have anarchy." He is deeply concerned about the growing shortage of good string players all over the world, which has already created a serious problem for orchestras



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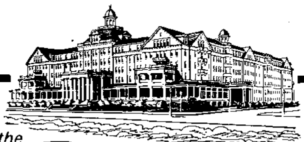

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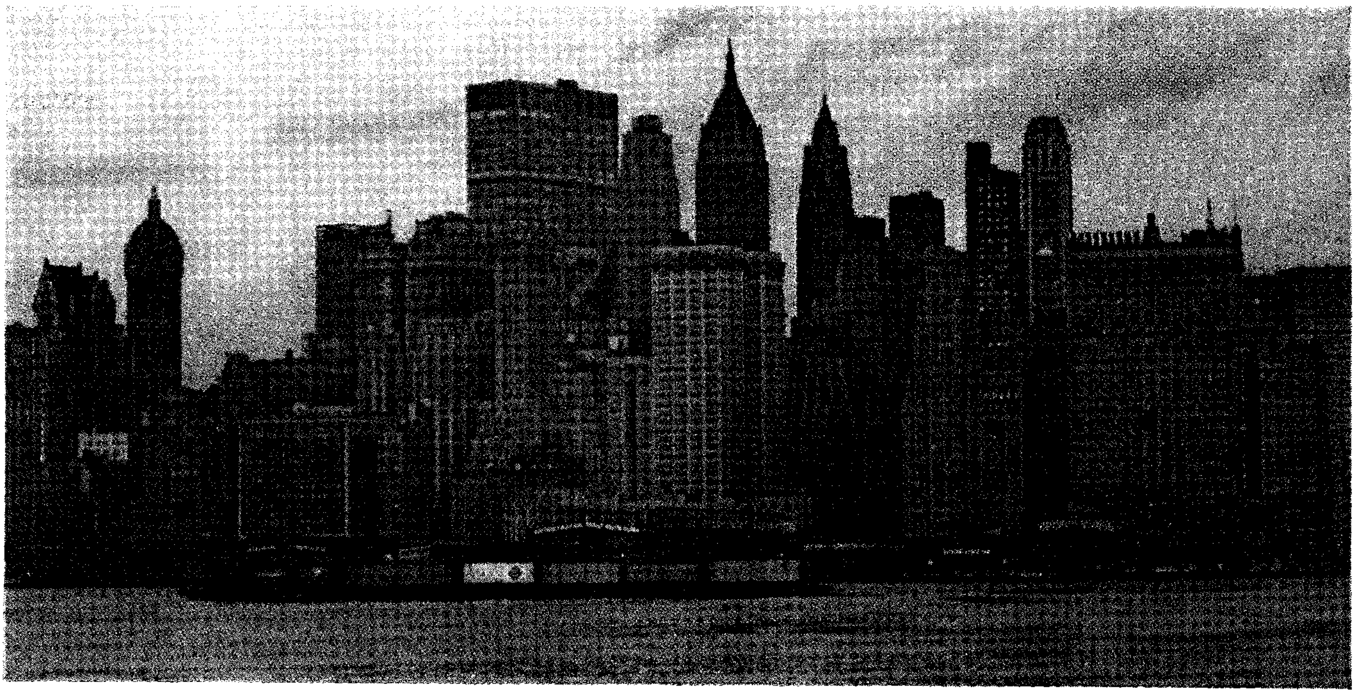

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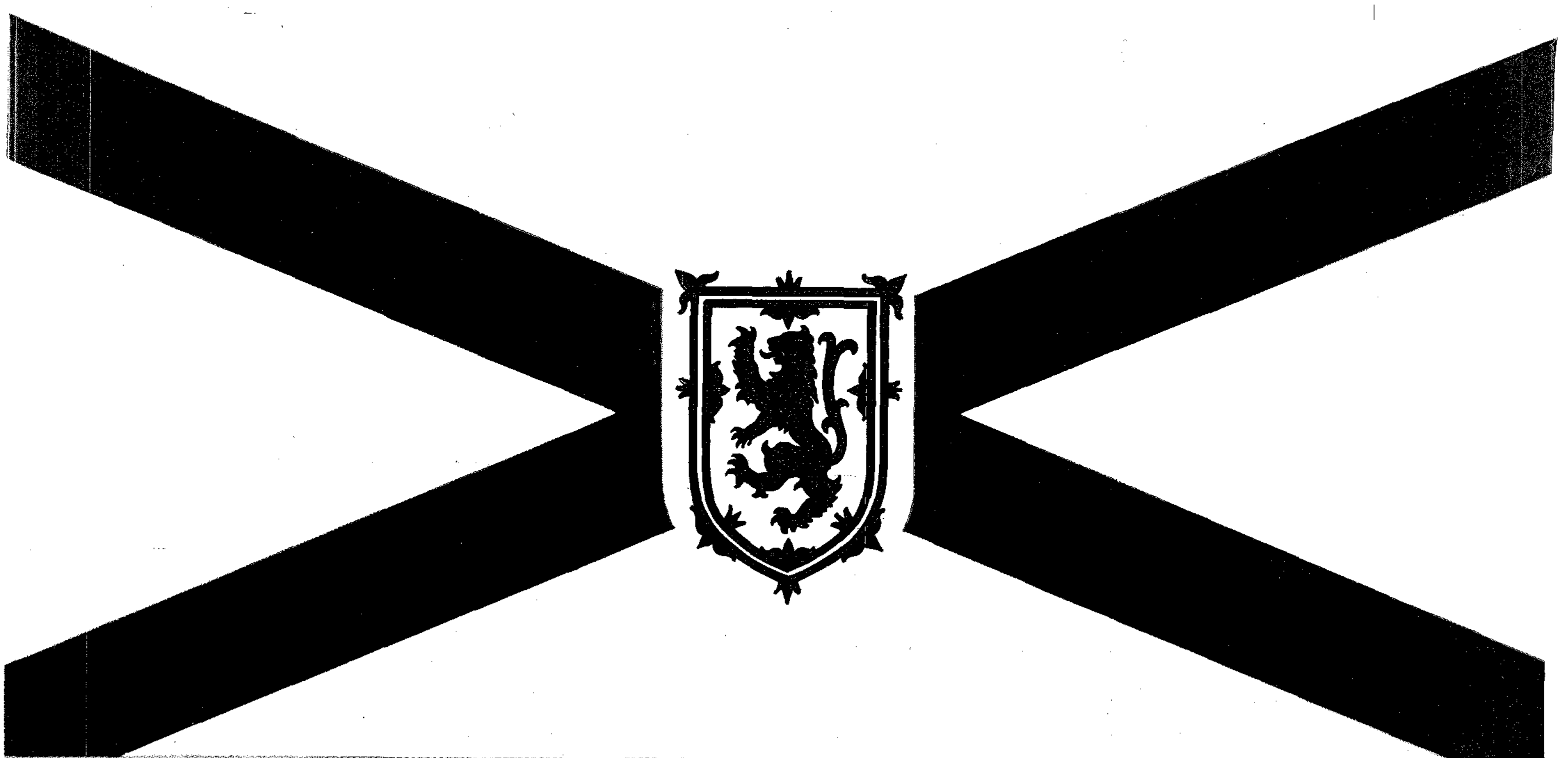

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and other ensembles. The violin, he says, must keep its dominant place in the world of music.

AMONG Stern's best friends are some of his closest competitors—the world's other distinguished violinists. A number of the prominent string players are very close to one another—a phenomenon that seems very strange to famous pianists, famous conductors, and famous singers, who tend to dislike one another. Stern has spent many pleasant hours with such men as David Oistrakh and his son Igor, Nathan Milstein, Leonid Kogan, Joseph Szigeti, Zino Francescatti, and Arthur Grumiaux. When one of these violinists plans to buy an instrument, he usually takes his friends along to the dealer to "advise" him, and they end up all playing rare old violins at the same time, and creating pandemonium on the dealer's premises. When David Oistrakh or Kogan comes to New York, Stern provides him with studio space, a tape-recorder, and a phonograph.

Stern and David Oistrakh are especially close friends; they met in Antwerp in 1951, when some of the world's leading violinists gathered there for a violin festival. (Musically speaking, Antwerp is essentially a violin city, as Warsaw is a piano city, Vienna and Milan are opera cities, and Boston and Cleveland are symphony cities.) When the two men first met, Stern was deeply impressed by some of Oistrakh's ideas, particularly in reference to the power of music and what it can do to bring people together. On a recent occasion, Stern said, "Other peoples, especially the French and the Russians, have long considered their travelling artists ambassadors of their national culture. In this country, President Kennedy realized the tremendous impact America could make through cultural exports. He knew that the strengthening of culture must become a fundamental policy of the Western nations, not just a sort of luxury, in order for our Western civilization to survive. He knew that our cultural-exchange programs are important to our foreign policy, and that culture must become an important part of our daily lives. All practitioners of the arts—creators and re-creators alike—are accepted everywhere. An artist can argue openly where statesmen and diplomats often cannot speak. An American artist abroad creates a certain emotional climate. When I went to India, I was told of the powerful cultural delegations that the Soviet Union had sent there—their finest dancers and

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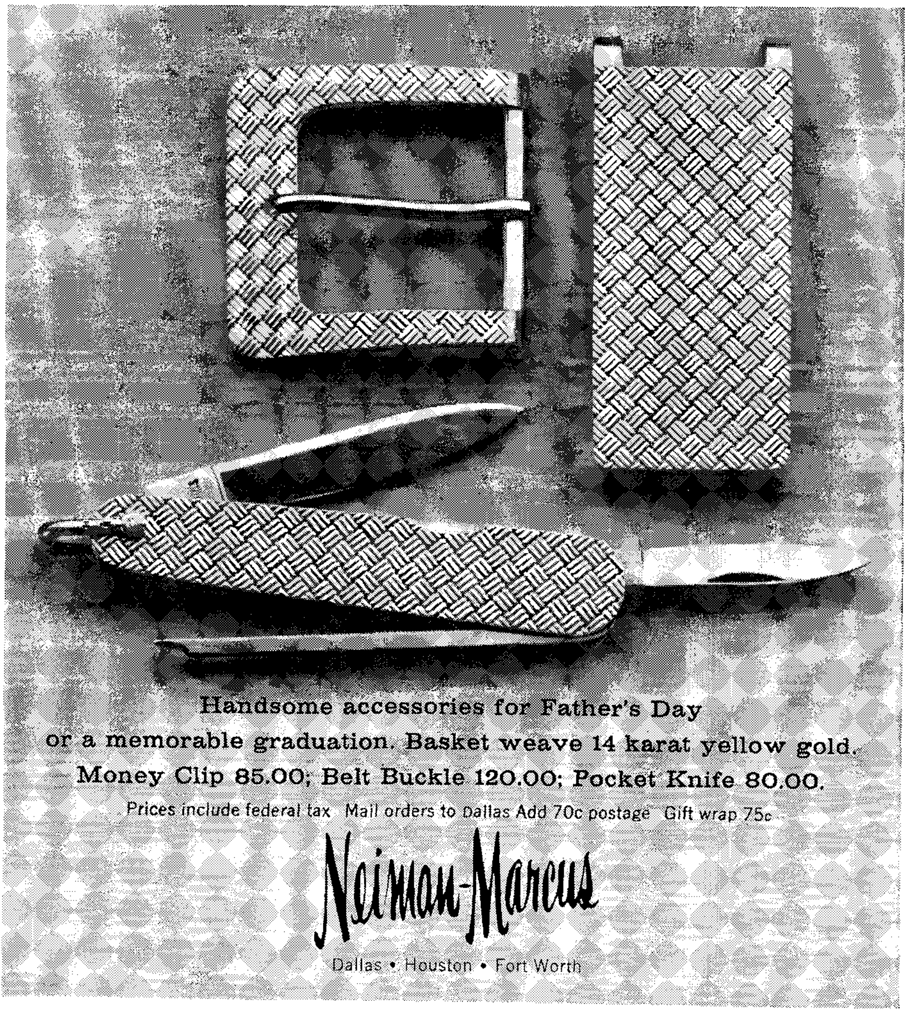

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best musicians. How many American artists have gone to India? And Asia is one of the places where the big decisions will be made in the next hundred years."

Stern was the first prominent American artist to go to the Soviet Union after the Second World War; he made a tour there in April of 1956, two years before the formal cultural-exchange program was inaugurated. Arriving at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport early in the evening of April 30th, Stern and Zakin were officially welcomed by Soviet officials from the Ministry of Culture, and there were flowers and flowery speeches. Afterward, Ambassador Bohlen took the artists to the American Embassy for another official welcome. It was midnight when Stern, exhausted after his long flight and the long hours of talk, finally reached his hotel. In the dim lobby, he found David and Igor Oistrakh dozing in deep armchairs, each with a bottle of Russian champagne on his lap. They had been waiting for hours. The meeting revived the three violinists miraculously, and they went out and spent the rest of the night celebrating. The next morning, Stern was officially welcomed at the May Day parade in Red Square, as "Head of the Delegation of American Violinists." The parade went on for hours, and Stern, who wanted to get back to his hotel to practice for his concert the following day, became restive. "My hosts were shocked," he recalls. "One doesn't leave Red Square in the middle of the parade. I finally got out, though, and returned to the hotel. Then David showed up, and we began to eat and drink and talk. It was eleven o'clock that night when I got back to my room. I put the mute on my fiddle and began to practice, walking up and down. Suddenly, I looked out of the window and saw that it was light. I glanced at my watch; it was five o'clock. I went to bed. Since then, I've always gone to David's house when I've stayed in Moscow, and I always put him up when he comes here. Sometimes he uses my study to practice in, and once he borrowed a clean shirt."

STERN, whose first marriage, to Nora Kaye, the dancer, ended in divorce, lives with his second wife and their three children—a daughter, Shira, aged nine, and two sons, Michael and David, aged five and two—in a large duplex apartment high above Central Park West. Mrs. Stern, the former Vera Lindenblit, who was born in Berlin of Lithuanian parents, came

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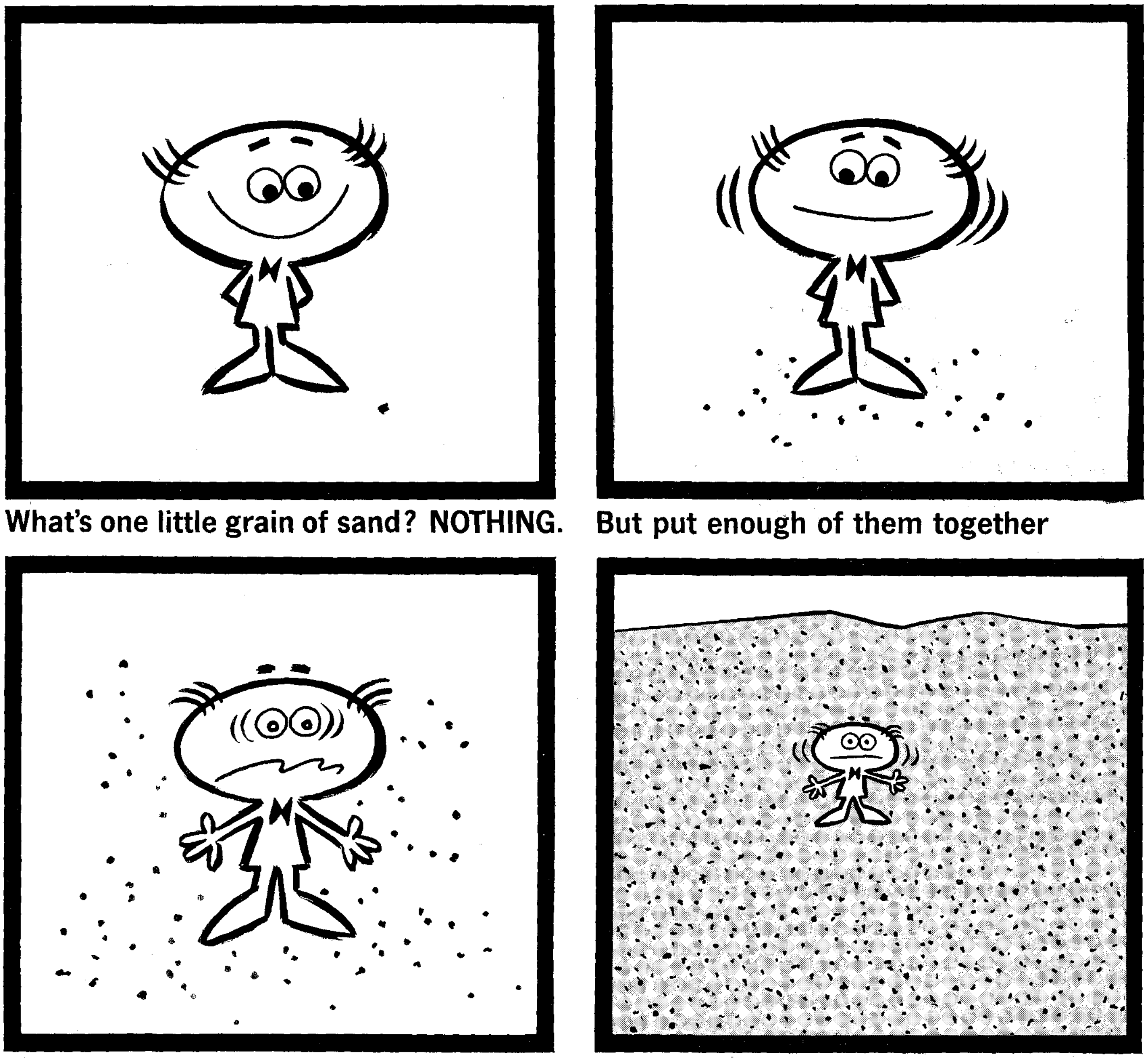

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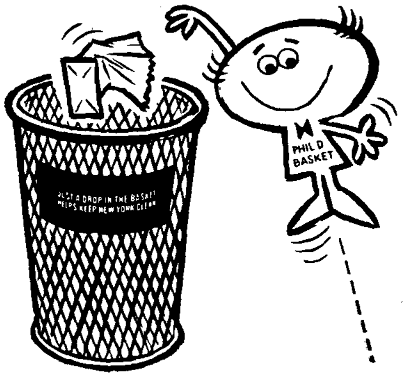

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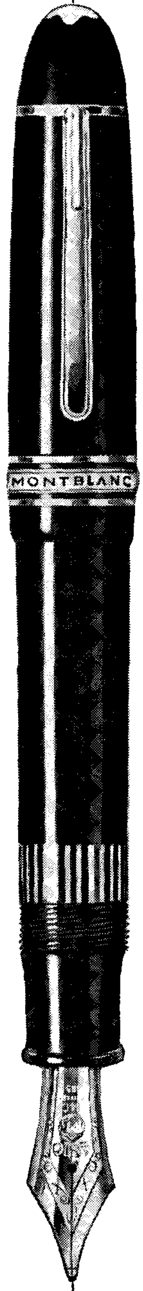

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with her family from Stockholm, where they had spent the war years, to New York in 1947 to work for the United Nations. She heard Stern the following year in Carnegie Hall, and liked what she heard. "He was so warm and musical and lyrical," she recalls. In 1951, she emigrated to Israel, where, three months later, Stern gave a concert in Jerusalem, and she was in the audience. During the intermission, she went to see Zakin, whom she had known in New York, and she was introduced to Stern. He asked her to join a group of friends after the concert, and she did. That was on August 1st. On August 17th, they were married, in the Tel Aviv suburb of Ramat Gan, and they would probably have been married even sooner if Miss Lindenblit had not been stateless—a complication necessitating various negotiations with Israel's Foreign Minister and the American Ambassador.

The Stern establishment is built around the telephone, for Stern, who likes to keep in regular touch with as many friends as possible, feels comfortable only when he has a phone within reach. For relaxation, he sometimes plays ping-pong or tennis—he is a very good tennis player—but his favorite form of recreation is telephoning. There are thirteen telephones scattered throughout his apartment. Sol Hurok has been heard to mutter that the abolition of the telephone would add ten years to Stern's life. Stern has two unlisted numbers, each of which is known to a couple of hundred people. He also has a direct line to Carnegie Hall. (Mrs. Stern has a direct line to Bonds for Israel, an organization of which she is chairman. The Sterns are very active in several philanthropies.) His friends accept the fact that he is a hard man to talk to, because he is always talking to someone else. Frequently, he talks to more than one person at a time. There are always a couple of phones ringing somewhere in the apartment, friends are always dropping in, and meals are served at all hours.

Stern's sanctum is a soundproof study on the top floor of the duplex. From his desk, which stands between two windows, he has a sweeping view of Central Park and upper Fifth Avenue. New York is home to him; everything else is "second class," he says. The study reflects Stern's double function as a violinist and as an executive. (He has never been a velvet-coat musician, he says.) On his desk are a portable television set and two phones, and a third phone—the Carnegie Hall line—hangs on the wall behind him. There is

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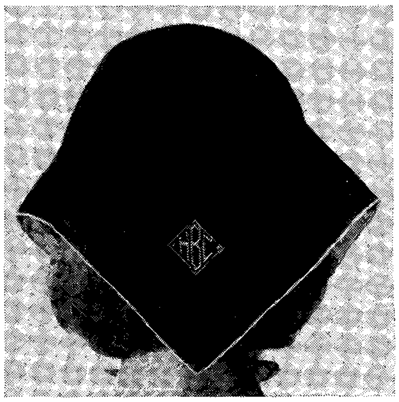

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a piano with an electric metronome on top of it, some tape-recording equipment, a couch, a couple of easy chairs, and many well-filled bookshelves, and the walls are lined with affectionately dedicated photographs of celebrated fellow-artists and famous friends, among them Eleanor Roosevelt and David Ben-Gurion. Stern does his musical work in this room—mostly in the early-morning hours, when few people telephone. He often starts practicing at midnight and works until 4 A.M.

Like most violinists, Stern has a deep personal feeling for his instruments. As a rule, he alternates between two beautiful violins. The more beautiful is the so-called Alard Guarneri del Gesù, made in 1737, and the other is a Guarneri that was made in 1740. An old violin is often named after one of its owners, but the Alard Guarneri was never owned by the man whose name it bears—Delphin Alard, a noted nineteenth-century virtuoso of Paris. It was given its name by Alard's father-in-law, a well-known Paris dealer named Jean-Baptiste Vuillaume, who did own it, and who later sold it to the Vicomte de Panette, a pupil of Alard. For years, Stern used this instrument and no other, but he played so many concerts that the violin got "tired," so in 1961 he bought his second Guarneri del Gesù. Though he much admires two famous Stradivaris—the Alard, of 1715, and the Prince Khevenhüller, of 1733, which is now owned by Yehudi Menuhin—he feels that a Stradivari is not powerful enough for his tonal requirements. Unlike most violinists, he is perfectly happy with his instruments. He loves the glorious sound of his Alard Guarneri. "It makes a dark room light up," he says dreamily. "It seems to vibrate by itself. I use much less vibrato on this fiddle than on the other."

ONE afternoon a while back, I spent some time with Stern in his study. When I arrived, the Guarneris were lying in an opened case on top of the piano, and one of the phones on the desk was ringing. Stern, who had just finished dictating some letters to a part-time secretary, Mrs. Barbara McClure, reached for the wrong phone and then for the right one, and as Mrs. McClure headed for her desk, in a small anteroom, the Carnegie Hall phone began ringing, too. On Stern's desk was a heap of letters and financial statements. He had been on tour for several weeks, and things had piled up. When he had finished with his calls, he told me that he would soon be visited

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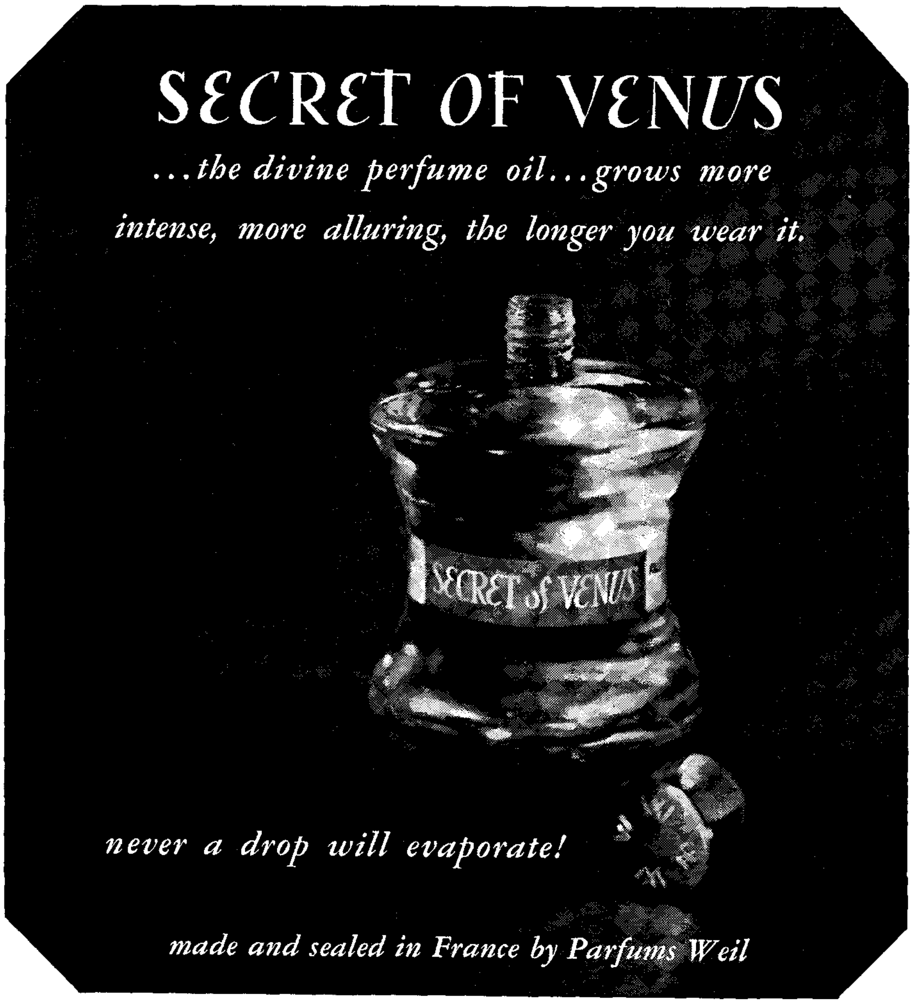
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by one of his protégés, a young Israeli violinist named Pinchas Zuckerman, who was studying the violin in New York and who from time to time came to Stern with a problem. Stern said he never interfered with the boy's regular teacher—just tried to give him a few tips. He thought I might be interested in watching one of his sessions with Zuckerman, and asked me to stay. "And while we're waiting, take one of the fiddles and play something," he said.

I had complained about weakness of the little finger of my left hand and about some bowing trouble in sustained notes—afflictions known to many amateurs. I took a bow and one of the Guarneris out of the case and put the violin under my chin.

Stern leaned back in his swivel chair and looked at me with obvious disapproval. "Hold the fiddle up," he said. "Higher! Still higher! You must hold it up high enough to make it easy and natural for your left arm, and you must hold it firm, so that it will vibrate easily. You can't play unless you have the right posture. I know well-known teachers who will tell you all about the staccato but who don't bother about the primary thing—the way you stand and hold the fiddle." He shook his head. "All right—now relax your elbow. Don't get tense in your wrist, or your fingers will lose their strength. The fingers must make a right angle with the fingerboard. If you don't hold your hand up, the fingers are at the wrong angle, and again you lose strength. . . . All right, that's better. Now the right hand." The disapproving look deepened. "I can see your problem," he said. "You hold the bow with your index finger. Play a sustained note. Harder! *Fortissimo!*"

The sustained note became a scratching sound.

"Harder!" said Stern. "Use more force!"

I used more force, and the scratching got worse. Stern got up and came over to me, and placed the bow against the first joint of my middle finger. "Now try to scratch as hard as you can," he said.

I tried, but as I played a sustained note, there was no scratching sound.

"There you are," Stern said, looking pleased. "A simple matter of physics. Now you're using the center of your right-arm force. You cannot scratch. Think of the bow as a painter's brush. . . . That's right. Keep it brushing back and forth. Keep the fiddle up! Don't get stiff in your elbow! You're wasting your strength. Loosen your wrist! Relax! Relax!"

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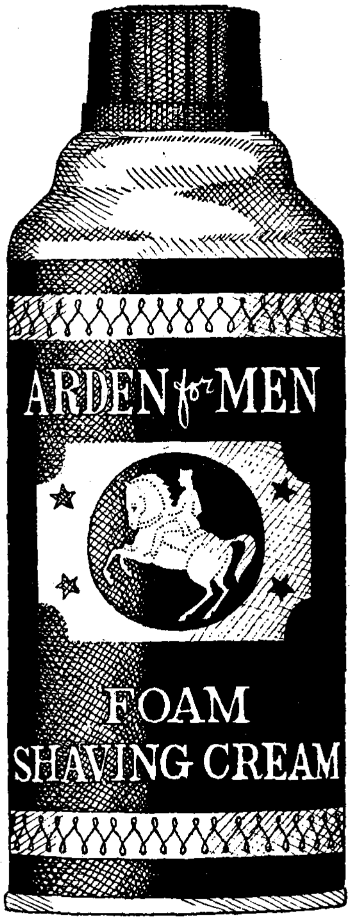

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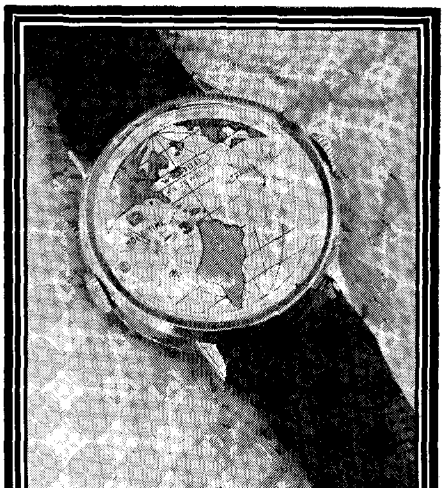

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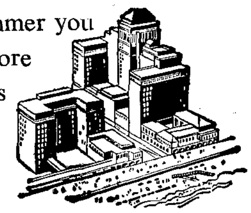

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Fortunately, there was a knock at the door at this point. In came a tall, stringy boy of sixteen or so—Pinchas Zuckerman—followed by Mrs. Stern, who wanted to know whether Pinky or anybody else was hungry.

"All right, Vera, relax—no one's hungry," Stern said, sitting down behind his desk. His friendly face assumed an expression of pedagogic authority. "We've got to do a lot of hard work before we eat anything."

Mrs. Stern went out, and young Zuckerman took out his violin and tuned it in a perfunctory manner.

Stern told him to tune it properly, and also to move his right foot and balance his weight on both feet, so he wouldn't get tired. "A concert lasts a long, long time and you must preserve your strength, Pinky," he observed. Then he told the boy to play a few scales and thirds.

Pinky did, showing a sure left-hand technique and good bow control, and producing a big, masculine tone and a beautiful vibrato.

Stern gave me a satisfied glance and whispered, "Gifted boy, isn't he?" Aloud, he said, "If you won't use your whole bow, you'll be caught out of breath. Who do you think you are—Kreisler? Let the whole bow travel over the strings. . . . Once more. . . . That's better, but far from good."

Once, Stern stopped the boy in the middle of a fast run and inquired about his fingering. Pinky said he used the fingering that his regular teacher had taught him. Stern made no comment. After a while, he suggested that the boy play the opening Adagio of Bach's G-Minor Solo Sonata. Having heard it through, he told Pinky to start at the beginning again, singing out the phrase, and the phrase within the phrase; the "sub-phrase," he explained, must never break up the flow of the phrase. The boy played the difficult phrase, with its sub-phrases, keeping the texture transparent. Stern seemed satisfied for a time. Then he noticed that the boy, deeply engrossed in the music, had lowered his violin.

"Put the violin up! Up!" Stern said. "No wonder you have trouble with those runs." He got up, took the Alard Guarneri and a bow, and sat down behind his desk again, with the violin under his chin. "Pivot your fingers! Stop the vibrato for just a split second while you slide," he said. He played the phrase himself, stopping the vibrato so briefly that the pause was all but imperceptible. The boy tried it, but it didn't come off, and Stern played it once more, at the same time explaining

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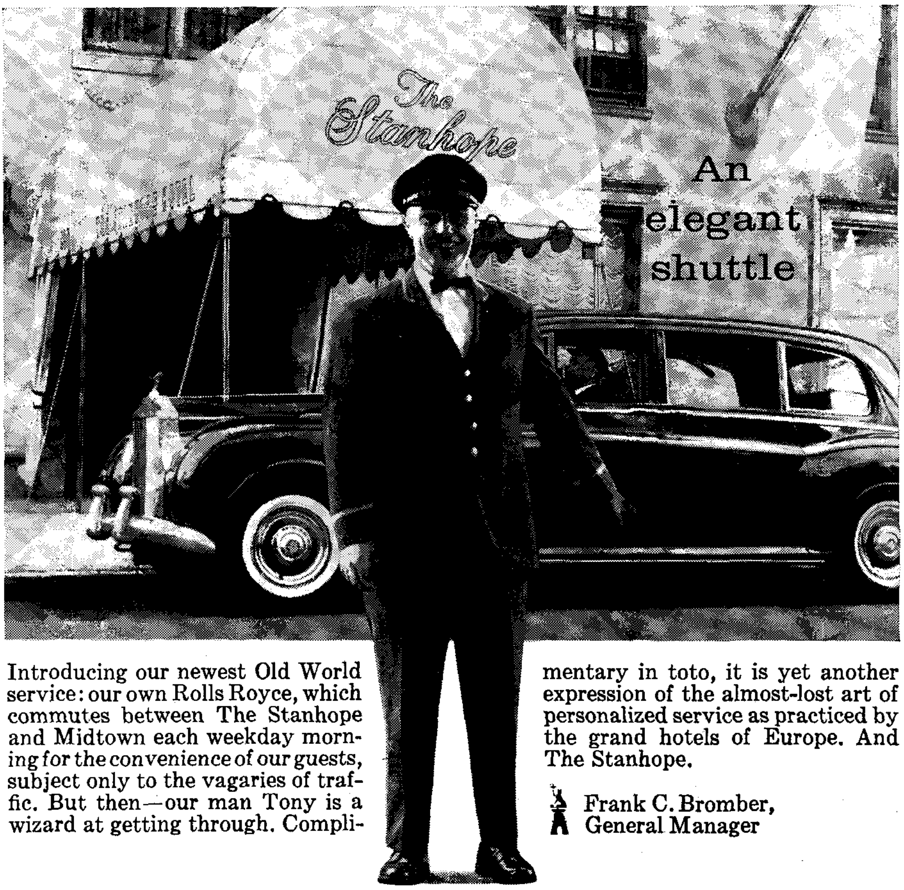

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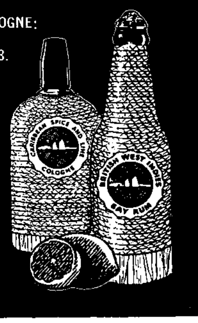


how he did it. "You slide and take it up again. It's simple, really."

"That's a swell effect," said Pinky.

"It's not an effect," Stern said. "There are no effects in Bach. It's the way the phrase must be played. The whole phrase is in one bow."

The boy tried it, and Stern, with his violin still under his chin, turned to me and said, "The trouble is that so many violinists have absolutely no conscious bow control. You haven't, for one. They use up their bow length, always hoping there will be a little more left, and there isn't."

After a while, Stern stopped the boy again. "Don't play that trill too fast," he said. "You're playing Bach, not Tartini. The trill is only an embellishment. Remember, they didn't use vibrato in those days, and they didn't play with much emotion. The music was serene, flowing quietly. And don't cut that phrase down—it's a lovely phrase and should be sung out. Every phrase has just one degree of strength. Even when you sing out the phrase, you must stay within the same dynamics. It's inner emphasis, not loudness of tone, that is needed."

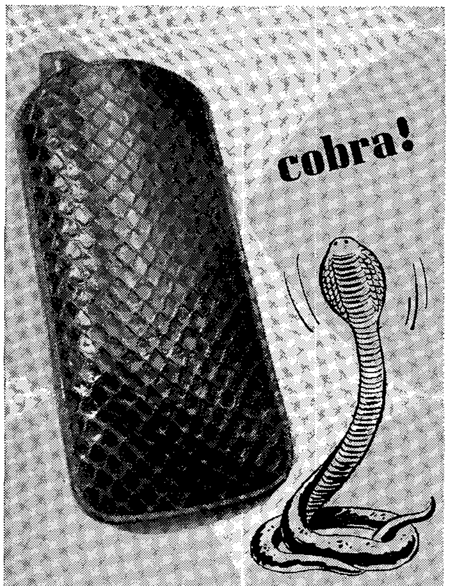
At the end of the Adagio, Stern told the boy to play the Fugue. "Play it your own way, Pinky, not the way your teacher or I told you to," he said. "I want to know how you feel about it."

Stern listened awhile, and then told Pinky to put an accent on the first note of a bar. "That gives it character," he said.

The boy tried, but it sounded somewhat forced.

Stern shook his head, and said, "Look, Pinky. Forget the markings. They were made by the editor, not by Bach. Listen to the singing line of the phrase; then you can't go wrong." Sitting behind the desk, he played the phrase beautifully, and the boy played it after him. Stern drummed the rhythm with his forefinger, and said softly to me, "If all goes well, this boy is going to be a real violinist."

At the end of the Fugue, Stern remarked that the musical and rhythmic line of the piece was still a little disorganized. "Do whatever you want to do, but remember that you must never break the rhythm," he said. "Your tempo is all right, so it's a question of your timing it without breaking the rhythm of the line. Don't cut off the notes because you're already thinking of your next chord. There's plenty of time, so don't hurry. You'll hit the next chord. Relax! Relax! And don't worry about your shifts, either. One senses that you worry about them before you



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get to them. They are not as difficult as you make them. It's the mind that builds up mountains of difficulties. Work on it another week, and let me hear it again."

While the boy took a little rest, Stern asked him how a recent vacation had gone.

The boy said he had played a few concerts. "I gave a very good performance of the Bruch," he said.

"Even if you say so yourself, I won't believe it," Stern said.

They then took up a passage of the Bach that the boy said had given him some bow trouble. Stern showed him how to play it. "Let the bow travel," he said. "Remember, you need plenty of power. If you keep the bow constrained, you won't have the power."

In trying to follow Stern's suggestions, Pinky produced a harsh scratching sound.

Stern told him once again to relax. "What's different about that note? Nothing," he said. "It's the same chord broken up into arpeggios, played four times. You keep making things harder for yourself. . . . All right, Pinky, that's enough of Bach. Let's hear a little Mozart. It will do all of us good."

The boy stepped forward and played the opening theme of the D-Major Concerto with great exuberance.

Stern asked him why he made so much noise.

"It has to be big," the boy said.

"All right, but you don't have to kill it," Stern said. "You're not playing a military march. Don't ever kill the music by overdoing it. Let it sing. Play it with love. *Please*, Pinky. It can be very ugly if you don't listen to yourself. You must learn to trust your ears."

After the Mozart, Stern told Pinky to come back the same day next week. As the boy was putting his fiddle away, he asked Stern about a long down-bow staccato run—one of the most difficult runs to play. Stern picked up his bow from the desk and performed a brilliant down-bow staccato run, whose precision, ease, and elegance took our breath away. Then he got up, put the violin and the bow back in the case on the piano, and laughed. "I haven't really practiced for days," he said.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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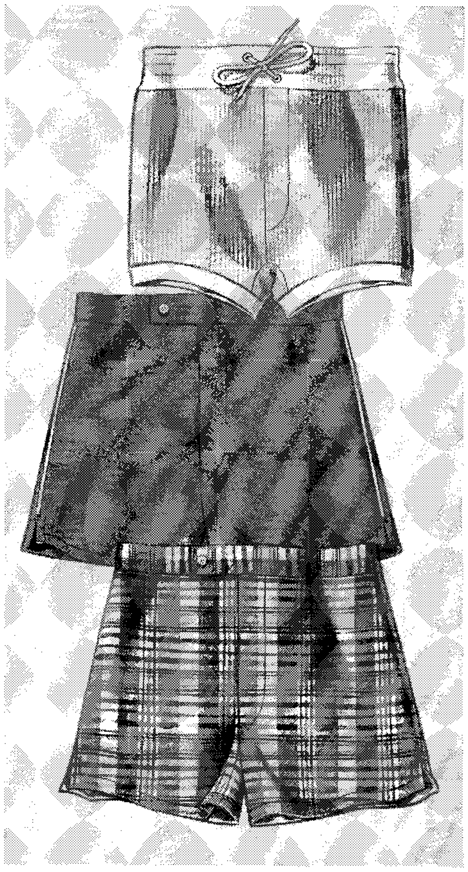

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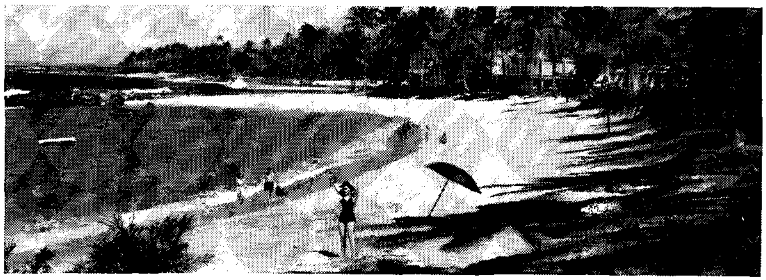

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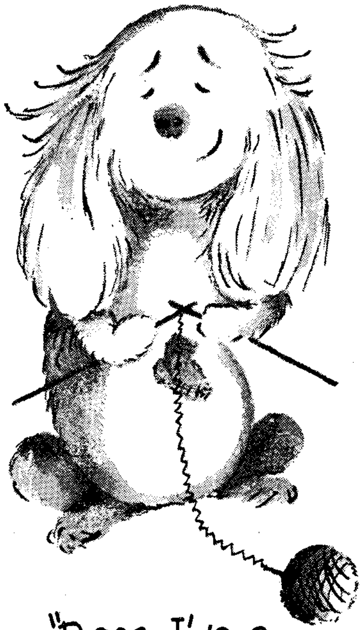

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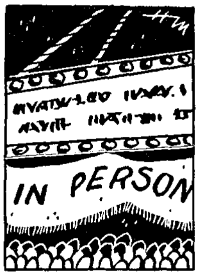
In the Dark



NOW that fashion favors the mock-thriller, which, not believing a word it says, simultaneously tries to make our flesh creep and laughs at us for allowing our feelings to be so readily seduced, a predictable thing has happened—the old, conventional thriller, which, though it might risk overtones of comedy, was always basically in dead earnest, is beginning to assume an air of youthful freshness and charm. It pleases us by the novelty of what we used to take for granted: the unselfconscious sincerity of its mingled blood, sweat, tears, and screams. The first thing to note about "Mirage" is that it's the genuine article, dating back in spirit to the Upper Middle Hitchcock, or Intricate Puzzlement, period of movie thrillers, and I salute it with respect and relief. Peter Stone, who wrote the screenplay for the picture, and Edward Dmytryk, who directed it, and Gregory Peck, who plays the lead, have hurled themselves with commendable sober relish into their assorted tasks, and the results kept me close to the edge of my seat up to the moment of dénouement, which, I'm obliged to admit, is fairly dishevelled. But no matter—dishevelled dénouements are a commonplace in thrillers and, as the Irish say of drink, a good failing.

The story concerns a man whom we encounter for the first time in the darkened corridors of a vast office building in downtown New York. The lights have unaccountably gone out all over the building; the elevators no longer run. A few moments before the power failed, an immensely distinguished worker for world peace fell from a window high in the building. The assumption is that he committed suicide. Our hero makes his way down the service stairs of the building. He meets a pretty girl, who evidently knows him well; he doesn't know her at all. He stops at a nearby bar for a drink; in this case, it turns out that he knows the bartender well but that the bartender doesn't know him. He believes himself to be a cost accountant, yet he knows nothing about cost accounting. Little by little, he perceives that he must be suffering from some

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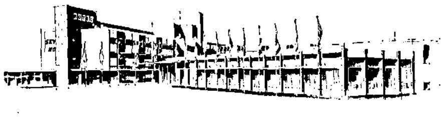

particularly odd form of amnesia. How long has he had it? What has befallen him since the amnesia began? Who, in fact, *is* he? To these sufficiently awkward questions are added others: Why is a certain mysterious figure known as the Major attempting to kidnap him? Why, if he doesn't consent to be kidnapped, is the Major prepared to have him murdered?

Naturally, I'm not at liberty to reveal the answers to these questions, but I assure you that they exist and are every bit as outrageous and yet sneakily plausible as you would have them be. Linked to Mr. Peck in his frantic travails are Walter Matthau, in a funny role as a private eye on his first assignment; Diane Baker, as the pretty girl; Walter Abel, as the worker for world peace; Leif Erickson, as the Major; and Kevin McCarthy, as the Major's toady. Mr. Dmytryk and his cameraman, Joseph MacDonald, have taken exceptional advantage of New York as a setting for the desperate events of "Mirage." What an incomparable city this is, even to have amnesia in!

THE Chinese possess the oldest and greatest civilization the world has ever seen, and it's one of the perennial irritations of our time that, for a variety of political reasons, we catch so few glimpses, either in print or in pictures, of the present state of that civilization. An Englishman named Felix Greene has produced a documentary called "China!," which purports to give a broad account of Chinese affairs but is so like a Fitzpatrick travelogue that I kept nervously awaiting a rosy sunset and the tinkling of innumerable temple bells. Still, there are snippets of interesting facts to be garnered along the way. I learned, for example, that the great hall in which the Peking Symphony Orchestra is accustomed to play seats a total of some ten thousand people. Our own Philharmonic Hall was designed to seat a paltry twenty-seven hundred people, on the ground that to make it larger would spoil the acoustics; the acoustics turned out badly in any event, and it would make the smallness of the hall a still more grievous and ironic miscalculation if it were the case that the acoustics in the hall in Peking are excellent. Characteristically, Mr. Greene doesn't say.

—BRENDAN GILL

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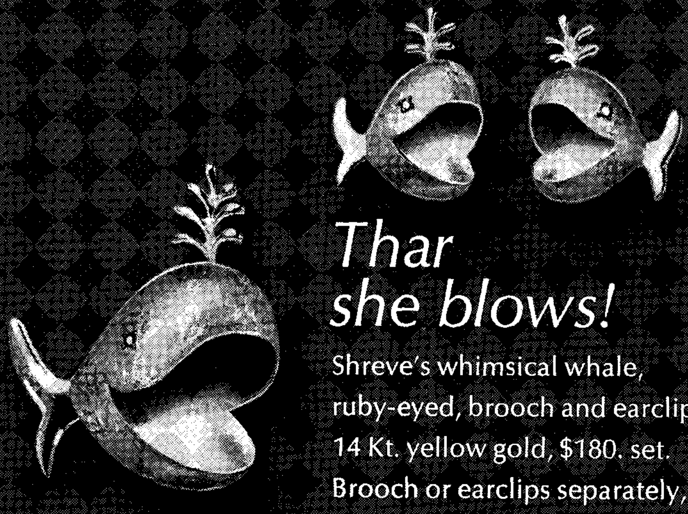

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THE INNER WORKINGS OF THE ATOM

I THOUGHT that the letter that came to me in the spring of 1926, offering me a job in a St. Louis mining company, was the most exciting, delightful thing that had ever happened. I had just finished a full course in the Department of Mining and Metallurgy at the University of Wisconsin, and I saw nothing incongruous in the offer and nothing unaesthetic in the idea of a girl's working with lead and zinc. All through the course, I had hardly dared hope to get a job. As the first girl who had ever taken it, I was possibly the least popular student the school had ever had. All the way along, professors and classmates, trying to get rid of me, had warned me that I was insane to go after such a degree; they said I would never in the world get a chance to work. Though they didn't quite succeed in getting me out of the college, they did scare me silly. Yet here was this incredible letter, a full week before graduation, when few of my male classmates were getting offers. In 1926, things were not so hot for mining engineers. There had been a lot of gloomy discussions of the unpromising future. It was agreed that nobody ever paid an engineer a decent wage, that the boys who made good were those on the business end of mining, and that nobody with his eye on money ought to go in for science at all. "Just look at the facts," I remember a boy named Shorty saying as he puffed at his pipe. (Nearly all the mining engineers, except me, smoked pipes.) "Look at what they pay a top-rank surveyor in the Panhandle. Two hundred a month! That's the best he'll ever do. Just the same, I wouldn't want a job on the business side."

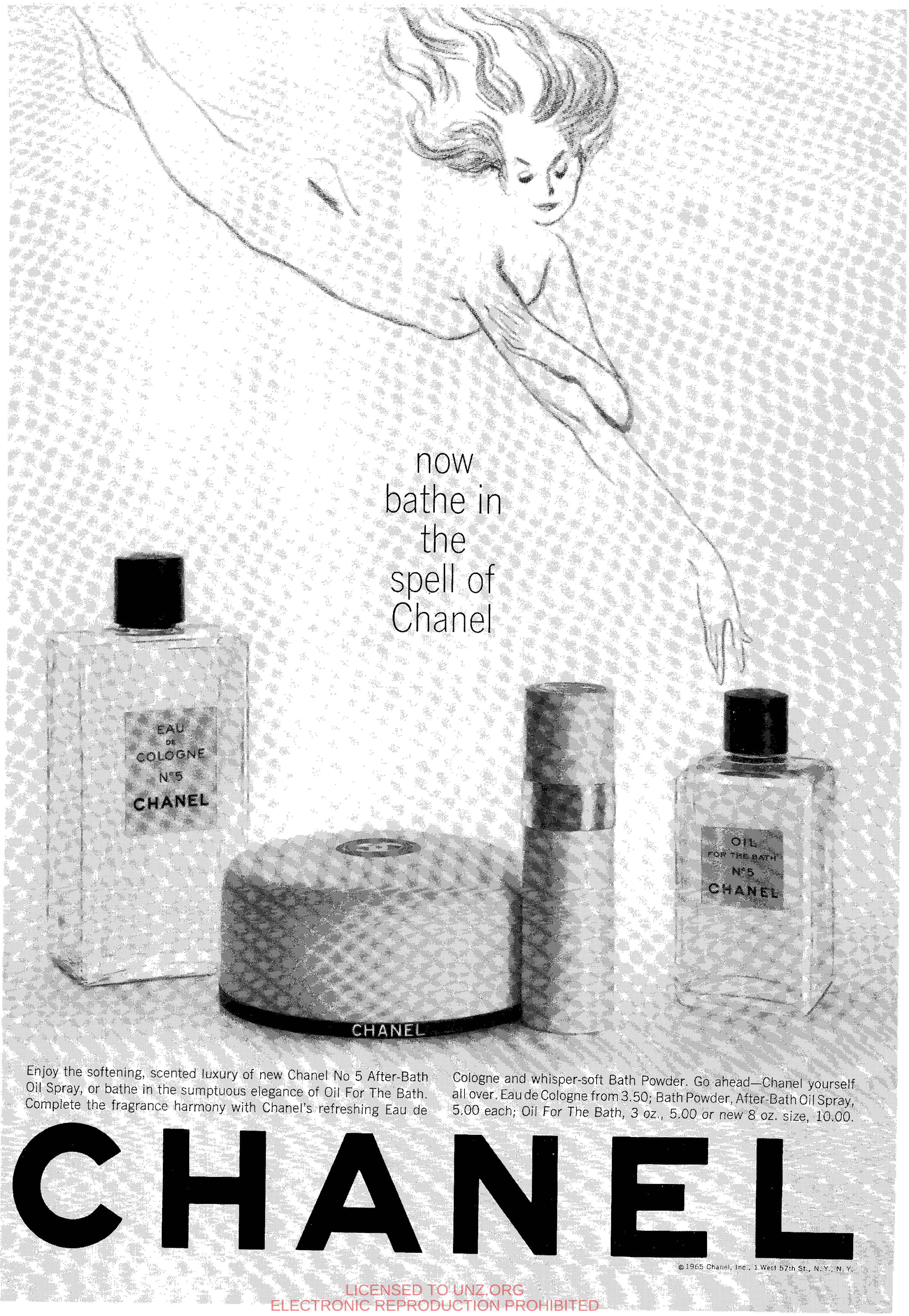
The rest of us echoed the sentiment. I, for one, meant it fiercely. On the subject of science, I was very touchy. It was my religion, and since I had realized it late, I took it hard. I had always hung around museums gawking at the dinosaurs and the mineral specimens, and I'd had infant dreams of living in the wildwood, friend to the shy fox and the possum. But the true call didn't come until I learned, in college, in a lecture on crystallography, about the inner workings of the atom. Those were the days before we had discovered too much about the atom, and I was able to grasp the current theory. The thought of atomic particles revolving in orbits, of atoms composing molecules, of molecules arranged in latticelike patterns within crystals and the crystal forms depending on these molecules' dictation, excited me much as philosophical conclusions excited other students. It was like an explosion. Suddenly I understood that crystallography was logical, and from this fact concluded that nature itself was logical. I had never before trusted in the independent existence of logic. I knew one could reason out the solution of a mathematical problem, but I had always suspected that mathematical problems and their solutions were inventions of mankind—a made-up game. The atom was independent of man, and *still* it obeyed the rules of logic. Besides, it reproduced the makeup of a solar system. Each atom was like a solar system, with each molecule's nature depending on its atom, and we ourselves were made up of molecules. The possibilities were endless, and I wondered why people wasted so much time on the dogmas of formal religion when this was such a satisfying truth. I thought of my atheist father and his hobby of tracing inconsistencies in the Bible. It seemed childish to bother about that sort of thing with science waiting in the offing—science, which settled everything.

On my next visit home, to Chicago, I tried to explain all this to him. He was reading Mencken. "Look at calcite, Daddy," I said. "It's a mineral—calcium carbonate—and it shows what I mean about the universal design. The calcite crystal is rhomboidal, and the molecular planes . . ." I drew it for him. "Think of the crystal as a stack of cards. Here's a cross-section, with the loose layers running horizontally. Now, look. If you bear down along the obtuse-angled side with a knife blade, the thing suddenly gives way and shifts position. It's still solid, but it's changed shape." Seeing his face, I judged he was skeptical, and I added urgently, "I've done it myself in the lab. Isn't it beautiful? It proves the whole thing, don't you see? The universe is summed up."

My father picked up his Mencken again. "I'm afraid that's too deep for me, dolly, but it's nice to see you so interested in your studies," he said.

OBVIOUSLY, my father was too old to see the light, but my life from then on

"Sh-h-h! Daddy's viewing."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was dedicated. Now getting the mining-company job seemed a happy augury. Looking back, I can't understand why I was so sure that working in a lead-and-zinc company would afford so much bliss. I must have envisaged the place as a super-laboratory where I would be able to work at research for the rest of my life. It was intoxicating to feel that I would go home this time with my status improved, and I must have strutted around quite a lot when I got there, between bouts of packing for St. Louis. As I recall, my parents didn't talk much about my opening career. I was their fifth child to go out into the world, and they had seen it all before.

Of course, the mining company was a horrid shock. There was no laboratory. Instead of a place at a table full of retorts and Bunsen burners, I was put at an ordinary green metal desk that stood in an ordinary office. Next to me, at a similar desk, sat Miss Lowry, the girl I had been hired to replace. Within call were stenographers and an office boy. Our boss, Mr. Dixon, reigned from an inner room. It looked like an insurance office, a real-estate office. What was I doing in such surroundings? Indignation mounted as I listened to Miss Lowry's explanations of the routine and fiddled with a lot of objects on the desk—pencils, memo pads, paper clips, stuff like that.

Miss Lowry was undeniably a nice girl, but I could hardly take her seriously—a geology graduate who intended to be married to an industrialist, leaving science flat. I simply could not comprehend her mental processes. Furthermore, it was plain that Miss Lowry liked the office, was fond of Mr. Dixon, and felt some regret at leaving them. For the sake of the firm, she kept a sharp if friendly eye on my aptitude, and when the time came to report to Mr. Dixon on it she gave me a recommendation. "Intelligent and eager to learn" was what Miss Lowry said. This, too, is a mystery to me, even today. I couldn't have been intelligent, and certainly I was not eager to learn, especially after I discovered that Mr. Dixon and the company had all but given up on lead and zinc and were now concentrating on oil.

Like most of my colleagues at Wisconsin, I had an intense prejudice against oil geology. It could have been fascinating, I now realize, if we had looked at it fairly, without snobbishness. The occurrence of oil, its origins, its association with certain rocks—yes, it could have captured the imagination. But oil had always bored me, and I

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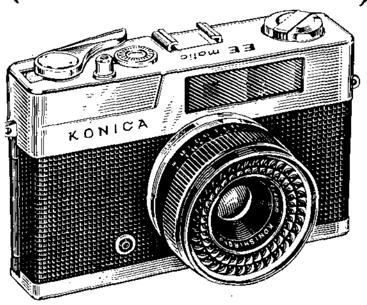

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knew it had a grasping way with geologists, tempting them from other paths because it was so important in business.

If Mr. Dixon knew I was harboring subversive sentiments—and I don't suppose I tried very hard to hide them—he didn't care as long as my work didn't suffer. He was a dramatic, dynamic type, who liked to keep things at high tension, and he handled his office staff with the technique of a football coach. We had periodic pep meetings at which he exhorted us all—stenographers, office boy, me, and whatever company geologists happened to be in town—to think constructively, be loyal, and remember that we were in business to make money. Afterward, I always went back to my desk in a painful state of guilt, because, I told myself, I was serving false gods. This was high-flown language for what I was actually doing—organizing and filing correspondence, keeping maps of the company's holdings up to date, and plotting from the information that came in records of well drilling and production—but after a pep meeting with Mr. Dixon one did tend to think in high terms.

After a few weeks of this routine, even prospecting for oil seemed to me an enviable activity, and I was sorry I had ever called it ignoble. Our geologists would clump into the office straight from the field, in sweaty khaki shirts and breeches, to talk to Mr. Dixon about their journeys, compare notes, and file reports. I listened to them ardently, and talked, when I got the chance, of my own desire to get away from desk work. It seemed to me that I would be perfectly happy plodding mile after mile under the Southwest sun and pitching camp in the Dust Bowl. They laughed. So did Mr. Dixon, when I begged him to let me do it. Things were even worse after he hired a surveyor from my college. I had to sit glowering at my desk, watching him swagger off to the field. "Well, we told you and told you," he said. "Didn't we?"

THE long, hot days of the St. Louis summer marched past. I caught the same streetcar every morning, went out at the same hour for my lunch, had the same date every Saturday night with a strictly non-geological man. I began reading novels. At the local museum, I went out of my way to avoid the natural-history displays. I was a scorned suitor. If science didn't want me, I didn't want it. But I kept a savings account, into which every week I put as much money as I could. Someday I would escape from this pool of

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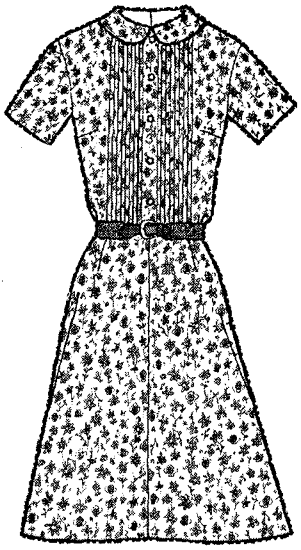

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oil and forest of paper clips and get back to the world in which I could think again the old, deep thoughts of calcite.

"By the way," said Mr. Dixon one morning, "I've hired another one of you girls—another geologist."

Annabel was her name. Here was another anomaly, like Miss Lowry: she showed no dismay at all at the discovery that nobody intended to use her knowledge of fossils. On the contrary, her eyes brightened when she heard that she was to spend a lot of time filing. She said she loved filing, and forthwith flew at the correspondence in a manner that Mr. Dixon obviously admired. At least something about her evoked his admiration—possibly her appearance. Annabel was very pretty in a blond, blue-eyed way.

At lunch one day, she asked me, "Where do you live? Have you got an apartment?"

"No, a furnished room," I said.

"That must be awful," said Annabel. "A girl wants a place of her own. Let's get an apartment together, so we can cook for ourselves and be comfortable."

I shook my head, though not really with decision. I said, "Don't you hate housework? I'd rather use my time for things that interest me—things that when you've done them you have something to show for it."

"Like what?" asked Annabel, and this stumped me. I recollected that I was no longer a scientist but a mere breadwinner.

"It's much better to have an apartment," she went on. "I like cooking, so you wouldn't have to bother too much with that. You can do the cleaning and dishwashing. You'll like being in an apartment, once you get used to it. Any woman would."

"Oh, all right," I said.

So we found an apartment, and bought things from a second-hand furniture dealer, and set ourselves up. Annabel was really happy about it. She gloated over the furniture.

"You'd never guess it was second-hand," she said. "Don't you really begin to feel just a bit domestic now?"

To keep from being nagged, I said I did, and I tried to show reasonable interest in the details of life in the apartment, but a lot of them irked me. It wasn't easy, in 1926, to keep house and go to work as well. There were no drip-dry clothes, no nylon, no refrigeration except what the iceman supplied with his tongs. Because we were out all day, we were constantly toting things upstairs at night or early in the morning—we lived up several flights—from the grocery,

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the butcher's, the laundry, and the dairy. Annabel didn't mind, but that was natural; we never agreed on anything. I can't conceive of two girls with less in common. On the other hand, we never quarrelled, either. Indeed, as time went on I confided many things to Annabel. Over a gin daisy in the evening, I would expatiate on the frustrations I suffered at the office. I was particularly bitter about Mr. Dixon. I called him an exploiter of science and a sweater of female labor—I had recently discovered that I was being paid less than any of the male geologists. Annabel would listen to all this with no comment, her wide blue eyes full of calm.

IT was the period of prohibition, and the gin that went into the daisies was made by Annabel and me out of alcohol and essence of juniper. Like most other people of our acquaintance, we got the juniper from the corner drugstore and used fairly hit-or-miss methods to get the alcohol. Annabel didn't drink much—not as much as I did. But I wasn't a real drinker, either. I hadn't had much practice. Until my last year at college, all the liquor I'd had was the warm, evil-tasting stuff we used to suck from hip flasks at football games and dances, with more giggling and innuendo about it than intoxication. And since I hadn't gone to many games or dances, my experience was strictly limited until my senior year, when I decided to investigate the subject once and for all, as a scientist. I got a small bottle of grain alcohol from a friendly attendant at the lab in Science Hall. He swore it had never been used. With this and half a dozen bottles of Coca-Cola, I drove out into the country one night and got to work. Pouring a third of the Coke out of a bottle, I filled it to the brim with alcohol, shook it vigorously, and drank it down. Then I sat waiting for sensations. Nothing seemed to be happening, so I mixed another bottle and tried again. The sensations must have hit me fairly quickly that time. I got to thinking about

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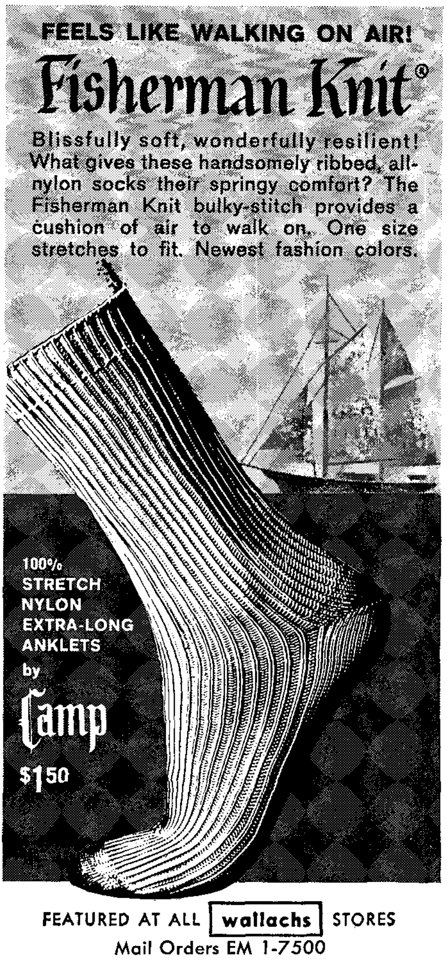
life. My thoughts made me laugh, and then I cried, and then I was sick, and then I passed out. It was a long time after that before I could get anywhere near liquor.

In St. Louis, however, I at last conquered that prejudice. You could get used to the taste if you kept trying, I decided, and I did try, successfully, especially after my social calendar changed. I began going around with two new young men named John and Jeff, who worked on a local newspaper. I was always going out with one or the other or, more frequently, both. We would spend hours mixing our essence of juniper with alcohol and then drinking it mixed with lemon juice or Coke. We talked, too. Neither of the boys knew a thing about science, but I often told them about calcite and the rest of it, and once they had agreed with me on the villainy of oil geology I could be persuaded to switch the subject. They preferred to discuss F. Scott Fitzgerald, baseball, and poetry. They tried to get me interested in politics, too, but they failed. I wouldn't even read their newspaper. Newspapers had nothing to do with what interested me, I told them.

I liked the boys, but Annabel didn't seem to. It was too bad; double-dating would have been more convenient for all concerned, but it was no use arguing with Annabel. She was invariably polite to John and Jeff, but when they invited her to come along with us she always had another date. I gave up, finally, and advised the boys to do likewise. We decided that she preferred men of a more regular fashion of life—men with season tickets to the opera, men who played bridge and went to church on Sunday.

WINTER came. With John and Jeff, I went to the movies and ice-skated. Then March melted the snow and April brought a foretaste of summer. I grew restless, especially after I got a letter from my college roommate, Jane, who was now working as a tourist guide for the Fred Harvey company in Santa Fe. "I don't suppose you'd consider coming out here and working with me," she wrote. "You're doing so well in mining that you're probably happy where you are." If I hadn't been so old, I might have sniffled a little.

I went home to Chicago for a vacation. I must have hoped the trip would jounce me out of my gloom, but the sight of the city made it worse than ever. It was awful to think of everybody in that big place getting up at the same time every morning, taking the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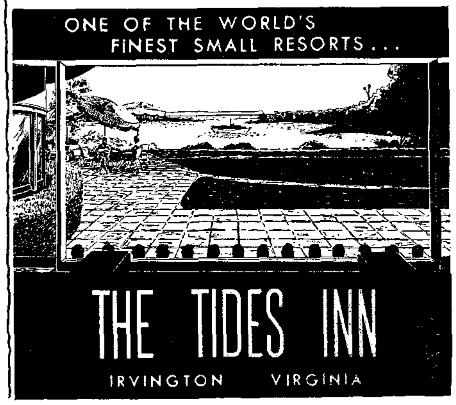
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same bus or streetcar to work, doing the same things every day at the office. Where in the world were people who did things simply because they wanted to—because they were interested? Did no one ever strike out along new paths? All these people were no better off than I was. "But what *is* it you want?" my mother asked. "A few years ago, you were bound and determined to do engineering. There was no stopping you. Now you're tired of it. . . ."

I went back to St. Louis meekly, and back to the office. Soon May was more than half over. I felt as if I had been collating oil records my entire life. One morning when Annabel and I were sitting at our desks, Mr. Dixon came out and asked for a set of Oklahoma leases. Annabel got them out with her customary speed and efficiency, but Mr. Dixon lingered, chatting pleasantly. He divided his glances between us whenever he paid us such a visit, but it was to Annabel alone that he said, "By the way, I've had interesting news in the morning mail that has some bearing on our discussion last night."

It was Annabel who gave herself away. I was only half listening, and the phrase "last night" would have passed in my mind for a reference to late yesterday afternoon if she hadn't looked sidewise at me. Her eyes, usually so expressionless, were hunted and guilty. Suddenly something clicked in my brain. I bent over a chart on my desk.

"Emily," said Annabel, when Mr. Dixon had gone.

I looked up and found her regarding me with a fair approximation of her old, calm gaze. She said, "I suppose you must be wondering about that remark."

"Oh, not at all," I said.

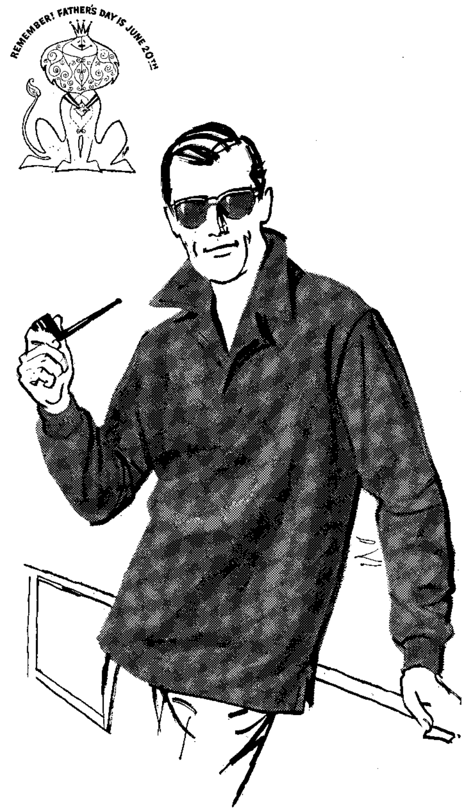
"But you must think it strange. I admit I *have* been seeing Mr. Dixon outside once or twice. Not very often, believe me. The only reason I haven't mentioned it before is that he said I shouldn't. You know how people talk in an office. They wouldn't understand, and it seemed safer not to let even you know."

"But it was Mr. Dixon himself who mentioned it just now."

"Yes. I suppose he forgot," said Annabel.

"Anyway," I said, "it's none of my business who you go out with."

I was lying. I thought it was very much my business when I recalled the things I'd said to Annabel about Mr. Dixon. I kept remembering more things, each one worse than the last. She must have told him some of them, I thought. It would have been only natural. And, of course, he'd given her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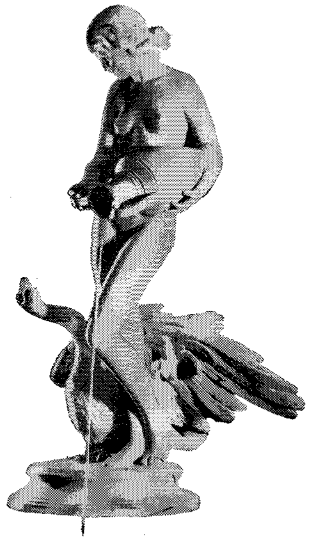

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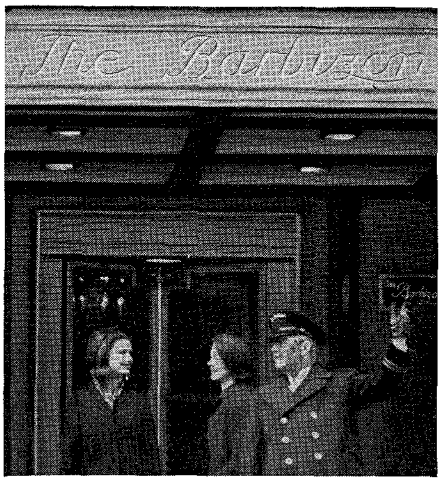

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two raises since she'd joined the firm. She was earning more than I was. Oh, of course Annabel had been telling him everything she'd ever heard in the office.

Anyway, what did I care? I didn't. I repeated this to myself, over and over. Angrily, I said to myself, "You listen to office gossip, and suddenly you're in the midst of horrid things. This is what comes of letting life break in."

ON the evening of May 20, 1927, I went to dinner with John and Jeff at a beer garden. Beer gardens were still called that, though we had to fill up on gin before going to one, for we could only buy a near-beer concoction called Bevo when we arrived. The men talked excitedly about the day's big news story, on which they were working, while I mopped my face, swatted mosquitoes, and sipped. Our table was in a corner near a lot of potted plants. Around us, at other tables, sat other sweaty people. The garden was really a paved yard with fading shrubbery, but it was better than being indoors. We were all lit by strange, unearthly colors—blue, green, and pink—that drifted across us in blotches from electric lights in festoons overhead. On a platform, a band played tunes from "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Count of Luxembourg," operettas familiar to St. Louis because they were performed regularly at the St. Louis Municipal Opera Theatre in Forest Park.

With love, Nadina Popoff,
'Tis right there!
No! With scorn, Nadina Popoff,
'Tis right—there!

I hummed with the band. Looking up, I found my friends still talking as hard as ever. I said petulantly, "What is all this, anyway? Who is Lindbergh?"

They exclaimed in horror. "Don't you know anything at all? Lindbergh's the greatest man of the century," said Jeff. "At this moment, he's up there flying across the Atlantic to France. Solo!"

"You mean this is the first time it's been done?" I asked.

Yes, they said, it damn well was.

I said, "Oh, well, once you've got a plane in the air I guess it doesn't make any difference how far you go."

The men exchanged glances—clearly I was hopeless—but then they tried to explain. The dangers Lindbergh was facing, I learned, were many. He had a very small plane, like a chicken coop, but he might run short of fuel anyway. He might go off course. He might blow

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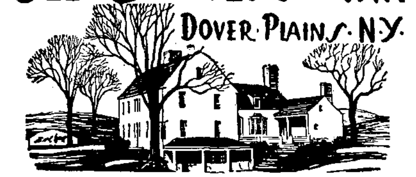

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up. "Most of all, think of the loneliness," said Jeff emotionally. "Good Lord, just look up at the sky."

I did. Between the festoons of lights, it was sullen and black. Heat waves darkened the stars.

"He's up there in the dark for hours on end. That's courage!" said Jeff.

"Well. Well, yes. I see what you mean." I stared again at the black above us, and a slow thrill started between my ears and moved downward. "Yes," I said.

John was looking at his notes. He said to me, "This might interest you particularly. It seems that Lindbergh was at your university, and in your college—the College of Engineering, wasn't it?—just two years ahead of you."

"Honestly?" I asked.

"Yes, but he didn't finish. Otherwise you might have met him. It says here that he dropped out because he got sore at the system used in teaching physics. Students have to write up all their experiments, don't they?"

"Yes, of course. What of it?"

"I don't know if this is true, you understand," John continued, "but the story goes that Lindbergh said it was just plain foolish for all the students to write up the same experiment every term. Writing it up took more time than the experiment. He said it was an awful waste of time and labor."

I thought this over. I found I was excited by the suggestion; I had never thought of the point before, but it was true, it was true. "Why, yes," I said. "It *is* a waste. What happened then?"

"Oh, he refused to write the experiments. He did the work, but he wouldn't turn in reports."

"Now, *that's* wonderful, if you like," I said. "That's *wonderful*."

The boys looked at me so oddly that I didn't go on to say what I'd intend-

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ed—that Lindbergh's rebellion seemed far more important to me than did his flight across the Atlantic. At any rate, however belatedly, he was now my hero. I was silent for the rest of the evening, and still silent when I crawled into bed, for fear Annabel might wake up. It was embarrassing nowadays having to make conversation with Annabel.

I HAD a bad dream. I was standing somewhere, in a limbolike country without landscape, waiting for a procession to pass by. When it came, it was made up of young geologists marching smartly, four abreast, in field clothes, with cups and compasses hanging from their belts. Though I recognized them as my old friends, they walked straight past as if they didn't see me, until, as the last four came swinging by, one head turned, and one face—later I couldn't recall whose—looked at me. It was a look of grave contempt that pierced me painfully. Shame, grief, and a feeling of intense loss filled me. A cloud of dust welled up in the wake of the geologists and blotted them out, and when I woke I was still heavy with pain. Was I the betrayed or the betrayer?

It was Sunday. Annabel still slept, breathing softly. As I sat up, the morning sun glared on the sheet, burning away the mists in my brain. Suddenly I remembered what day it was, and what news the morning could bring—news with, I felt, a special message for me. During the night, I had somehow made a decision: If Lindbergh had landed in France, it followed with logical progression—the same clear logic that I knew existed in crystallography—that I was as free as he was, and therefore that I would quit my job. Of course, if he hadn't made it I would have to stay. Fair was fair.

In a tearing hurry, I dressed, no longer caring whether or not I woke Annabel, and rushed downstairs and along the street to the corner drugstore. For the first time in my life, I was going to buy a newspaper. The papers were stacked on the counter, and I grabbed the top one, shaking. My heart bounded. Sure enough, Lindbergh had settled it. I could quit. —EMILY HAHN

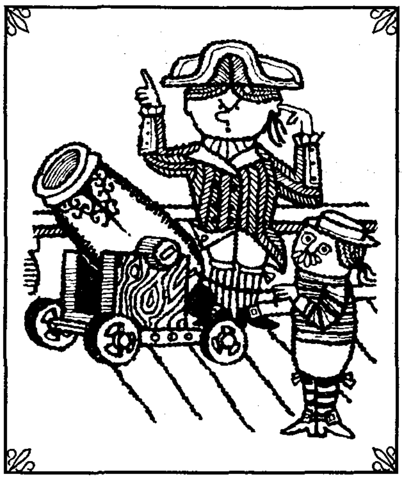
* * *

THE STREET

The street climbs upward steeply,
hiding its ascent sometimes
in sudden angles, abrupt
twistings, the cobbles ahead
darting off into shadow.
Where the sunlight is brightest,
an iron shutter seems rung
down on the street where it turns;
the blackness dazzles between
houses that are stepping out
into space or are hugging
one another, teetering
like drunkards, but not falling.
This one sees, after a while.
When one has hesitated
at the turn, the feeling is
not of the street going on,
but of a new encounter,
vaguely threatening. The street's
blackness is like the blackness
of the dogs who lie across
one's path inevitably
in these mountain villages—
dogs that bring one to a stop
each time, though they sleep on and
seem as passive as puddles.
Looking up an unexplored
stretch of the street, one senses
a cul-de-sac that is not
there; in fact, there is likely
to be only a single
street that travels back upon
itself through its leisurely
mazes, attaining perhaps
a square with well or fountain,
but breaking at once into
a flight of stone steps trotting
forward to gather dimness.
To turn with one's camera
is to find that one has come,
as it were, from a blank wall,
on which a rooftop has set
its geometric shadow,
making an abstract painting;
but when one resumes the way,
one climbs the streets of countless
pictures in hotel bedrooms
at home. But there is never
a campstool here, no paintbox
or easel. Austerities
of light and shade are all—cube
upon cube mounting the sky's
blue perspectives. There is no
view. (What have they done with it?)
Doors and windows are holes
in the light. The street staggers
onward, lurching its cobbles
to the next elevation.
The masonry swells under
red rooftops, through the tiers of heat.
One climbs, it seems, uselessly,
feeling the straining in thighs
and calves, following one's feet.
At yet another turning,
the figure of a woman is revealed—
a peasant dressed in black, bent
forward, her face averted,
she hurries past and downward.
She is noiseless on the stones.

—GENE BARO

The Best Of Boston



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THE RACE TRACK

Heads or Tails?

I SUPPOSE there will be no more than five or six starters in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday, and two sons of Ribot—Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan (they sound like an old song-and-dance team, don't they?)—will dominate the scene. This season has been an ill-starred one for three-year-olds. Bold Lad, the champion at two, popped a couple of splints at Hialeah last winter, but it seems that even earlier he had had a spot of knee trouble—a calcium deposit, or something of the sort—and after the Kentucky Derby it was discovered that he was anemic. Sadair, who was generally rated as the runner-up to Bold Lad, broke a bone in a foot while training in Florida, and has been retired from racing. Jacinto, a star at Santa Anita last winter, wrenched an ankle while galloping at Belmont Park early this spring, damaging a suspensory ligament, and it may keep him in idleness for the rest of the year. Lucky Debonair, winner of the Kentucky Derby, will be on the shelf for months; his bucked shins, which were blamed for his poor showing in the Preakness, developed into serious splint trouble. As for Native Charger, who came out of the Preakness a bit lame, he has been put on the shelf for a month or so. And as for Flag Raiser, who ran so sensationally at Aqueduct and so disappointingly at Pimlico, he is having a rest from his hard spring campaign, which is just as well, because the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes would surely be beyond his powers.

No doubt the best means of picking the possible winner of the Belmont would be to toss a coin—heads Dapper Dan, tails Tom Rolfe. Dapper Dan, of course, will be the favorite, for the bettors remember how stoutly he finished in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and he has more size and substance than Tom Rolfe. On the other hand, Tom Rolfe has speed as well as stamina and courage. Besides, he's my type of horse. So I'm stringing along with him.

IT certainly was a Blue Monday for the backers of favorites at Aqueduct last week. Gun Bow finished second

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in his first appearance in New York this season, and New Windsor, previously unbeaten and a track-record breaker in Maryland, ran out of the money in the Juvenile Stakes. Both were odds-on. It is axiomatic that no horse or rider can afford to make even one mistake in a race at six furlongs—the time is too short—and Gun Bow and his jockey, Blum, made several. Although Gun Bow had never looked handsomer or more fit and ready, he was sluggish at the start, breaking slowly and getting off on the wrong foot. He also went wide around the far turn, and as he swung into the stretch and began his run, Blum sent him to the rail, right up on the heels of the leaders. Perhaps the boy thought they would open up and let him through, the way they used to do for Arcaro, but they didn't. So Malicious held the lead he'd taken from the start, and won by a head. Better luck next time, Gun Bow.

Frankly, New Windsor didn't strike me as the *Wunderkind* I'd heard about. Maybe it was because of his color and conformation; he's a roan, and light-bodied. He did show a flash of early speed, but Our Michael disposed of him in a couple of furlongs and went on to win by six lengths from Timely Move, with Flame Tree third. By the way, Our Michael is owned by Leonard Fruchtman, who also owned that gallant but unfortunate little runner Bally Ache. Remember his winning the Juvenile? I do.

A MEMORANDUM for horseplayers who bet on jockeys: Prior to his triple at Aqueduct the other afternoon, Venezia had had thirty-eight losing mounts in succession.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

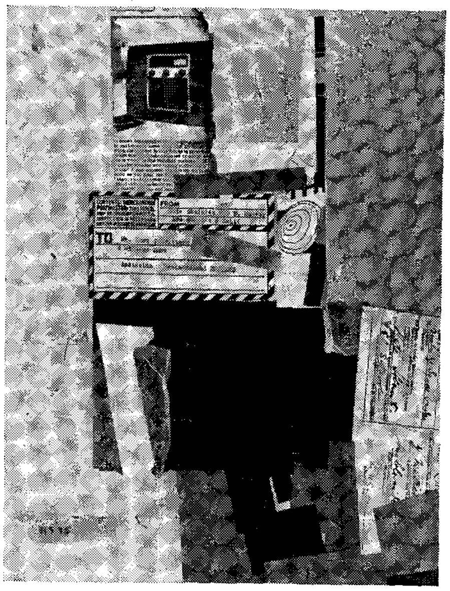
[*From the Wichita Falls* (*Texas*) *Times*]

A clever new toy is a cuddly, inflatable doll, 18 inches high, for children. The doll helps parents instruct children on how to care for a cold. Squeeze his bright red nose and he whistles. Send one dollar to Red Nose Doll, J. B. Roerig and Company, Dept. 10, 35 East 42nd Street, New York 10017.

•

"We're not stocking steel or anything," declares Ernest Swigert, chairman of Hyster Co., Portland, Ore., maker of lift trucks. What if a steel strike comes? "We'll burn that bridge when we get to it," he says.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Put those matches away, Swigert, and get some steel ordered!



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Bahamian night life is a dusk-to-dawn affair. Photograph by Roy Round.

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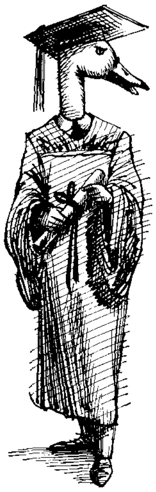
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 26

THE Queen's visit to West Germany has appeared to provoke a deafening outburst of British reserve, or so it seems to anyone who has tried to find out what Londoners are thinking as they study the daily quota of pictures of the familiar flower-hatted or diamond-crowned figure moving with dignity through the various splendid welcoming functions. Practically all the papers, of course, have poured out reams of accompanying words on the high importance of the visit as a new beginning in Anglo-German relations, emphasizing the change in the German heart and making the point that it is now only the older English who will remember and harbor emotions and suspicions. The Beaverbrook press, always shrilly anti-German, gave headlines to the royal tour and ran sharp cartoons and oblique critical comment on inside pages. As things turned out, there seemed to be a curious absence of controversy or comment in the talk going around—only this polite and perhaps sensible silence. Though the Rhine was reportedly set literally on fire in honor of the visitor, the Thames, it may be judged, is flowing along calm and gray as usual.

AS you drive around London these days, the chances are that you will find yourself sitting in a traffic jam behind one of the cars whose rear windows have blossomed out with new stickers bearing the tart legend "Don't Blame *Me*—I Voted Conservative." To judge by the result of the local elections run off the other day in England and Wales, the slogan might have been pasted up at the back of the voters' minds as they chose the kind of councils they wanted to see managing their own regional affairs. Labour lost over four hundred seats, and the Conservatives lost only ten. The Liberals also had a bitter setback, losing support even in some towns where Liberalism has strong, traditional roots. Though Government Ministers pointed out, with truth, that such swings of national dislike against the Government in power are usual at these borough elections,



FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE GOOSE AND THE GALAXY

At commencement, a young Goose graduate asked the guest speaker, a venerable, white-haired astronomer, what he did for a living. "I study the stars," he replied. "For Pete's sake," yapped the Goose. "At your age! I finished astronomy a year ago!"

MORAL: wisdom frequently begins where education leaves off.

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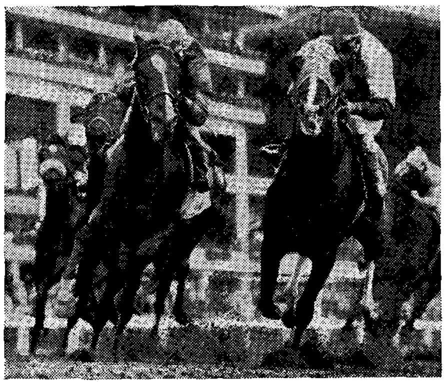

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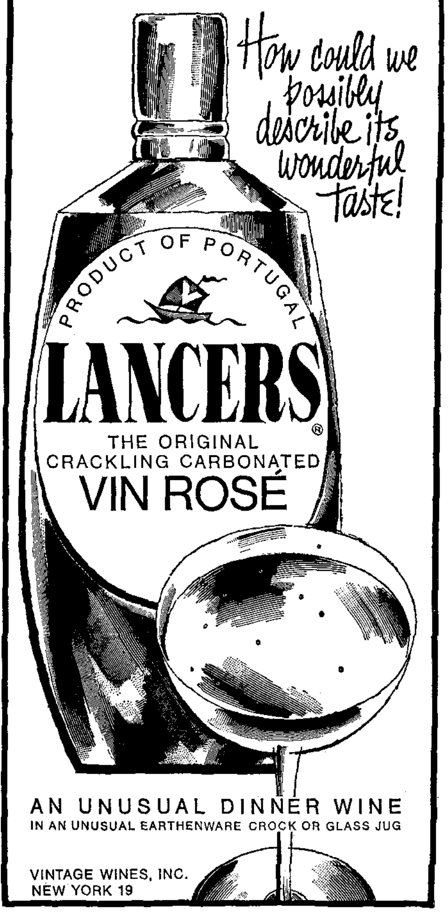
when the full voting strength does not bother to turn out, the violence of the movement with which the country shoved against the party it put in office only seven months ago (with no great force of conviction, certainly) was shaking. The worst sign for Labour was the crumbling away of votes in many of the big industrial cities that came out strongly for the Party last time the boroughs were fought, and that gave it powerful support in the general election. It was a daunting reply to the Prime Minister's television address to the nation on the eve of the borough elections, in which he repeatedly used the word "tough" to describe the policies he was asking his listeners to trust in, and devoted most of his time to a rasping attack on the Conservatives—perhaps too much, some people think, since so many of his audience, as though suddenly reminded of the Tories' existence, went out the next day and quietly voted Conservative councillors into control of their town halls. For such a supremely shrewd political performer as Mr. Wilson, his continual harping on the sins of his predecessors, as though the nation were one vast Labour Party conference of the appreciative faithful, seemed oddly parochial, and a mistake.

The rumble of discontent that erupted ten days ago has been going on for some time, of course. As citizens gloomily thumped the new blue fourpenny stamps onto letters that until last week had required the old purple threepenny, they were putting their fists down on the obvious top cause—the steadily mounting cost of living. The Government's anti-inflationary swipes in the budget at drinks, smokes, and petrol are now being felt, and few people appear optimistic that the trades unions will be able to hold back their members' claims for wage increases to match. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. James Callaghan, said cheerily last week that the credit squeeze had hardly begun—a prediction bringing no cheer at all to his listeners and an immediate depressed reaction in the business world. The banks have been told to tighten up on overdrafts and loans, including so-called "bridging loans" to tide over householders who want to move into a new home but have not yet sold their old one. In protest and in public (angering the Government as a violation of the bankers' tradition of keeping a discreet silence, like doctors), the banks gave their view that private individuals and firms are being too harshly nipped in the squeeze, adding that



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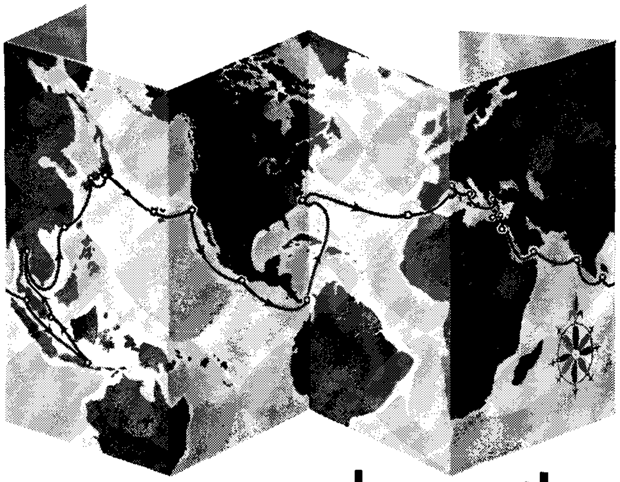
the Government's own spending might well be further pruned.

If a variety of grievances have contributed to the cold wind of opinion now blowing against Mr. Wilson and his administration, his tissue-paper Parliamentary majority flapping in the draft has suddenly seemed to become one of the causes. The ordinary, non-militantly Socialist citizen's apathy on the issue of steel nationalization is said to be profound. Yet the Prime Minister's decision to try to push this controversial measure through on such a flimsy mandate, and in spite of all opposition in the House and the country, appears to have sunk in unfavorably. Apathetic or not, large numbers of the electorate went out to the polls a week after the recent steel debate and, in their disapproval, voted for a startling change in the local-government landscape. Nobody seems to view with much pleasure the prospect of an indefinite term of government by further narrow escapes of three or four votes in the Commons, with always the possibility that a future by-election or two may, in the present public mood, whittle down Labour's majority still further. The discontent with Mr. Wilson, which could well be temporary, does not mean, it should be added, that there is any overwhelming desire yet to see Sir Alec Douglas-Home back in Downing Street. But the message from the boroughs has clearly removed the possibility of the Prime Minister's deciding, as it was thought he might, on a snap election to try to improve his present weak position in the House of Commons.

THE *Times* published about a month ago two of its usual fine, and in this case historic, staff photographs. They were views of the City of London—one recent, the other taken in 1933—from the steeple of St. Bride's, the Wren church in Fleet Street. It was an extraordinary, fascinating revelation of how the new City must look to the eyes of a Trafalgar Square pigeon making for a ledge of St. Paul's or a perch, if it could find one, on the inhospitable surfaces of one of the glittering modern slabs of graph-paper architecture. In the prewar photograph, the Cathedral sits above the huddled mass of low buildings looking like some superb, sooty hen firmly nested and dominating everything else in sight, with other Wren steeples cutting upward, sharp as blades of corn, from the misty distances. In the recent picture, the washed west front of St. Paul's glitters dazzlingly enough to

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS



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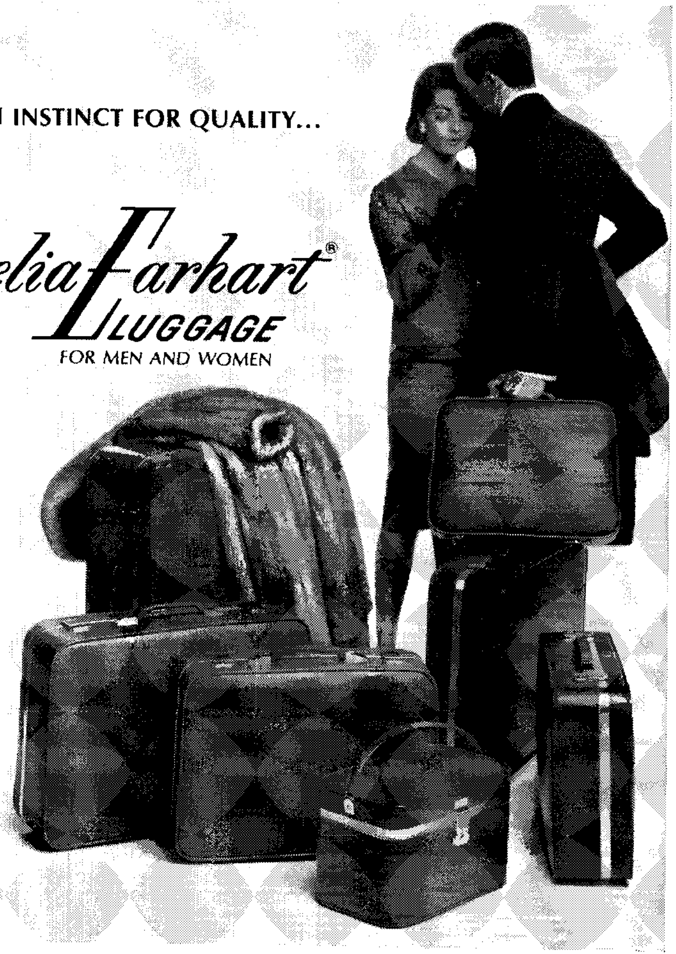

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guide even the most myopic pigeon, but its scale has been startlingly diminished by the tall office buildings grouped in the neighborhood.

For visitors approaching on their feet, some of the City projects now taking shape have certainly opened new vistas (and sometimes, of course, knocked out familiar old ones) all over the place. The left-hand wing of Lord Holford's (Sir William, as he was at the time of the scheme's acceptance) St. Paul's-precinct complex is partly completed. Eventually, it will fan out on both sides of the Cathedral, and only those Londoners who decry anything modern can deny that the new approach will be more dignified than the old haphazard muddle. The scheme includes shops as well as office blocks surrounding a wide, raised pedestrian plaza, from which one gets a good and unusual view of the details and the posturing holy figures of Wren's pediment—previously best seen, indeed, by pigeons. On fine Thursdays, when one or another of the Guards regimental bands plays here and people stroll in the sun to listen, it seems an agreeable addition to the City's open spaces.

The most impressive major reconstruction in the area, however, is the big Barbican development now rising before Londoners' interested gaze on sixty-three acres north of the Guildhall. The rag trade used to be centered there until the district was flattened, more or less in a single night, and the survivors migrated to the area around Oxford Street. The wealthy Corporation of the City of London was able to buy the entire site, and thus to plan, with the rare unity that made eighteenth-century urban developments so harmonious, for a big new neighborhood in which people will live as well as work. The population of the City dropped in a mere hundred years from a hundred thousand to five thousand, of which about half, to nonresidents prowling among the business houses after dark, appear to be caretakers and their cats. Now the Barbican will have apartment blocks as well as a business sector, a concert hall, schools, and a theatre, in which the Royal Shakespeare Company will make its permanent London home. Some of the ancient City livery companies, including the Brewers, the Salters, and the Ironmongers, are moving into new halls in the Barbican that replace their handsome old ones, some lost in the blitz and others pulled down in the redevelopment of other parts of the City. The part of the experiment that seems most intelligently revolutionary is its scheme

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for segregating the motorist from the pedestrian by a system of high-level walkways, along which the crowds pouring out of the Underground stations in the morning will eventually be able to walk comfortably to their offices without dodging traffic or shouting above its racket. The only section of these pedestrian walkways so far built is in the business zone, where the tall new business blocks, including a (for London) whopping thirty-five-story tower, are clustered more or less along the line of the old London wall—of which a dark section of Roman brick remains in a pleasant little garden where typists eat lunchtime sandwiches. Banks, shops, snack bars, and a pub or two are already nestled aloft on this upper deck, which will eventually link up the entire Barbican and possibly extend to other parts of the City. The other day, people were strolling peacefully along it, dropping in for a beer, possibly cashing a check, and gazing over the parapet at the noisy wilderness of mud, pile drivers, concrete mixers, and cranes from which, in about 1970, the apartment houses and shops of the Barbican residential area are due to rise. The apartment towers will house about seven thousand new City residents—well-off ones, presumably, since it appears that the rents will not be low. The natural historic center of the scheme is the venerable Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Oliver Cromwell was married and John Milton was buried. It was originally built in the fourteenth century, was destroyed by fire in the sixteenth and rebuilt, and was partly burned again in 1941. Now standing marooned on an absolute island, with excavators burrowing around its ancient foundations, St. Giles is to be newly invigorated as the parish church and heart of the Barbican.

THE first dramatization, it seems, ever to be made of an Ivy Compton-Burnett novel reached the Phoenix Theatre the other night and was much acclaimed by the critics. "A Heritage and Its History" has been skillfully reset by Julian Mitchell so that every lapidary sentence is the deadly real thing—pure, authentic Compton-Burnett—and it comes off brilliantly well. The curtain rises on a long, narrow dinner table, close to the footlights, at which, facing the audience, sit the decorous Victorian forms of a Wiltshire baronet, his widowed sister-in-law, and her two sons, who proceed in exquisitely polite sentences to converse like dateless, stateless children impelled to utter

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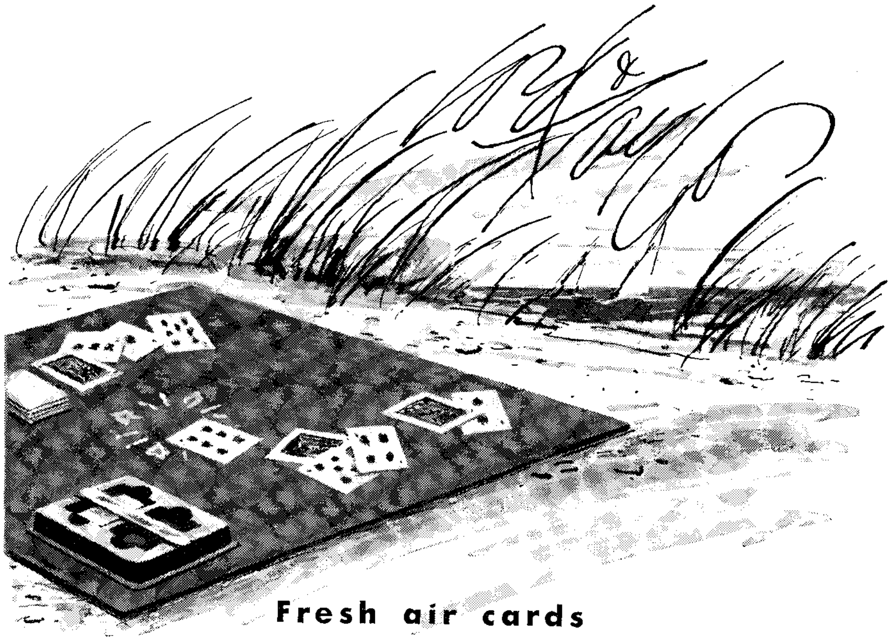

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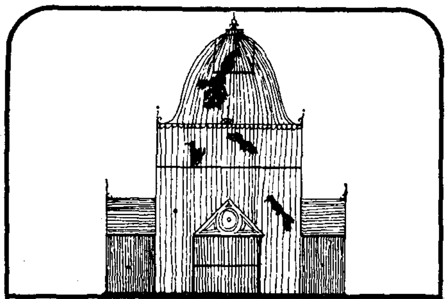

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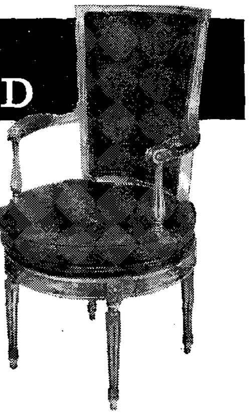

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only the awful logical truth. All through the play, the dinner plates are changed, the teaspoons tinkle, the embroidered bell rope is pulled, and the well-bred drawing-room voices make their urbane revelations of furnaces within the bosom as tidings of sudden marriage, incipient incest, and untimely death keep on being ushered in like Greek messengers. The story concerns Sir Edwin's reluctance to die, or even to pass along some part of the jealously awaited heritage to his nephew and heir, Simon. With nothing to do, Simon seduces Sir Edwin's new young bride. The resulting son, now the beloved heir, thus cuts out his real father from the inheritance. In time, this son wishes to marry Simon's daughter, and the Furies appear to be about to be shown in, clutching their visiting-card cases. The acting all around is sharp and excellent, particularly by Alan Howard, as Simon; Christopher Guinee, as his young brother (a perfect period piece); and Dorothy Reynolds, as their mother. Frank Hauser directed the play in exactly the right stylized manner, letting the characters who are not talking in a scene stand absolutely still in the background, as if suddenly frozen while thinking their doubtless appalling thoughts.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Simple modern design, soft colors, and skillful landscaping will make NEGEA's new generating station a pleasant break in an otherwise unused, rough meadow area on the southern shore of the canal in the town of Sandwich.—*New England Gas & Electric Association 1964 Annual Report.*

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[*From "The Agony of the G.O.P., 1964," by Robert D. Novak*]

As for the Kennedy-Rockefeller poll in New York, the ability of polls to move the minds of very many politicians is not great. —*Page 139.*

In an age when politicians depend more upon public opinion than their own instincts, this was conclusive evidence indeed of Rockefeller's fall. —*Page 148.*

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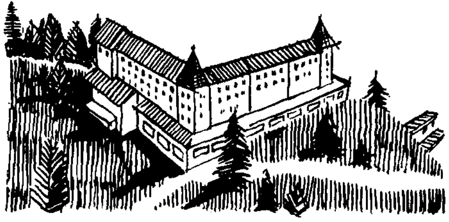

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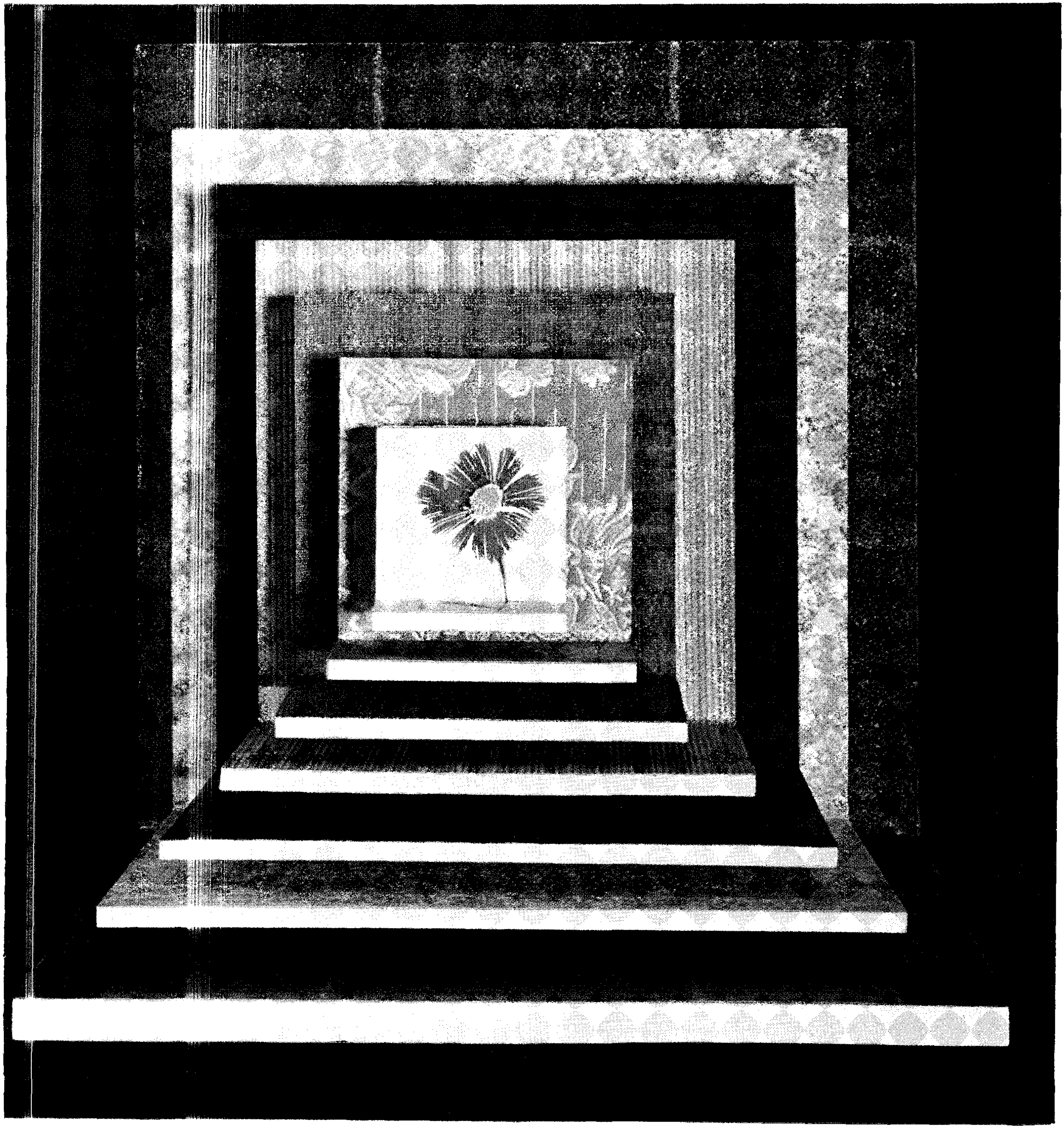

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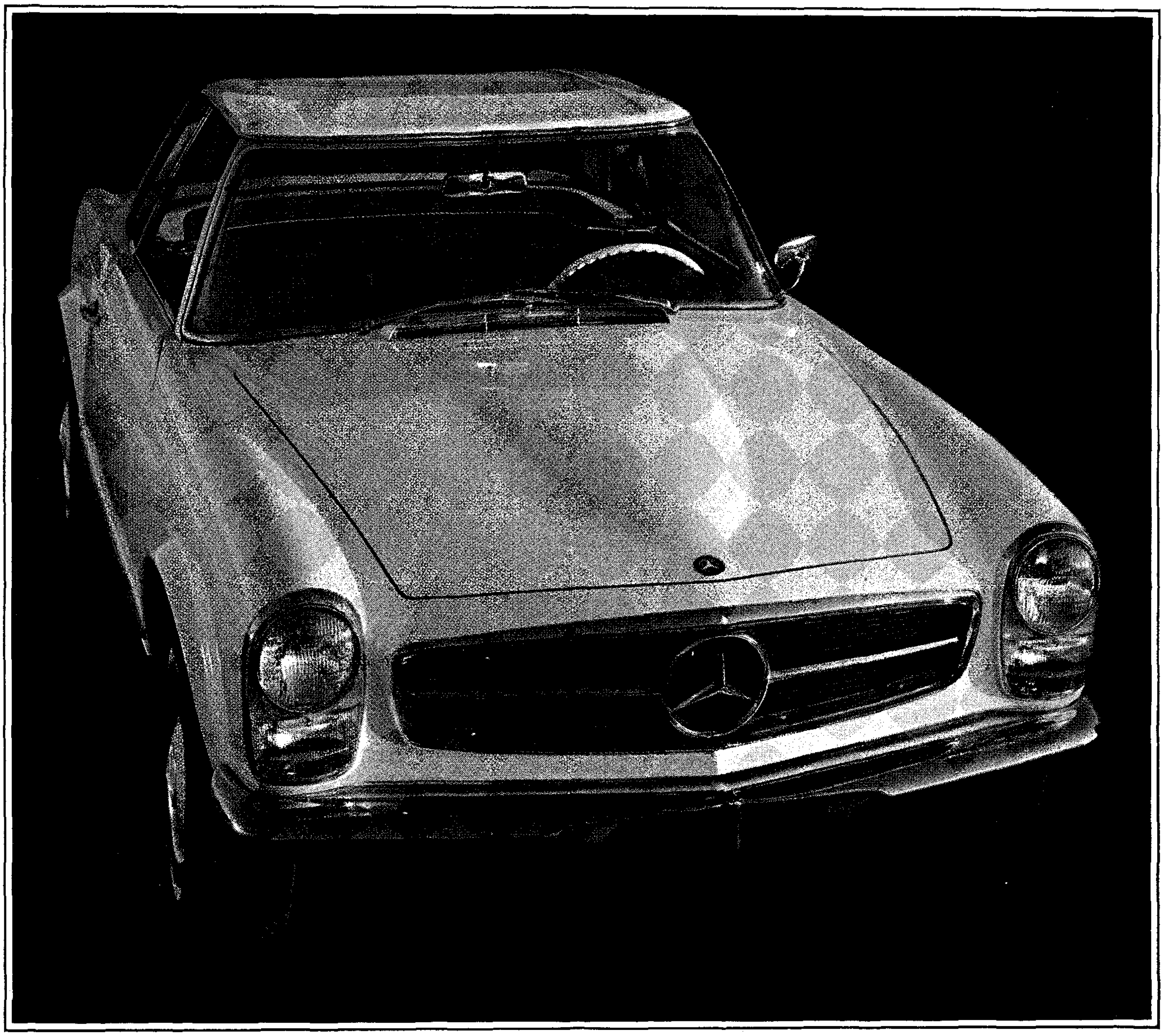

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beyond Words

A FEW months ago, Howard Hanson, the American composer and onetime head of the Eastman School of Music, in Rochester, remarked in an interview with Albert Goldberg, of the Los Angeles *Times*, that he thought the major triad (the old do-mi-sol chord) expressed the idea of God or love. I am not sure whether its meaning is as specific as that; to me, in different contexts, it expresses triumph, elation, catharsis, serenity, and a good many other things. Still, it is a striking fact that this chord, or its minor equivalent, has stood at the end of every one of the thousands of compositions (except, perhaps, a negligible number of deliberately tricky ones) written between Monteverdi and Richard Strauss. Attempts to give specific meanings to chords, or other musical phenomena, have been made over and over again. Among those who have made them are Albert Schweitzer (in his book on Bach), the English composer Deryck Cooke (in "The Language of Music"), the American Donald N. Ferguson (in "Music as Metaphor"), and, more recently, the well-known Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet (in a book not yet translated into English, called "Les Fondements de la Musique dans la Conscience Humaine"). The aim, in most cases, has been to show that music has a theological, a spiritual, or, at the very least, an ethical basis. The demonstration has often been somewhat unconvincing, simply because music does not consist of exact analogues of words. (If it did, there would be no reason for the existence of music as a separate art.) The more cautious and lucid writers about the phenomenon, like Ferguson, are content not to draw the analogy too close, and to point to a system of symbolic communication, entirely different from language, by which feeling, of one sort or another, is conveyed to the listener. The problem is a fascinating one. Music of any real quality certainly expresses *something* aside from the bare bones of its form, and most listeners recognize this. A simple example, borrowed from Ferguson, is that almost anybody can tell the difference between a wedding march and a funeral march. They express different things. Music, which was long rather carelessly thought to be an abstract art, is really a representational one. But what it represents is feeling, not narration or visual experience.

Undoubtedly there is some truth in Dr. Hanson's statement. There is also a remarkable consistency in the reference to evil or anxiety of another musical element—the interval known as the tritone, which is exemplified by the notes B and F. The interval outlined by these notes was known among the medieval churchmen as the *diabolus in musica*, and it has remained a devil through long periods of musical composition. One hears it more often than one realizes, and often shudders without knowing why. It is possible that the tritone has even been used unconsciously by composers. It is to be found, appropriately, in the Mephistopheles movement of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony. The first three notes and the last three notes of the motif of Klingsor's magic in "Parsifal" outline it, reminding you that Klingsor is a villainous sorcerer. The very first notes in the bass line of Puccini's "Tosca" are based on the tritone, here indicating that you are about to witness a tale of horror, and much of the music surrounding Scarpia has tritones in it. Richard Strauss used the tritone in "Salome" for a similarly grisly characterization. If you examine the third and fourth notes of the motif that opens the opera, and is connected with Salome throughout it, you will find that they constitute a tritone, and that there is a peculiar psychological effect in the way this tritone is used. First you hear what is presumably the fifth of a minor triad, and then, after a momentary half step up, it slips, like Salome's mind, into something evil, outlined by those third and fourth notes. The tritone, moreover, was always a constituent of the dissonant chords used in classical (that is to say, eighteenth-century) music, as well as in much music of a later period. Language? Well, not exactly. But an almost universally recognized symbol nevertheless, and one that has held its meaning through many centuries of Western music. Today, avant-garde music has lost all meanings of this sort, and thus it is probably accurate to describe avant-garde music as "abstract." But let it be recognized that music was

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not an abstract art until the time of the modern atonal composers, and that even then it became abstract for some composers and not for others.

GEORGE BALANCHINE has choreographed a splendid spectacle in the full-length ballet "Don Quixote," which had a fashionable preview on Thursday night at the State Theatre, with Balanchine himself in the title role, and opened officially the following evening, with Richard Rapp as the Knight of La Mancha. (Lest you worry about the sixty-one-year-old Balanchine doing *tours en l'air*, let me assure you that he has made Don Quixote into a mimed, and not a dancing, role.) The spectacle includes some seventy-five dancers, children acting as puppets, dragons of various types, a twenty-foot giant who rises from the stage floor before a group of windmills, and a live horse and donkey. Things are so arranged that the *ewig Weibliche's* influence over Don Quixote's disordered psyche calls for the appearance of numerous female dancers, as apparitions and in more conventional divertissements, and they are a joy to watch, since they include such delightful figures as Gloria Govrin, Suki Schorer, Patricia McBride, Mimi Paul, Patricia Neary, and Marnee Morris. Moreover, the leading female role of the spectacle, Dulcinea, is danced by Suzanne Farrell with a degree of grace and brilliance that goes to the heart. Nor have Mr. Balanchine's collaborators let him down. The sets, by Esteban Frances, are generally pleasing, and the musical score, by Nicolas Nabokov, is, aside from a few dry moments of rehashed Prokofieff and early Stravinsky, melodious and evocative. The dry moments include a grim and unnecessarily stultified waltz for the courtiers in Act II, but there is enough eloquence elsewhere to make up for such lapses. The only reservation I have about the new ballet as a whole is that there is not much real dancing in it before the second act.

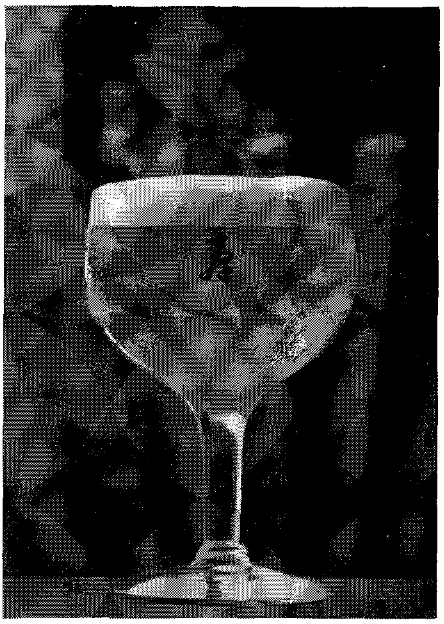
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

. . . the penalties of poverty are always severe. Compared with their contemporaries, the poor will always be found to have more illness, shorter lives, more physical and mental defects, more frequent personal crises, less education, less opportunity for advancement, less security and less leisure. It is debatable whether these disadvantages are offset by intangible benefits such as freedom from anxiety.

—*Encyclopædia Britannica, 1964.*

As far as that goes, without leisure a man doesn't have *time* to be free of anxiety.



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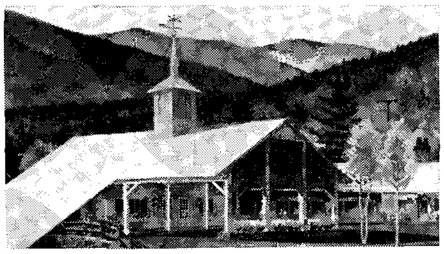

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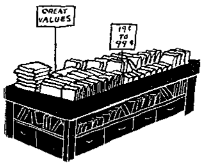

FEMALE cookery books in the American and English languages are easily divided into three main classes, I think: those predestined to endure, those meant to be bought and sometimes kept by the contributors' families and loyal fellow-workers and *their* families, and those composed for the political, economic, and/or social dustbins. There is worth in all of them.

In the first class, the Durables, there are historical curiosities like Ann Blencowe's "Receipt Book," which, with the "Harleian Mss. 279," is still read to give us an idea of how and why the early English stomach continues to nourish us, at least in the printed word. The lady Blencowe published her book in 1694. The anonymous "notes of purveyance" in the "Harleian" were made some four hundred years earlier. They are practical entertainment as well as history, as any good kitchen manual must be. The same can be said, by the lighthearted at least, about such standard but equally curious tomes as Mrs. Samuel Beeton's "Book of Household Management" (London, 1861) and the works of her American double, Mrs. Marion Harland, who wrote several cookery manuals, but none so consistently remembered as "Commonsense in the Household." Mrs. Beeton's book, kept more or less up to date, is still in steady use in Great Britain, much as, here, is the Yankee "Boston Cooking School Cook Book" (1896), which was a healthy stepchild of Mrs. Harland's genteel practicability and which since its first printing, financed from Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer's own pocket, has gone through ten complete and very expert revisions and eighty-one printings. Another Durable, which came out in 1901, is still standard equipment for brides, and not only in its birthplace, Milwaukee. It is Mrs. Simon Kander's "Settlement Cook Book ('The Way to a Man's Heart')," and because it was given to my mother when she married, in 1904, she felt conscience-bound to start other young ladies out on the same solid no-nonsense path, whether or not they were kith or kin. My own copy is the eighteenth edition; I was first in the family to marry, in 1929. It has the same white oilcloth cover as Mother's, and states just as firmly that it contains "Tested Recipes from the Settlement Cooking Classes, the Milwaukee Public School Kitchens, the School of Trade for Girls, and Experienced Housewives." Undoubtedly, if my mother had been an Easterner, I would have been raised according to Fannie Merritt Farmer instead of Lizzie Black Kander, and in either case I am sure I would have shifted my decades of loyalty just as unquestioningly when, in about 1945 (better late than never!), an accomplished man-about-town gave me my first copy of Mrs. Irma Rombauer's "The Joy of Cooking." Since then, in spite of my respect for the other ladies, my devotion to this one has been single-eyed. The title is the only bad thing about it, but it is usually avoided by referring to the book simply as "Mrs. Rombauer" or even "*my* Rombauer." *My* Rombauer called itself "A Compilation of Reliable Recipes with an Occasional Culinary Chat!" Since 1945, very skillful revisions have been made by the author and her daughter, and it is fairly safe to say that the book is as irrevocably on kitchen shelves here as is Mrs. Beeton's in England.

All these manuals are basic; thanks largely to Fannie Farmer, they now give weights, accurate measures, calorie charts, and suchlike, and their recipes are written by and for *women* (whether or not men use them, too), and in clear, intelligent order-of-use.

IN the second category of female cookbooks are the wonderful and occasionally hair-raising ephemera compiled by good household managers (and their domestics), usually for charitable purposes. Most often they are touchingly amateurish, even to their bungled printing, and equally often they are flimsy and downright ugly, but filled with small-town advertisements and "household hints" that make them fascinating to study. Like the Durables, they give their own unwitting view of history, but they are as many as they are expendable, and their whole purpose and style can be summed up by any one of their title pages, such as this:

The Home Messenger Book
of
Tested Receipts
Respectfully Dedicated to the
Friends and Patrons
of the
Detroit Home of the Friendless,
by the compilers
M.B.D. and I.G.D.S.
Price $1.25
The Profits of this Volume are devoted to
the Needs of the Home of the Friendless.
While using this Book, Hang it up
by the Loop, and Hold it Open with
two Clothes-Pins.
Published by
E. B. Smith & Co., Detroit. 1873

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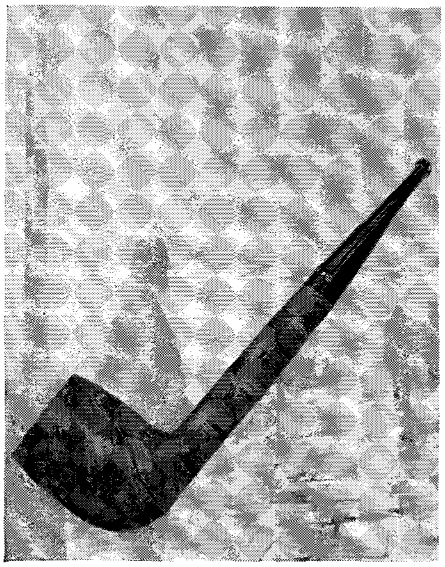

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measure. Its frontispiece is a stark engraving of the Home, an enormous brick thing, part factory and part temple, with not a lost face showing in the Yanko-Gothic windows, not a bell to toll in the steeple. No nonsense, there or anywhere else in the sturdy, hideous publication; it is a semi-professional effort, aimed at exactly the kind of late-pioneer American family that could and would hand over what was in 1873 a fat sum, for a Good Work, in fair exchange. It starts out with "Soups" and ends with "Bills of Fare," after sections indicative of the gastronomy of that period: "Breakfast and Tea Relishes," and "Creams, Meringues, and Charlottes," and then prerequisites like "To Banish Vermin" and the ubiquitous "Miscellaneous," the editors' catch-all. In "The Home Messenger's" "Miscellaneous" there are, for some reason, a few recipes that got left behind, and then several pages of long and short hints to the housewife—"To Make Cows Give Milk," "To Clean Gold Chains," and such forthright advice as this:

> All kinds of jelly is better made before the fruit is very ripe.
>
> An empty oyster can is a good thing to have standing in the kitchen sink, to put the soiled knives in to save the handles.
>
> This is the way a man had to put in a stock of ice for summer use: He gradually filled 50 barrels with water, allowing it to freeze, and then putting it into his cellar, covered it with sawdust.

The soups are hearty, every one, and range from Mock Turtle to Oyster and back again, all taking a long time to reach perfection, as is indicated in this recipe for Pea Soup: "One quart of split peas, two pounds of salt pork, 5 quarts of water. Boil five hours, and strain through a sieve while hot." One section, "Why Soup Is Wholesome," says coaxingly, "Soup has great value for those who hurry to and from their meals, as it allows an interval of comparative rest to the fainting stomach before the more substantial beef and mutton is attacked. Let a hungry and weary merchant rush in *media res*—plunge boldly into roast beef, and what is the result? The defeat is often as precipitate as was the attack. When the body is weary the stomach must be identified with it, and cannot therefore stand the shock of some ill-masticated, half-pound weight of beef. But if a small plateful of light soup be gently insinuated into the system, nourishment will soon be introduced, and strength will follow to receive more substantial material." (Another cookery manual, published about the same time, follows the fashion of using quotations, largely

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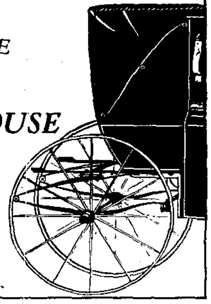

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King of the Sea
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uncredited, and starts its section "Soups and Fish" by saying, "Hail soup! Thou harbinger of full-orbed dinner!" An apt typographical error here, omitting one of the "n"s in the last word, might well apply to the eaters of this period.)

The last section of the typical compendium of late-Victorian household management assembled for and by the subscribers to "The Home Messenger," "the organ of the Detroit Home of the Friendless, and the Thompson Home for Old Ladies," is "Bills of Fare." The editors who designed these menus for the young housewife puzzled about what to serve, day after day, wrote of them, "They have been tried, tested, criticised and reformed, until in a plain and practical way we consider them faultless." Thus reassured, "a young wife and housekeeper who is inexperienced in all these matters" could rely on a choice of eight "Breakfasts," three "Lunch Parties," four "Dinners," four "Tea Companies," and two "Evening Suppers," "which, if not within the reach of all," could be somewhat modified to suit the taste and purse. "Breakfast No. 1" is a good example: "Tea, Coffee, Oat-Meal Mush eaten with Syrup or Cream and Sugar, Broiled Ham and Fried Eggs, Beefsteak and Fried Potatoes, Griddle Cakes, either Buckwheat, Indian, or flour." This meal was *not* preceded by the soup that was recommended as allowing an interval of comparative rest to the fainting stomach. Presumably the tea, coffee, and oat-meal mush took care of the physiological risk.

An inescapable footnote here, for anyone even faintly interested in the long mystery of whether or not Lizzie Borden took forty whacks at her mother and then gave a good forty-one to her father, on August 4, 1892: A breakfast was served at seven on that hot, humid morning that has appalled many a criminologist but that was far from strange for that age. It will seem familiar to anyone who has read this far in the recommended menus of a respectable cookery book in those happily far-gone days:

Johnnycakes
Bread
Coffee
Cookies
Mutton [left over and probably heated]
Hot Mutton Soup
Fresh fruit, mostly bananas, in a bowl

This breakfast was later judged "ample" by some of the people interrogated about the ugly crime, but with the temperature well into the eighties at the breakfast hour, it may have served not only as requisite fare but as a kind

Celebrating tonight? Make it champagne—make it
Great Western
(says Bacchus)

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Great Western
EXTRA DRY
New York State
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Great Western
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Don't wait for a special occasion to enjoy Great Western New York State Extra Dry—or Brut (very dry)—Champagne. Or lively Pink Champagne. Or robust Sparkling Burgundy.

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of gastronomical catalyst for whatever strange, passionate killings were soon to take place.

One of the three suggested "Lunch Parties" in "The Home Messenger" does start with "Beef Tea served in small Porcelain Cups," but the two others plunge right into Broiled Partridge and Fried Oysters, respectively. All four of the dinners, however, begin their five courses with a hearty soup—Mock Turtle, Black Bean, Parker House Tomato, and Oyster. Their second course, in the solid Anglophilic tradition on which American middle-class gastronomy religiously molded itself, is fish; the third is meat; the fourth is fowl and game with vegetables, and the last "Dessert." For instance, in "Dinner No. 3," the bride with adequate means is instructed to serve—after the rich, thick tomato broth—baked pike and then sirloin of beef and oyster pie. Her fourth course would be somewhat more elaborate: "Roast Turkey, Ducks, Vegetables in Season, Parsnip Cakes, Salsify, Macaroni, Cranberry Sauce, and Currant Jelly." Then, to lighten the load, came "Dessert": "Cream Pie, Wine Jelly, Cocoanut Pie, and Lemon Ice." A "Tea Company" apparently lasted some time in those days, for one of the directions ends, "Ice Cream and Cake, later in the evening." Before then, though, the good housewife had served "Tea and Coffee, Fried Oysters, Muffins, Sliced Broiled Chicken Breast, Cold Biscuits, Sardines and Sliced Lemons, Thin Sliced Bread rolled up, Sliced Tongue, and Cake in Variety." The "Evening Suppers" were plainly meant for large groups, and hints about how much wine jelly to serve a hundred guests (six to ten quarts) follow the phantasmagoric menus, in a section called "Allowance of Supplies for an Entertainment." It says, very bluntly, it seems to me, "It is safe to calculate that out of a hundred and fifty guests but two-thirds of that number will be present. If five hundred are invited, not more than three hundred can be reckoned on as accepting, many invitations to so large a company being in a measure perfunctory and declined in the same spirit." This is plain talk, based on the experience of many Detroit dowagers used to spreading good will among the potential supporters of the Friendless and the Old Ladies. "Allow one quart of oysters to every three persons present," they advise firmly. "Five chickens and fifteen or twenty heads of celery are enough for chicken salad for fifty guests," and so on. It all sounds grim, and one turns with relief from

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Sup here in Old World splendour! Our unique late-hour menu is just what you had in mind for after-theatre supper — from open-face hot roast beef and sirloin steak sandwiches to steak & eggs and steak thumbits! Dine in the plush intimacy of a candlelit Victorian alcove, or whoop it up with the gang around the piano in The Saloon. Entrees from $1.65 to $3.75. Nightly, after 11.

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such calculated celebration to the homey simplicity of a recipe like "Cream Pie Without Cream" or the one for "Cracker Pie," which is pleasantly dreadful in a family way and ends hopefully, or at least reassuringly, "It is better cold, and tastes something like a lemon pie."

THE main difference between most quasi-professional "receipt books" and the obviously amateurish ones published by the Sierra Madre Woman's Club (which in 1909 needed a new meeting house) and "the ladies of the First Congregational Church of Great Falls, Montana" (who in 1910 simply needed *money*) is that in the latter most of the recipes are signed. Engagingly, the Montana ladies printed on the title page of their book, called "A Potpourri of Choice Recipes," a line from Byron—" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print"—and a round five hundred of them did.

A good modern example of this combination of business and pleasure hits bookstores and even pocketbooks every month of every year, as has "The Gasparilla Cookbook," published in November of 1961, for the Junior League of Tampa. The young ladies of Tampa, like all the other ladies, needed money. Being smart in every sense of the word ("sharp, vigorous, brisk, quick-witted, clever, dextrous, of fresh or bright or well-dressed or well-groomed or fashionable appearance, of the latest fashion, setting the fashion"—Pocket Oxford Dictionary), they organized themselves smartly. Their book, in hard covers, is well designed, with a good dust jacket, and they cleverly tied themselves to the coattails of the Florida Development Commission and thus to the Tampa Exhibit at the World's Fair in New York, as well as to regional cookery and American history—that is, they did not miss a trick, being smart ladies. Intrinsically, however, their cookbook has the flavor, though served forth with sophistication, of the well-meant offerings of the Congregational Ladies of Great Falls and all their modest counterparts, and they see their names in print! Dee Dee and Winkie and Dottie Sue are there (ladies in the nineties seldom bared their nicknames, even in private), all smart co-workers for the Cause, and while the general tone of the recipes is more regional than "plain American," the trend to family favorites and cute names is the same. In "Gasparilla" there are Mrs. Hillery D. Jones's recipe for Snickendoodles and Mrs. Jamerson's Chocolate Fudgies, and in the

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It's a reproduction, every bit as stunning as the original done many decades ago. The fluting and sumptuous engraving give the pieces a look of rare elegance. It also proves that good taste need not be appallingly expensive. The one pint coffee pot is $44.00*; the sugar and cover, $23.00*; and the cream jug is $16.00*. The 12¾" silver plated tray, which is also an old English reproduction, is embossed for maximum utility and the ultimate in appearance. The price is $33.00*. If you're stumped for a bridal gift, try this set; your offering will be the most appreciated. And by the way, try it on your *own* bride.

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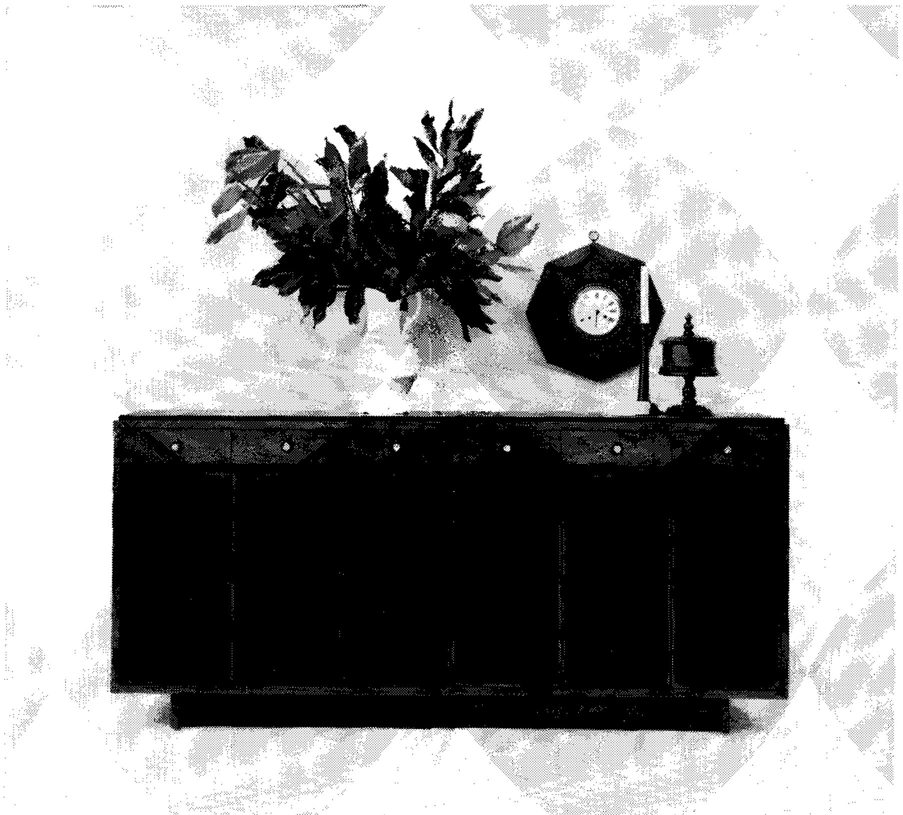

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EAT HEARTY!
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more elderly "Potpourri" we can find Mrs. W. G. Downing's Chafing-Dish Wiggle.

Most modern versions of the old money-raisers are better edited than the ones published and printed independently a half century ago by small-town so-called charitable organizations, but I have yet to find one, *one*, that is faultless as far as measurements and ingredients go, and the indexes are basically hopeless, if amusing, in almost every case. In the 1957 edition of the California "Sausalito Cookbook: Favorite Recipes Compiled by St. Brigid's Guild and Christ Episcopal Church," there is this typical combination of hominess and ineptitude, disastrous to anyone not made impervious by experience to its culinary illogic:

SAILOR DUFF

This is an old family favorite, is a light dessert, nice after a heavy dinner.

1½ C flour
1 C dark molasses
1 egg
2 Tbs butter
1 level tsp soda in ½ C boiling water

Sift flour, add butter melted, egg and last soda in boiling water. Grease and sugar mold and steam 2 hours or more. Serve warm with sauce.

The recipe for the very rich sauce ("a light dessert"?) is then given, but even an amateur must wonder what happened to the cup of dark molasses. When was it discarded? Why? In a Texas cookbook assembled by two young people more for their own profit than for a Home for the Friendless or Old (Texas) Ladies, if there are any, I read of a gumbo, supposedly for six hearty asbestos-lined natives, containing three cups of cayenne pepper. I automatically edited the recipe to read "three teaspoons," but even that irreducible figure gives pause to wonder, or burn. One of the most enigmatic evidences of how probably good cooks can sound like beginners in print is in a more pleasing little book called simply "A Collection of Tried Recipes Contributed by Various St. Johnsbury Housekeepers, and Published in Behalf of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the North Congregational Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt.," etc., etc., in 1883. The damning recipe is succinct as well as improbable: "Crullers.—one egg, 1 tablespoon sweet milk, 2 tablespoons sugar. Roll not too thin. Fry in Lard. Mrs. J. W. Warden."

Indexes of all this company of earnest amateurs, even the slickest and smartest, can be tantalizing to the point of overt exasperation. Quite often they are completely misleading, as in a Cub Scout treasure hunt or as in "A Potpourri," whose second item under "A" is "Antelope, page 25." I remember that antelope is, or are, or were, why my father stopped pretending to be a hunter. In about 1912, in California, he used to follow Charlie Fay around—Charlie of the *Boston* Fays, that is—because Charlie Fay was a wonderful man who liked to hunt while he talked, and did both consummately. My father was at best a tepid hunter, but he did not mind—very much, anyway—killing quail, duck, pheasant, at least with Charlie. One time, though, the two men went up into Antelope Valley, very wild country then, and, sure enough, it was skipping and jumping with dainty, trusting, stupid little antelopes who stood waiting to be shot, or even knocked down with slung stones, to the point where my father turned away forever from such casual slaughter, and therefore I have never tasted antelope. My interest in what could be done with one of the lovely creatures if it were to hand is strong enough, however, even this far from 1912, to make me turn to page 25, which is in the chapter called "Miscellaneous," meaning "Where shall we stick this thing about cleaning pot-holders?" or simply "Oops!," and headed, strangely, "Cheese Dishes," as things are in that section. Under "G" there is no "Game." Under "E" there is "Elk Steaks, page 23," and on page 23, in the chapter fairly aptly called "Meats," there *is* a section called "Game," and while I see no immediate reference to antelope, I do at length see that in 1910—in Montana, at any rate—one could still cope with prairie chicken (boiled, pot-roasted, or fried), wild chicken and duck, jack rabbit, venison, bear, elk, and—yes, mountain sheep and *antelope*. And antelope, it seems, was cooked as elk was cooked, broiled "same as beefsteak" or seasoned, rolled in flour, and fried in bacon fat—one more reason to rejoice at my father's defection.

SOMETHING all these do-gooder books have in common is their advertising, no matter how blatantly or discreetly it is phrased and displayed. The "Gasparilla" starts right out with a straightforward statement, sometimes called a plug, for the Junior League, which all over the United States but in this case in Tampa fosters "interest among its members in the social, economic, educational, cultural, and civic conditions of the community." So, in more localized ways, do and did the

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MORE THAN A GIRL'S NAME...
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PRODUCT OF MEXICO
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Everyone's in love with Margarita the internationally famous Tequila cocktail, born in Mexico and naturalized in gracious homes and distinguished bars everywhere. If you've never sipped a Margarita, a wonderful adventure awaits you. Margarita at its fascinating finest of course calls for Jose Cuervo Tequila, increasingly a favorite with the smart set... also the exciting principal ingredient of popular Tequila Sunrise, Sour, Martini and other sophisticated Tequila drinks. Send for the Cuervo Tequila recipe booklet. *Tequila Margarita: 1½ oz. white Cuervo Tequila; ½ oz. Triple Sec; 1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice. Shake with shaved ice. Serve in a salt-rimmed glass. Fabuloso!*

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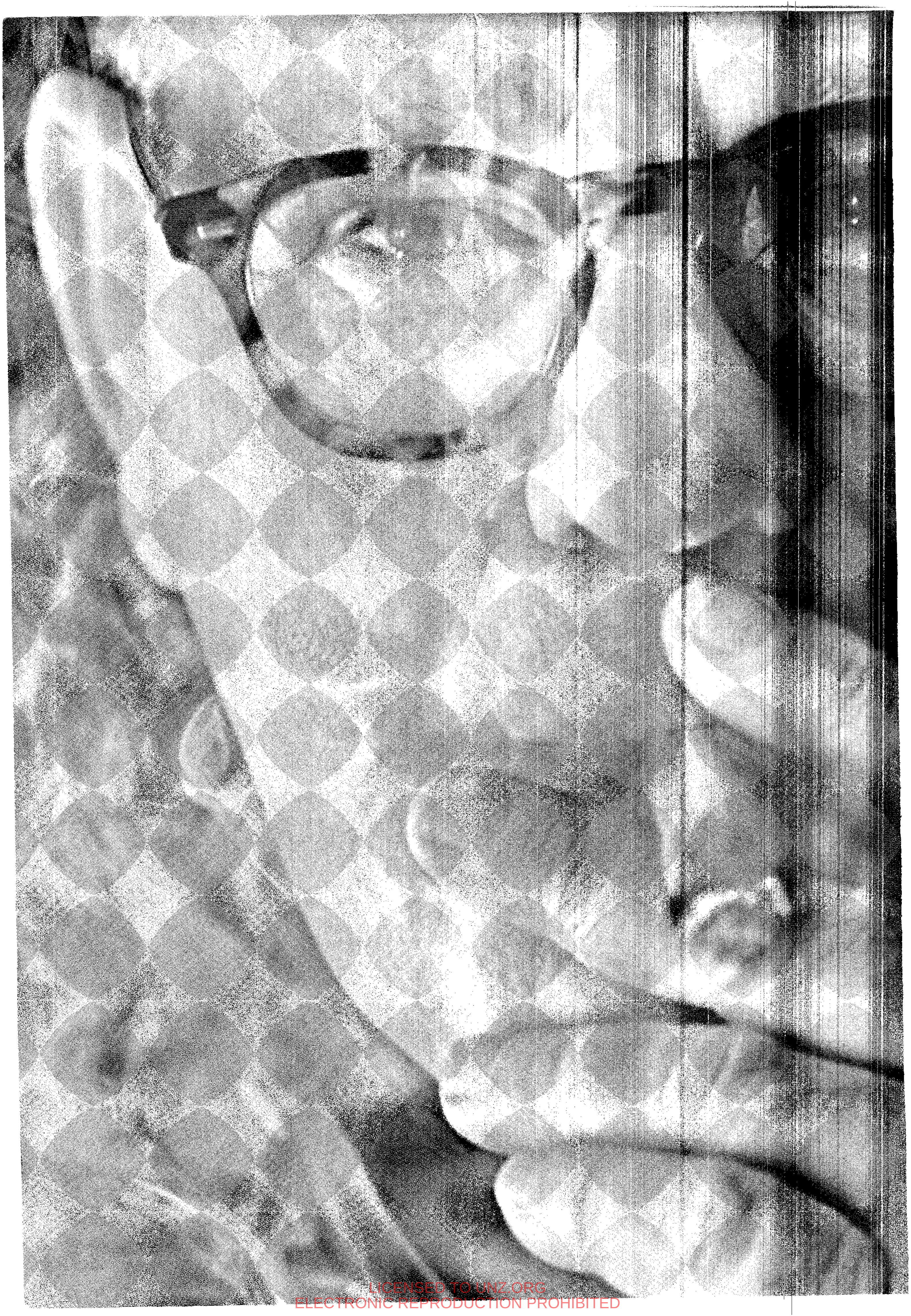

What this country needs is a good no-scent cigar.

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friends and patrons of the Detroit Home of the Friendless, the Ladies' Benevolent Society of St. Johnsbury, Vt., and the Women's City Clubs of San Francisco, of Whittier, and of practically every other town in the United States. They all needed money, and still do; they all worked hard, and still do, to get it. (The "Gasparilla" even has blanks in the back, which one can tear out and mail for more copies, to an address casually named several times in the text.) There are many ways of thanking the advertisers, from the very genteel lists at front or back of the little books, whether flimsy or hardback, to the open printing of half-page and full-page ads. Sometimes discretion takes over to the point of boredom, and the real backers of the ladies' project are simply listed under "Acknowledgments"—electric companies that donated their "Leisure Houses" for recipe-testing, lithographing companies gently conned into offering their professional staffs to edit the smart girls' efforts with matching gentleness. More interesting reading, at least as period pieces, are the forthright "paid" advertisements in the less sophisticated, more dated cookbooks, in the category of those printed for money to be paid by the contributors' loyal fellow-conspirators and families and even friends. Sometimes, as in one paperback compiled by the Women's City Club of Oakland, California, in 1932, and sadly called "Dee-Licious," the ads are scattered with what was probably thought canniness throughout the book, so that on page 123, for some reason, facing three recipes for cakes called "Frying Pan, Salad Oil, and Yellow Angel Food," are plugs for Jackson's Complete Home Furnishers, Oliver's ("Always Showing the New Styles"), and Monsieur M. Bidou's Union French Bakery ("Life Member 56," it says cryptically). Myself, perhaps because of the feeling of pseudo-antiquity or, at any rate, obsolescence about it, I like an advertisement in "Potpourri": "Cascade Livery Stables, W. E. Splan, Proprietor, Columbus Hospital Calls with Hack or Ambulance, Barn Phones both 130. Night Phone Bell 47." Even the owner's name sounds like something to do with stables, remotely, and either he was a benevolent man to pay for his ad or his wife was working for the First Congregational Church of Great Falls, which still leaves him benevolent.

I remember hearing, when I was very young, a missionary from deep China say to my grandmother that an old copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*,

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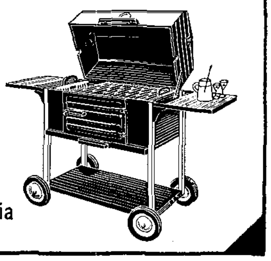

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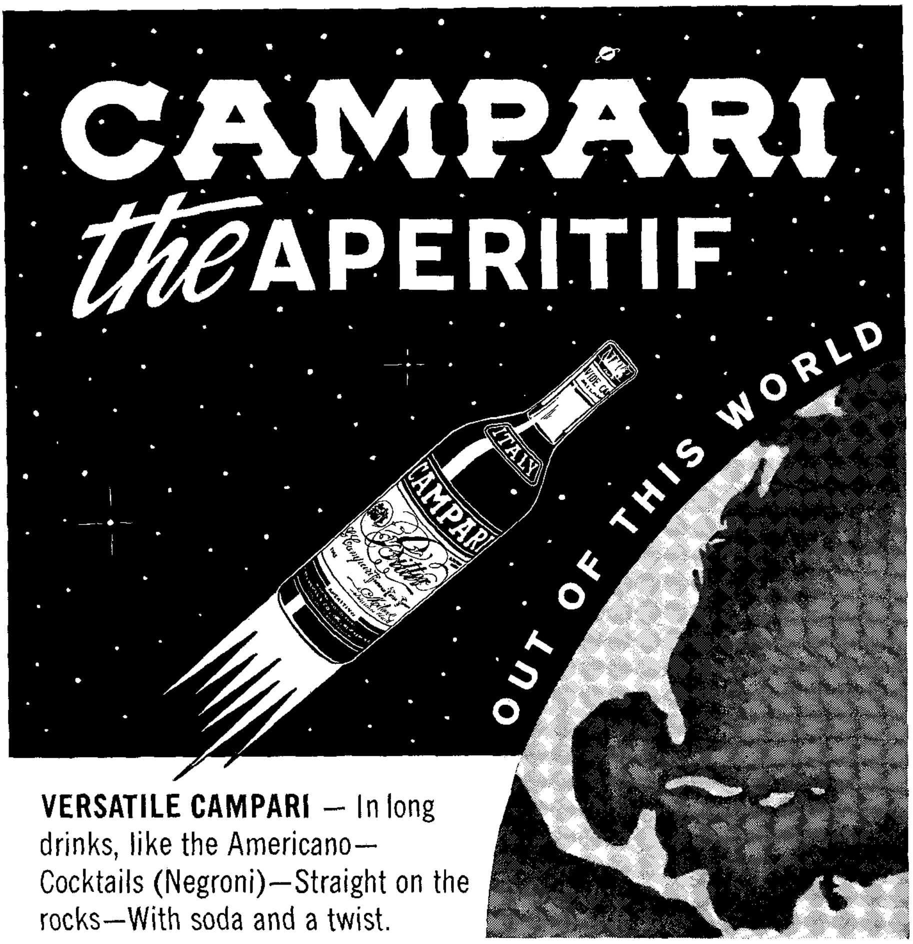
with all its wonderful advertisements, could give her the best possible sense of being home. In the same way, these back pages, probably pure blackmail, of the noble culinary publications of the immediate American past give me a real feeling about it, beyond any other reminiscences. There are these from "The Corona Club Cook Book" (San Francisco, 1910): F. S. King, "Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker, Experience of Vienna, Paris and London." Or Wichman's, "Fine French Mixed Chocolates at 35 cents per pound a Specialty." Or Irving, recommending his "Ladies' Muslin and Knitted Underwear;" Gerdes & Co., selling "Fresh Teas and Coffees, Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Use;" The Golden West Clothing Renovatory, offering "Four Suits (One a Week) Cleaned and Pressed, $1.50 a month," and even the printers: "While equipped for all manner of commercial work, our specialty is club and society printing . . ." How could anyone forgo this touch on the pulse of a great new city by compressing it into the discreet good taste of a list of acknowledgments or, as was done with a mixture of politeness and cunning by the Ladies' Benevolent Society in 1883, with an "Index to Advertisers," put just after the title page and original poem? Sample stanza:

> To the friends who have helped us
>   with hand and with brain,
> To the weights and measures our
>   pages contain,
> We tender the very best thanks in
>   our store,
> And bid them *go on* to know more
>   and more.

With the paid pages in these old money-raisers I can be in San Francisco, or even in Vermont: "St. Johnsbury House, Jerry Drew, Prop'r., Open for All Night Trains, Sale and Livery Connected, Free Coach to All Trains;" The Variety Store, "the cheapest place to buy Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Albums, Coffee Cups, Violins, Banjos, Bags, Valises, Bird Cages, Wagons, Sleds, Skates, Majolica Ware, Toys, Lamps, Gloves, Velvet Frames, Pictures, Work Baskets, Diaries, Wallets, Mirrors, Dolls, Knives, Organetts, Brackets, Black Walnut Goods and all kinds of Fancy Goods. Largest Variety of Goods in the State and always the lowest Prices. Call and see. Geo. E. Grow." I can be there much more easily than I can be in Tampa, in spite of the fact that the recipes the Florida ladies follow now are much more logical, much more fitted to my tastes, than the crullers and pea soup of the earlier and perhaps easier days.

Nostalgia, even vicarious, has more



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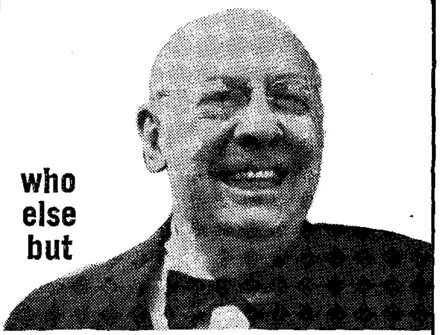

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gastronomical as well as historical focus in the older books, and I can sigh with true regret when I read in a San Francisco compendium of the late eighteen-nineties, "This receipt for creamed oysters is for 3 dozen large ones or 100 Californias." I am probably one of the few people I still know who can remember ordering precisely three hundred fried Californias at Fred Solari's old Grill: a crisp golden pile of them on a folded napkin, too delicious to recall without pain, or a ballon glass of a hundred of the tiny things, ice-cold, coppery, pungent, for lunch at the Palace, where, it was said, three ancient blind Chinese lived deep in the cellars to do nothing but shuck the pesky things. It was said that a hundred and fifty of them alongside a fifth of dry champagne would cure an early-morning headache of ducal if not regal magnitude. It was said . . . Californias are by now almost as unprocurable, publicly at least, as other delicacies mentioned unblinkingly in the older collections of ladies' "favorite family receipts": antelope for stew, isinglass for coffee and saleratus for a cream cake, bergamot and spermaceti for Mrs. Livermore's lip salve, huckleberries for a steamed pudding. Time gives them lustre, as distance does the things that are currently unprocurable to anyone but, say, "Gasparilla" readers—such things as Grouper Chowder and Cuban Bread. And curiosity spices them all, whether it be clinical or merely snoopy.

IT is this last dubious quality, as it exists in my own nature, that keeps me consistently interested in what I consider the third main category, the Dustbin School, of female gastronomical collections in this country and in Great Britain. There, as here, one can always turn up a current publication, all in the name of charity for some foundlings' home or hospital for indigent seamstresses, that bares the culinary trickeries of County and Club life, and even of lesser Royalty. Needless to say, these tricks are far from world-shaking, but they do have the titillation of snob appeal about them, and they serve their purpose. In this country, there is a firmer barrier between charity and prestige, especially if only one person signs the book. Sometimes she does so in the name of one of her husband's favorite Causes, especially if he is a politician or a movie star. Mostly she signs the book because she is a frustrated author, and the small to nonexistent profits from it go into limbo—her own private banking limbo, that is. Some of

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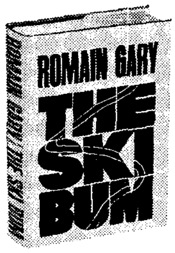

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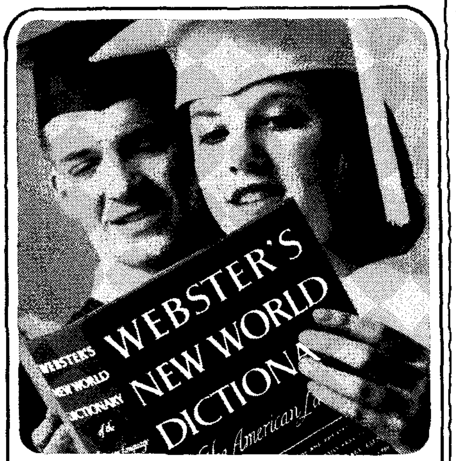

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these books are good, and even lasting, like Mrs. William Vaughn Moody's, published in 1931, though it is no longer available. Like most such volumes, hers is more or less regional, in that it represents the taste of an area where she lived—Chicago—and where for years she ran a successful catering service after the death of her well-known husband. Her recipes are dependable, which cannot always be said of those of the second category, and they are infallibly ladylike. Her book came out during Prohibition, naturally, and that in itself adds the pinch of nostalgia that I savor—the nutmeg on top of the eggnog. And even eggnog in those days must be made with one eye on the revenuers, so Mrs. Moody offers several tips for imitating the forbidden flavor: vanilla with a touch of bitter almonds or green pistachio nuts, sweet almonds ground with a few bitter ones, "available liquor flavors." Then, with dignity, she gives one recipe of which she says, "This is an old recipe, but of course it is impractical to recommend it now":

EGGNOG FOR 40 PERSONS

1 qt. of whiskey
1 pt. of Jamaica rum
½ pt. of Cognac brandy
1½ dz. egg yolks
2 lbs. of sugar
1 gal. of ice cream,
frozen without flavor

Pour the liquor over the sugar, and let it stand three hours. Stir slowly the liquor and sugar into the well-beaten egg yolks, and add the ice cream just before serving. Stir vigorously until all lumps disappear.

This genteel thumbing of the nose is pleasurable to reflect on, and may be one reason that Mrs. Moody's "Cook-Book" has survived in many a household. Every word in it is of her own choosing, even to the esoteric quotations she scatters through it, from old Gaelic runes and Turkish papyri, and it is clear that the people who like her cooking are discriminating as well as both healthily and wealthily hungry. Her methods are based on the classic French cuisine, especially for sauces, but her dishes are strictly upper-middle-class upper Middle West.

For one Mrs. Moody, however, there are a dozen or a hundred destined, as I have already said perhaps too bluntly, for the political or social dustbin. There is simply not room enough in a self-respecting kitchen library for them, although often they contain a few superb recipes (which can usually be found, only slightly modified, in the standbys of the first category—the Rombauer, the Fannie Farmer, et al.). Most of these books are published under

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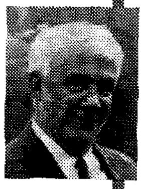
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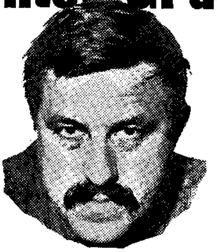
Günter Grass



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the names of women who for one reason or another are currently recognized as authorities on modern gastronomy or at least as hostesses with some culinary justification of that abused title. Two examples of them will serve me now, one horrendous and one rather nice.

"My Favorite Maryland Recipes" (1964) is the nice one. It is by Mrs. J. Millard Tawes, self-styled "The Governor's Lady." Mrs. Tawes, unlike Mrs. Moody, has not thus far supported herself by managing even an approximation of that Chicago Home Delicacies Association, but she has worked long and gracefully to help her husband run his own business as state leader. Her recipes, while labelled regional and naturally including the use of terrapin, clams, beaten biscuits, and spoon bread (a good political trick as well as delicious, and so *Southern!*), are as American as peanut brittle, for which she gives an excellent recipe. They are presented without any attempt at literary stature, to the relief of all who will read her well-printed book (it is illustrated by delightful dingbats scattered through it), and they most probably will not have much if any effect on our culture, beyond her husband's proud sphere. Regretfully, I condemn another bit of cookery-bookery, because it is written by a woman justly known as an authority on modern gastronomy and as a fine hostess—Poppy Cannon, who in "The Fast Gourmet Cook Book" (1964) gives "complete menus for 134 marvellous meals, ready-to-serve with ease and elegance in 30 minutes or less!" Like Mrs. Moody, and like Mrs. Tawes' husband, Miss Cannon presumably has to earn her living, but it is definitely our loss that she feels it necessary to acclaim "the electric blender, the pressure cooker and the new not to be overlooked powdered meat tenderizers," to quote her book's publicity. Many of her ideas are fine for saving time. She has an innate sense for seasoning, and even for aesthetic balance in the menus she hurls forth. I cannot, though, but grimace at things like her recommendation of serving peeled chilled oranges stuck on silver forks or skewers decorated with "a perky ribbon bow," for an Easter breakfast party. The picture is gruesomely drippy, whether the setting is a hung-over wall-to-wall-carpeted apartment or a wholesome and washable patio. Most of Miss Cannon's tricks, in fact, are basically appalling to old-timers but probably acceptable to the Harried-and-Hurried and the Married-and-Worried sets. For instance, to make "Green

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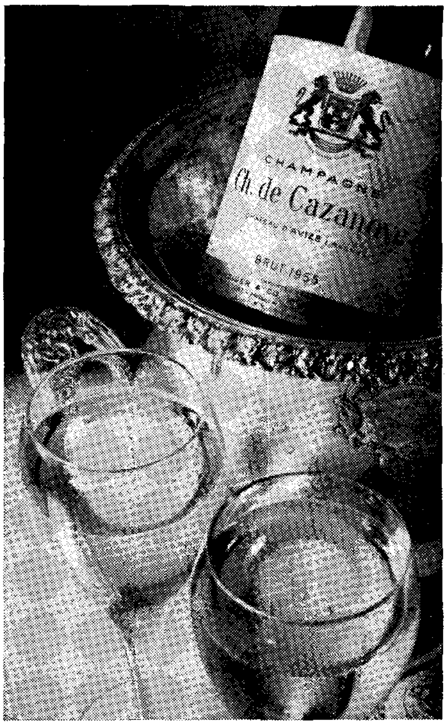
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



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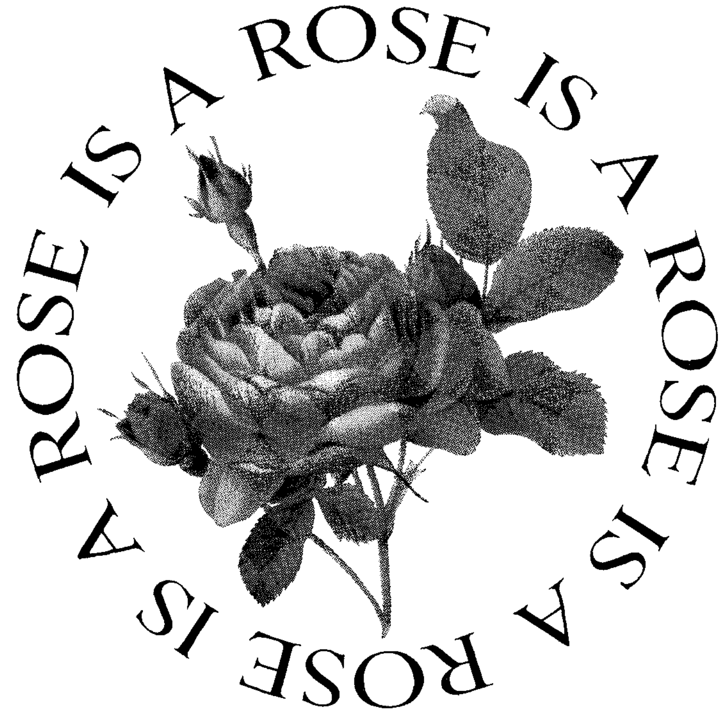
Rice," she says, "Add 4 tablespoons melted butter or margarine and one 8-ounce jar chopped junior food spinach to 3 cups cooked rice. Serves 6." This would easily serve sixty if the people had ever tasted an honestly made dish of green rice or were not thoroughly numbed by six Martinis.

Perhaps the saddest thing about this type of book is its implications of casual familiarity with such ephemeral breath-stoppers as Miss Ann Sargent of Boston, Briarcliff, and Whip-O-Will Farm, with her "shining platinum page-boy coif" bobbing up all over the place; Rita Pandit Dar, wife of India's Minister in Washington, D.C., graduate of Wellesley, daughter of Mme. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, niece of the late Prime Minister Nehru, and giver of "little dinner parties [with] a light, imaginative, one-worldly elegance;" Dr. Hans Lacher, Consul General of Switzerland, "misty-eyed with joy and nostalgia" at being served some Roesti made with packaged pre-sliced pre-cooked potatoes; and Easter Monday at the Colony Restaurant—"a tradition: Some of the Brady family are sure to be there, Vanderlips and Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Pratts, Goelets; Beth Leary of course, for she is queen of the Colony regulars, Bernard Baruch, James Farley . . ." and, at every fascinated reader's command, the same fabulous menu these "in-ers" eat, with meat tenderizer, canned or quick-frozen crab meat, prepared mustard, canned shoestring potatoes, and bought macaroons craftily heated for precisely two minutes to "look, smell, and taste deliciously fresh and different." Samuel Johnson once said, "I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence." Not all lady cooks are as generously endowed with the first three virtues as Miss Cannon, and I regret both personally and professionally that she did not hold to the fourth more firmly. Perhaps someday her "Fast Gourmet Cook Book" will be required reading for historians of this fleeting (it is to be hoped) gastronomy of packaged mixes and shortcuts. Meanwhile she, like other hardworking female cookery writers (Mrs. Moody with her alcoholic evasions, the Governor's Lady with her dainty Uncle-Tomfooleries), has undoubtedly helped a few bewildered housewives as she earned her own bread (pre-sliced, frozen, vitamin-reinforced). And there is always the dustbin.

It is unknowable what will survive the cultural vagaries of do-good endeavors that swing from Homes for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Fifth Ave. at 56th St.

NEEDED: SOMEONE WHO CARES

It would be very easy to give a moment of your interest...or some change from your pocket...to this child. It would be very easy—for us, too—to settle for this kind of help. But it just isn't enough. For a child who has to eat, not just once, but every day. Who needs shoes this month, and six months from now, and next year, too. Who needs books, schooling, shelter. Who needs...most of all ...someone who really cares.

Will you be that someone? Will you care enough NOW to send off your first month's check for $12.50? And help a child by helping his family help itself to a better life?

The child you help will thank you by personal letter (and snapshot). Will write to you regularly. Will let you know how wonderful it feels to have someone who cares.

NY-6-5-5
Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852
I would like to sponsor a child in: ☐ Italy
☐ Greece ☐ Korea ☐ American Indian
☐ Lebanon ☐ Africa ☐ Latin America
☐ Wherever the need is greatest
Enclosed is my first payment of:
☐ $12.50 monthly ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually
☐ $37.50 quarterly ☐ $150.00 annually
I can't sponsor a child, but I'm enclosing a contribution of $______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip #______
Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.

No Sorcery

Circe won her reputation as a sorceress from her ability to turn men into beasts. But Odysseus, who escaped that fate, knew that Circe's power was not so much in her wiles as in men's weakness, particularly their propensity for procrastination. For even when he was free to hasten home to Ithaca, Odysseus still procrastinated, "tarrying day by day until an entire year had lapsed."

Procrastination is a common fault. We all know how easy it is to put off cutting the grass or going on a diet or reading "War and Peace." And with some things it doesn't matter much.

But if you've thought about investing and set aside some money but somehow haven't done anything about it yet, you may be doing yourself a disservice. You may be depriving yourself of dividends or capital gains that might be yours through wise investment.

Perhaps all you need is a prod to make you stop procrastinating and start investing. May we help by sending you — free — a copy of a best-selling book called *"How to Buy Stocks"*? Say the word and it's yours — without delay.

Joseph C. Quinn

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Old Ladies to Junior League, through politico-social crises like Prohibition and elections, on to Life in an Atomically Powered Deep Freeze. As long as we live, we must eat, and as long as we live it will also be true that 'tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print.

—M. F. K. FISHER

P.S. One of the delights of snooping through old cookbooks comes from the culinary *graffiti* that turn up, along with the unavoidable smears of chocolate and stains of unsung sauces. They can range widely from a firm "Whoa, man!" I once found in the margin of "The Boston," alongside a measurement for "1 tablespoon brandy or rum" in the eggnog recipe. This may not have been sarcasm. Others are more forthright, like the word "BUNK!!!" in the same book but a different handwriting, or a phrase written vertically upon the recipe for Spanish Bun in my grandmother's Marion Harland, not in her delicate spidery characters but in the dashing scrawl all young ladies seem to have used when my mother went to "finishing school" at the end of the last century: "*Nonsense!* Not *half* so good as Aunt *Maggie's!*" The most tantalizing of such mysterious messages I have yet seen, though, fell out of "The Home Messenger" (Detroit, 1873) not a week ago. It is scribbled in pencil in a hand somewhat like my mother's but with less secure orthography, on a stiff card that had obviously been hand-printed for a party: *Table 4. Couple 2* on one side, and *Games 1 through 6* on the other. It says, "Actually & candidly honestly & Sincerely as sure as there is a Robert Moody livin I don't care no more about slavery than I do about the chickins goin to roost." For some reason, this raises the hair on my head. An invisible hand slowly turns the door handle to my warm, quiet room, and a cold breath blows in. . . .

—M. F. K. F.

•

DA NANG, South Viet Nam—American and Western correspondents were told here yesterday that the United States government will order them out of Viet Nam if they fail to abide by new press restrictions.

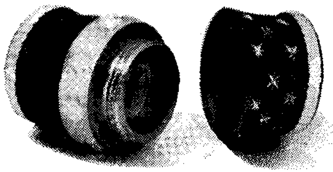
"Your accreditation will be lifted without appeal, your agency will be informed, and the U.S. Embassy will recommend that you will be declared an American military spokesman.

—*San Rafael* (*Calif.*) *Daily Independent-Journal.*

The cruelest punishment of all.

Do you have a contact lense case?

HOFFRITZ does.



HANDCRAFTED IN SILVER TONE, GOLD TONE OR BLACK ENAMEL. HOLDS CONTACT LENSE FLUID. SEND $5.95 FOR EACH PLUS 35¢ POSTAGE TO 49 EAST 34 STREET OR POP BY A HOFFRITZ.

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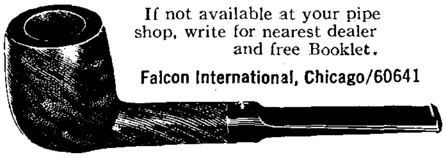
Since 1812—the first name in London made pipes. Hewn from the heart of the bruyere root, then shaped and polished by the unhurried hands of the Barling Craftsmen.



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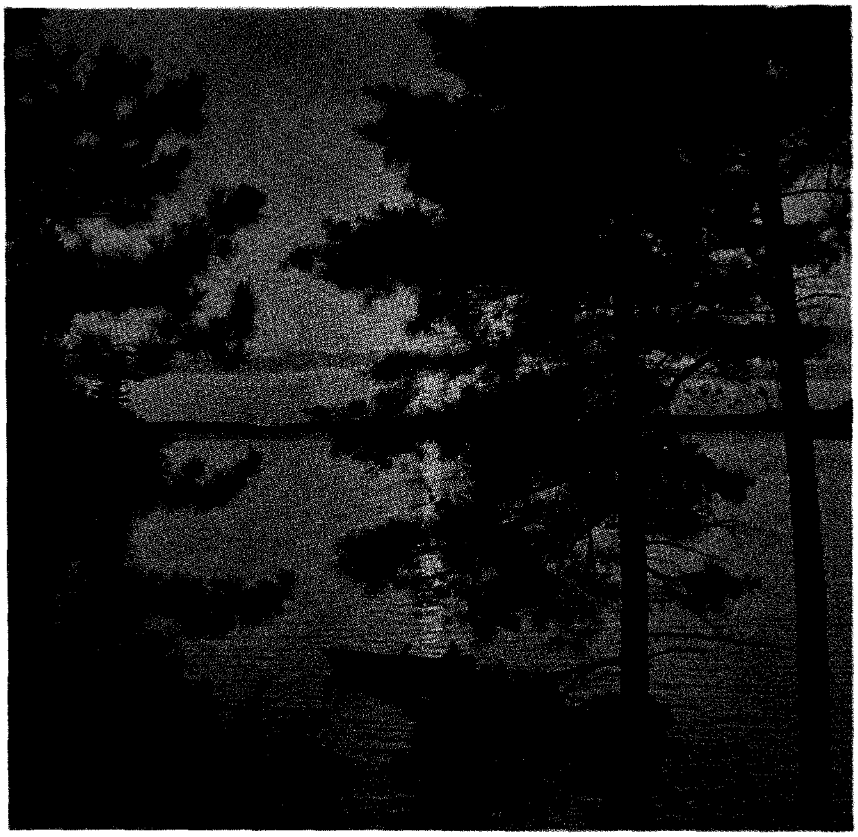

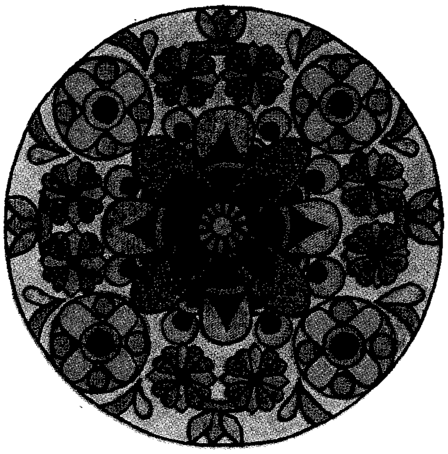

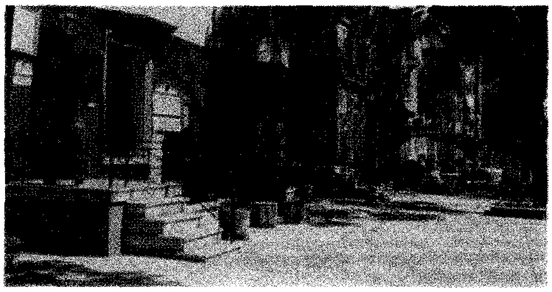

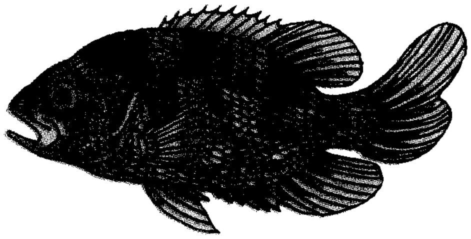

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